REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01751 4164

GENEALOGY
978.1
K1325
1910,
AUG.-DEC.

Kansas Magazine

volume

4

August-December

1910

KANSAS MAGAZINE

Vol. 4
Aug - Dec
1910





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/kansasmagazine04unse

The Kansas State Fair

Hutchinson

September 10-17, 1910

¶ $40,000 in Premiums—17 Grand Divisions.
54,800 square feet of indoor exhibit space.
$50,000 have been spent the last year in improvements.

¶ Greatest all-round, old fashioned, agricultural and livestock Fair in the Great Southwest.

¶ The only Fair in Kansas authorized to issue Premiums in the name of the State.

¶ Great Free attractions including five performing elephants, Clark's Shetland Ponies, Government Forestry Exhibit and others during the day and Pain's Fireworks at night.

¶ The two great Kansas and Oklahoma Circuit Futurity Colt races for $5,000. Splendid New Grand Stand.

¶ Seven great races every afternoon. Something doing all the time.

¶ The best school exhibit yet made in the Great Southwest. Everybody invited to make exhibits or to attend as visitors.

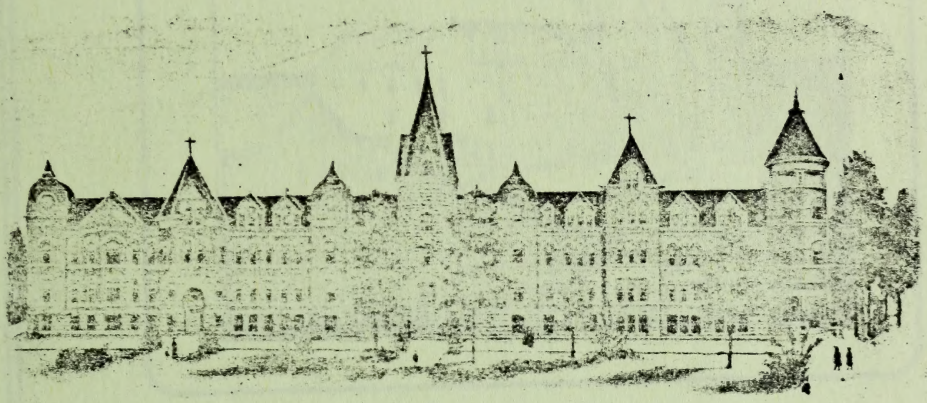
¶ Special trains on all railroads in addition to the 34 regular trains. Ask your agent about special and regular trains.

For information or catalogue address,

H. S. Thompson, President.
A. L. Sponsler, Secretary.

Mount Carmel Academy

Wichita, Kansas



Boarding School for Young Ladies

Excellent Facilities offered for the education of young women.

Conservatory of Music and Art—Elocution, Vocal Music and Physical Culture.

Finely Equipped Buildings. Terms Moderate.

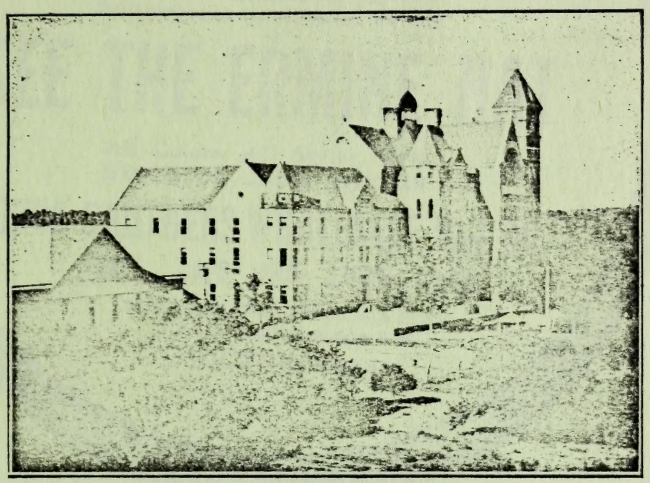
For Catalogue, address:

Sister Superior,

Mount Carmel Academy, Wichita, Kansas

St. John's Military School

Salina, Kansas



THIS institution, founded in 1887, has adequate facilities for supplying the most complete training for boys, up to college age. It undertakes not only their mental development but physical culture and advancement in the qualities of character which belong to a good citizen. To this end it supplies an environment, whose influence is strong enough to impress the average boy with permanent results.

Only suitable boys are desired. St. John's does not undertake to deal with boys who need harsh discipline. Its method relies upon the honor and responsiveness of the boy.

Some military schools use machine methods. St. John's does not. While organized on military lines, and cultivating the ideals which are represented in West Point, it nevertheless has the atmosphere of a family, and home-like features which are much appreciated by the cadets.

The Officers of St. John's are as follows:

Rector, THE RT. REV. S. M. GRISWOLD, D. D.
Headmaster, THE REV. WM. N. COLTON, B. A.
Commandant, MAJOR PAUL A. BARRY. Second Infantry, N. G. C. (U. S. A., retired)

For information apply to the Headmaster

REV. W. N. COLTON, Salina, Kansas



To Investors—In Mortgages or Land

DURING the last 5 years I have loaned over $200,000.00 in Comanche county, Kansas, and adjoining counties. Of these loans only 20% will be renewed. The loans in most cases being taken up before maturity. Titles are absolutely good and abstracts are furnished to date with reliable attorneys' certificates attached. Loans are based on 25% to 40% of assessed valuation with affidavit of County Clerk attached. I guarantee interest and principal and I have not a delinquent borrower on my books. I shall be pleased to represent Individuals or Corporations who wish to place money. Loans closed through any bank desired or through Peoples State Bank, Coldwater, Kansas, from whom you may get references. I also have bargains in farms and ranches from 160 acres to 6000 acres and up.

WRITE OR SEE

MARSHALL BARLOW, Coldwater, Kans.

INSTITUTE of MUSICAL ART

RAFAEL NAVAS, Director

School of Modern Piano-Playing

COURSES OF STUDY

Solfeggio	Normal Courses for Teachers
Ear Training	Interpretation
Theory	Technical Training
History	Tone-Production
Harmony	Fingering
Counterpoint	Touch Analysis

An article by Mr. Navas on Modern Piano-Playing, reprinted from the Western Musical Herald, will be sent to anyone requesting copies.



A Faculty of Experts for the Study of Piano-Playing

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTION

The "reason why" or "cause to effect" system of education is here applied to Music.

Our aim is not merely to teach but to TRAIN the student so that he may continue to develop after his course has been completed.

Our catalogue is unlike any other; it contains a Dictionary of Musical Terms. Address

W. L. FARNER, Secretary

Phone 4800 215 E. First Wichita, Kansas

The Jackson-Walker Coal & Material Co.

Jobbers of

Coal, Lime, Cement, Brick, Crushed Stone, Lumber, Roofing, Charcoal. Everything in the Building Line.

Shippers of Best Arkansas River Washed Sand

112 E. Douglas Ave. **Wichita** Long Distance Phone 10



People Die Too Young

WE need more CHIROPRACTORS to prevent this rapid annihilation of the race. CHIROPRACTIC is the best drugless system extant. CHIROPRACTIC means "hand done." It is not Osteopathy, Faith, nor Magnetic cures.

It is nothing but CHIROPRACTIC.

CHIROPRACTIC removes the cause of abnormal functions by correcting defects of the nervous system through adjustment of the vertebrae of the spinal column. An education in CHIROPRACTIC will make you independent for life beside giving you one of the most dignified professions in the world.

Send for descriptive literature.

The Wichita College of Chiropractic

206 N. Main St. Wichita, Kansas

Are You Satisfied?

With The Income You Are Receiving On Your Investments?

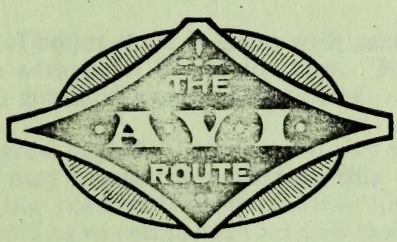
WOULD you like to invest in a proposition where you are sure your money is **absolutely safe**, where you have **a guaranteed income**, and where without incurring any risk you share the **excess profits** your money is making? We believe you would and we are paying for this space that we may tell you just what we have to offer.

We are now building between Hutchinson, Newton and Wichita an Interurban Railway. The track is practically all laid between Wichita and Valley Center (a distance of ten miles) and we expect soon to have the cars running between these two points. The graders are now at work between Valley Center and Sedgwick, and the construction will be pushed north as fast as possible.

The enthusiasm with which we have been met all along the line shows there is a big demand for a road of this kind. This road will be a money-maker. Other interurbans in Kansas which are now in operation in districts whose average of population is no more than one-half ours, are making big profits.

We want this to be a home enterprise, but we are not selling stock or asking you to risk one dollar of your money. Here is our proposition: We are offering for sale First Mortgage Gold Bonds (bearing 6 per cent interest, payable semi-annually) of the

Arkansas Interurban



Valley Railway

With which we are giving a liberal bonus of free stock. Not even the most conservative have estimated this stock to be worth less than par the second year the road is in operation. But on the basis of this estimate, when the value of your bonus stock is considered, together with the earnings on the stock and the guaranteed interest on the bonds, your investment will net you **above 18 per cent per annum.**

There is no magic about this. It only means that you invest your money in a highly profitable Public Service Corporation which will operate without competition in one of the richest and most prosperous valleys on the face of the globe, where cost of construction, cost of maintenance, and cost of operation will be at a minimum—and your profits will simply be the returns that always result from a direct investment in a profitable enterprise.

We urge you to co-operate with us in building this road by investing in these bonds. You not only get handsome returns on your money, but you are helping to build up your home city.

NOW IS THE TIME

To subscribe for a portion of the First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the

Arkansas Interurban



Valley Railway

before the bonus stock offer is withdrawn. Construction work is now progressing rapidly, and a part of the road will soon be in operation

What rate of interest do these bonds bear? Six per cent, guaranteed, and payable semi-annually.

How are the bonds secured? By a first mortgage on all the property now owned or that shall hereafter be acquired in Harvey, Reno, Cowley, Sumner and Sedgwick counties.

What amount of bonus stock is given with each purchase of bonds? Twenty-five per cent of the amount of bonds you buy. For instance, if you buy $1000 worth of bonds you get $250 worth of stock free. All stock is common—no preferred stock issued.

When does interest begin? The day you pay your money.

What per cent may I expect to realize on this investment? After comparing the possibilities of our road with those of other lines now in operation, the most conservative investors have estimated that this stock should be worth at least par in the second year. On the basis of this estimate, you get above 18% per annum.

Who have purchased these bonds? Farmers, wage-earners, salaried men, the leading capitalists and business men of Wichita, and the 7 biggest banks in the city.

Do they think this will be a paying investment? Ask them.

Who may subscribe for these bonds? Anybody who has $100 or more to invest. Young men and young women who are working on a salary and who have never made an investment will find this an excellent opportunity to begin.

May these bonds be purchased on installment payments? Yes.

When should I subscribe? To-day.

OFFICERS

W. O. Van Arsdale, President
O. A. Boyle, 1st Vice Pres. and Gen. Manager
Geo. Theis, Jr., 2nd Vice Pres.
A. Stone, Secretary
E. T. Battin, Treasurer
R. L. Holmes, General Attorney

DIRECTORS

W. O. Van Arsdale
R. L. Holmes — C. H. Smyth
C. G. Cohn — D. C. Rounds
E. T. Battin — R. B. Campbell
Geo. Theis, Jr. — O. A. Boyle

SEE

O. A. BOYLE

145 N. Emporia **Both Phones 246**

O. A. BOYLE, Wichita, Kansas.

I am interested in your bond proposition and would like to know more about it, with the understanding that I am putting myself under no obligations by this inquiry.

Name.....

Address.....

Series E Occupation.....

September Issue

Our September Number will be Brim full and running over with Mighty Good Reading

"Better with every issue," is what our readers say about us, and we are going to give good reasons for a repetition of this compliment in the publishing of our next number. It will contain the **Best Fiction** the **Best Feature Articles,** the **Best Poetry,** the **Best Editorial Comment,** and the **Handsomest Pictures** that we have ever given to our many thousands of subscribers.

Autoing in France

F. Dumont Smith wiill describe an automobile trip through the Chateau towns of France. Mr. Smith is the author of two travel books, "Blue Waters and Green" and "The Book of a Hundred Bears," both of which are widely known not only in Kansas but throughout the entire country. His last book as gone through three editions and is now in the fourth. Probably no Kansas writer has such a vogue in travelogues as Senator Smith. His wide knowledge of history, his descriptive power, the quaint touch of humor, that runs through the story, and the human interest he gives to every scene make him the most popular descriptive writer in Kansas. His story will cover the storied land of Southwest France, in an automobile, and will run through two or three numbers. It will be profusely illustrated.

The Tobacco War in Kentucky

This excellent article gives the clearest and most concise description of Kentucky's tobacco turmoil that as been written. The author is a former well-known Kansan but now a resident of Kentcuky. This article should be carefully read because of its historical value.

Mammy

By Harriet L. Richards

A "Delightfully Pathetic" bit of fiction of exceptional merit. This will rank with the best short stories of the present day.

The Homesteader

By Devere Helvern

A daring Frontier Tale depicting in livid fashion, the trials and ultimate triumph of the sturdy polneer. We take especial delight in giving this unusual story to our readers.

Kansas Magazine

When The Floods Came

A remarkably thrilling narrative by Laura Alton Payne describing in a rapid style the woes of Topeka when the old "Kaw" completely submerged the North End. A pretty romance runs through it all.

The Thresherman

By Henry Harbecke

A decidedly realistic description of the man who sees the dew sparkle in the beams of the rising sun and hears the animated song of the Early Bird. The man whose coming the Kansas farmer hails with delight and whose departure he always endeavors to bring about as quickly as possible.

Nemo

Nemo will continue his political articles that have excited so much attention in the last campaign. No anonymous writer in Kansas ever excited the interest that has followed the Nemo letters in the Capital. We have reason to know how much attention these articles have excited from the numerous letters we have received, the vorious opinions expressed, and the thoroughness with which they have been read. You may not agree with Nemo but you will enjoy his articles and you will learn something of American political history from every one of them.

The Good Fight

By J. E. House

An excellent piece of fiction by one of the best writers of interesting matter in the state. His first contribution to this magazine.

It is hardly necessary to say that we shlal not attempt to occupy a field already filled by innumerable well-established magazines. Kansas is our field. While not purely local in its scope, our publication is just what it calls itself, the KANSAS MAGAZINE. Practically every Kansas writer of note contributes to our pages. Every Kansas interest will find here a field for its deveolpment. Published in Kansas, it will continue to express the Kansas spirit, stimulate the literary life of Kansas, and aid in the development of Kansas resources.

It will give first place to Kansas productions, review Kansas books and aim to make itself the literary center and rallying point of Kansas.

With greater leisure for its production it will do a work that no daily or weekly can do. We want your help. Your subscription of course, for that we must have to live. But more than that we want your loyal support for a Kansas Magazine. We shall try to deserve it.

A Great Need for a Greater Kansas

THIS is rapidly becoming a "Magazine Age." During the past decade the percentage of magazine readers has increased with wonderful rapidity. To-day Magazines are the real molders of public opinion. There is scarcely a home among the middle class of people that has less than three MAGAZINE publications.

This gratifying condition accounts largely for the fact that in no other department of legitimate commercial activity is the percentage of success so high or the profits paid on the amount of money invested more satisfactory than in that of supplying monthly periodicals to the American people. The annual expenditure by readers and advertisers in the magazines of the United States approximates the enormous sum of $75,000,000. There is one magazine publication in the United States whose net profits reach $1,200,000 annually.

Immense fortunes have been made during the past dozen years by men who have built up magazine publications as well as by the men who have helped them with capital. These fortunes are steadily increasing.

The flourishing industry of magazine publishing is yet in its infancy. This great, new field for money-making is right now in its earliest stages of development. The future will witness more remarkable success than that already attained.

As a rule, the great wealth in magazine publishing has been secured and retained by a few men. There were a few small investors. Some have made a small fortune on the meagre investment of $100. If you had secured $100 worth of stock in Munsey's at the time that publication was established the investment would now be worth the neat sum of $12,000.

Scores of other instances might be given of magazines that have earned large amounts of money on small investments made at the opportune time. Those who improved their opportunity to obtain an interest in the great magazines when these properties were in the earlier stages of their growth have been made wealthy.

State Magazines

There is a general movement toward the establishment of state magazines. This movement is prompted by state pride and state loyalty. During the past half dozen years the following state magazines have been founded. The Ohio Magazine, the South Dakota Magazine, the Arizona Magazine, the Vermonter, the Central New Yorker, the Mid-Western of Des Moines, the Great Southwest of Colorado, the Texas Magazine, and the KANSAS MAGAZINE. These magazines will become important factors in the states in which they are published. The mission of each one will be to make known the excellence and glory of its own commonwealth. Each encompasses a state-wide field The KANSAS MAGAZINE is a pioneer among these publications. It is on the "ground floor" and it has behind it a spirit of loyalty—the Kansas Spirit—that is not surpassed in fervor by the loyalty of any state in the Union. It has a wealthier field for its operations than many other state publications can ever hope to have. Ex-Kansans are already an important factor in the business and commercial life of the largest cities in the United States. Hundreds of these men are already subscribers to their "Home Magazine." Those "at home" recognize it is THEIR OWN publication. Indeed, The KANSAS MAGAZINE is destined to become one of the great publications of the Middle-West.

Its Possibilities

The possibilities of the KANSAS MAGAZINE are almost unlimited. The history of Hampton's, one of the newest magazines published, is an apt illustration of magazine possibilities. It is to-day one of the greatest magazines in the United States. Four years ago its circulation was not as large as the present circulation of The KANSAS MAGAZINE. There are as great possibilities for The KANSAS MAGAZINE as there were for Hampton's. Why not publish great magazines in the West? The West has the wealth, the push, the intelligence. We are depending less and less, all the time, upon the East for financial help; why depend upon the East for educational resources?

Literary Talent

Kansas does not lack for literary talent. Some of the ablest literary men and the most popular magazine writers of the United States, are numbered amonge Kansans and ex-Kansans. In the Kansas literary galaxy are such writers as Eugene F. Ware, William Allen White, George Warburton Lewis, Virginia King Frey, Mrs. Ida Ahlborn Weeks, Dr. L. T. Weeks, Dr. W. A. Quayle, Esther M. Clark, Mack Cretcher, Bert Walker, Ed. Howe, Henry J. Allen, J. E. House, Chas. M. Harger, Ralph Tennal, Ewing Herbert, Walt Mason, and F. Dumont Smith. There is scarcely a state in the Union that can show a greater number of capable writers.

Advertising Patronage

This is an age of Advertising. Advertising is becoming a profession. Fortunes are being made out of space and printer's ink. Advertisers are realizing, more and more, the value of publicity, and they are willing to pay well for advertising space. The Middle-West is buying more goods than any other section of the United States. The advertiser is keen enough to know this. This is the reason why The KANSAS MAGAZINE is an assured success, financially. Kansas is FULL of money. She is buying more automobiles than any other state in the Union. Her citizens have more money in the bank, per capita, than any other state. The Advertisers are not overlooking these important facts. They have already recognized the profitableness of The KANSAS MAGAZINE as a market for high-grade products. There is already ample and actual proof of the ability of The KANSAS MAGAZINE to bring large returns to the advertiser.

The Kansas Magazine Incorporated

When the KANSAS MAGAZINE venture was launched, over a year ago, the founders of the enterprise promised that eventually it would be incorporated in order that its many enthusiastic supporters might have a working interest and thus share in its success. At the very beginning of this institution the "Kansas Spirit" began to manifest itself and voluntary subscriptions for stock began to come in from individuals in all sections of the state, as well as from ex-Kansans in other states.

In view of this situation the corporation has been formed. As an organization the Magazine has reached a basis that enables it to earn a large profit. The men who have in charge the practical end of the publication have already been eminently successful in the publishing business. They are men who would not undertake the responsibility of incorporating The KANSAS MAGAZINE unless they were positively assured of its ability to earn dividends.

A Great Circulation Campaign

Beginning either in September or October, 1910, The KANSAS MAGAZINE will inaugurate the greatest circulation campaign ever put on in the state of Kansas. One individual from each county in the state will be given a trip to Europe or to Boston, via the Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic Ocean. It will be the greatest opportunity for travel and education ever held out to the people of the Sunflower State. Full particulars of the magnificent offer will be made soon.

Are You Interested?

If you desire to co-operate with The KANSAS MAGAZINE in building up a greater Kansas and at the same time wish to make a safe investment for yourself, kindly make application upon the stock subscription blank below for the amount of stock you wish. Cash remittance need not accompany your application. Address

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY,
Wichita, Kansas.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE

I hereby subscribe.....shares of Stock, par value $10.00 per share, in THE KANSAS MAGAZINE CO., for which I agree to pay

.....DOLLARS

.....

.....

.....

NAME.

.....

ADDRESS.

25000 Cars of Fruit

Were shipped from Delta, Colorado in the year 1909, making this the banner county of the United States. If you want to secure some of this famous fruit land at a bargain, do it now—while you can get lands at $100 per acre. ¶ For reliable information address

The Paul Wilson Realty Co.

Hotchkiss, Colorado

MISSOURI PACIFIC IRON MOUNTAIN

Colonist Rates to Pacific Coast

Via The

Missouri Pacific Railway

Through Scenic Colorado

During the periods shown below, the Missouri Pacific will sell at greatly reduced rates one-way tickets to practically all points in the states named

Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon — Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th

Minimum Rate from Wichita to California Points $25

California, Nevada, Arizona — August 25th to Sept. 9th; Oct. 1st to Oct. 15th

Colorado, Utah, Wyoming — August 25th to Sept. 9th; Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th

R. T. G. MATTHEWS, A. G. P. A.
Kansas City, Mo.

E. E. BLECKLEY, P. & T. A.
Cor. Douglas and Wichita Sts.

KANSAS MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1910

The Boat Landing		Frontispiece
Kentucky Caverns Illustrations from Photographs	*W. F. Hoyt, A. M.*	3
Kansas Magazine Scenery Contest		13
John James Ingalls	*Charles E. Hill*	15
Men and Things—Current Topics	*Nemo*	18
Wessie Livers, A Continued Story	*J E. Torrance*	20
Charity in Kansas	*Fred W. Knapp*	28
Indifference, A Poem	*A. R. Byzick*	30
Ezekiel Nubbins of Podunk, A Story	*C. A. Clay*	31
As It Happened in Indio, A Story	*Maude Meredith*	35
Comrades Three, A True Story	*A. B. Caldwell*	39
O Thou Bright Star, A Poem	*A. B. Leigh*	44
Some Prickly Pears	*Mack Cretcher*	45
The Devotion of Dubbs, A Story	*W. D. Williams*	46
Book Reviews		53
A Kansas Zephyr, A Verse	*Spendthrift Oleson*	55
A Wish, A Verse	*C. J. Martin*	55
Our Point of View	*By the Editor*	56
Motor News	*J. A. Whitty*	58

Published monthly by Louis Allen and Clarence I, Reed, 412-414 E. William St., Wichita, Kansas. Yearly subscription $1.50. Single copy 15c. We will not accept questionable advertising and we will thank our readers to furnish proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. Advertising rates on application. Forms close on tenth day of month prior to date of issue. New York office, 350 Broadway; James Ridge, Manager. W. W. Reed, Chicago Representative, Room 45, La Salle St. James Whitty, Southwestern Representative, Topeka, Kansas, and Kansas City, Mo. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts submitted. Entered at the Wichita postoffice as second class mail matter.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, WICHITA, KANSAS

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE MC CORMICK PRESS, WICHITA.

Kansas State Fair

Topeka September 10 to 17

Finest, largest and best Live Stock, Agricultural, Horticultural and Dairy Exhibit ever shown in Kansas. Besides the regular exhibits the following afternoon and evening entertainments and amusements are offered

Every Day Flights by

Strobel Air Ship

(Over city and around Capitol dome, Sunday afternoon, September 11th)

The American Ladies Grand Concert Band and Grand Opera Singers of Chicago

In four concerts daily. Opening Sunday afternoon, September 11th, with grand Sacred Concert

The Pain Pyrotechnic Company

Grand Display Spectacular Fireworks four nights, together with Strobel under powerful Searchlight in daring Flights about the grounds

Parker's Clean Midway

With the best line of interesting and instructive shows. Electric Panorama "Destruction of San Francisco." Demonstrations in Deep Sea Diving

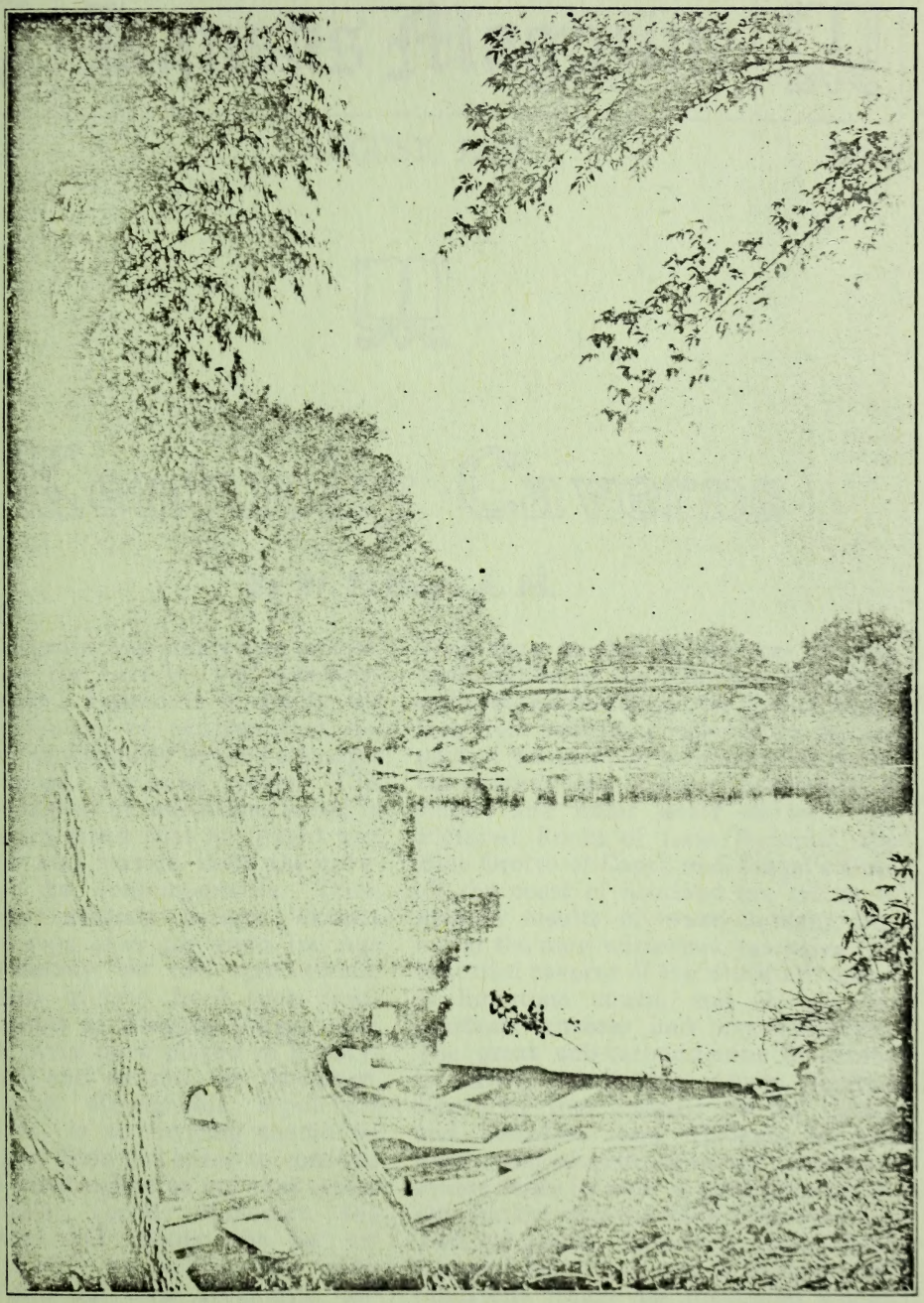
Five Days Racing

Over 200 Trotters and Gallopers in spirited contests every afternoon

$30,000.00 Spent on Fair Grounds

This year for conveniences and comfort of patrons, Kansas State Fair, Topeka

The most instructive and educational program ever given with an Agricultural Convention



The Boat Landing

On the Walnut at El Dorado

Kansas Magazine

VOL. IV AUGUST, 1910 NO. 2

Kentucky Caverns

By W. F. Hoyt, A. M.

THE grove was man's first temple, and the cave his first dwelling-place. Indeed, it is chiefly the testimony of caverns that assures man an antiquity beyond a meager six or seven thousand years. This evidence consists of indications found in subterranean caves that he fought and conquered and feasted upon the cave-bear and its contemporaries. These prehistoric animals became extinct during or soon after the great Ice Age and, fortunately, we can approximate that extent of time from such post-glacial canons as Niagara Gorge. The part that caves have played in history, both sacred and secular, as dwellings, hiding-places, strongholds, sepulchers and shrines, is an inviting theme we cannot spare time nor space to consider here. It must suffice to say that Abraham, Elijah, David, Mahomet, the Covenanters and "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled," as well as the cliff-dwellers and our own Troglodyte ancestors were greatly indebted to caverns. Tradition places the manger at Bethlehem in a cave.

Caves are quite generally distributed over the globe and may be found in almost every variety of rock formation. They may be due to any one or any combination of the following geological agencies: earthquakes, the flow of liquid lava from beneath a cooler crust, the impact of waves upon a rock-bound coast, the solvent and erosive properties of water, and other lesser causes. The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, the Blue Grotto of Capri, and Fingal's Cave off the coast of Scotland are the most notable results of wave action. But by far the most numerous, extensive and beautiful caverns of the world are found in limestone strata, and are due to solution, erosion and crystallization. The great sub-carboniferous limestone formation, stretching across Central Kentucky into Indiana on the north and Tennessee and Alabama on the south, and covering over eight thousand square miles in area, is peculiarly favorable for the excavation of large caverns. This calcareous deposit is about three hundred feet thick and is capped with sandstone which has prevented wholesale denudation and the consequent destruction of the underlying caves. It also consists largely of oolitic limestone, a granular variety that is very susceptible to excavation on a large scale. Alternating with the oolite are

thinner sheets of a more compact lithographic limestone and occasional lamina of sandstone and flinty chert which account for the irregularities of solution and erosion and the embossed effects so noticeable in great subterranean avenues and in deep, vertical shafts and pits. This entire region is honey-combed with caverns aggregating perhaps several thousand miles of underground passages, many hundreds of which are accessible to explorers. Edmondson county, Kentucky, alone is said to contain five hundred caves, inculding such subterranean wonders as Mammoth, Colossal, Ganter's, White,



Path to Mammoth Cave

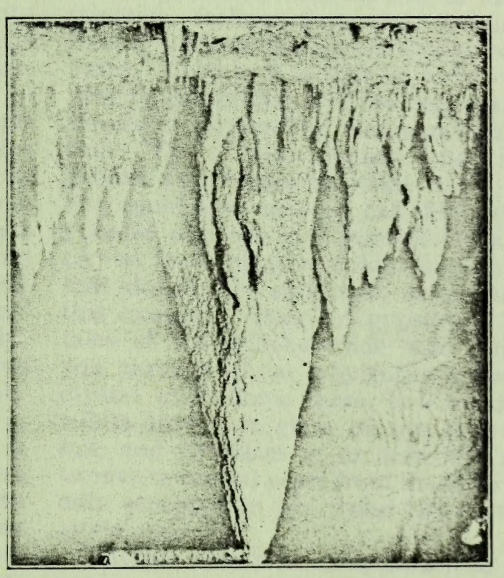
Saltpeter and other caves of more than local note. Wyandotte Cave, Indiana, and Nickojack Cave, Tennessee, are formidable rivals of the Kentucky caverns and are near the northern and southern limits of this great cave region.

Isolated, conical "knobs" from three to four hundred feet high, capped with red sandstone and showing on their slopes the characteristic layers of oolitic and lithographic limestone and the thin lamina of chert and flint nodules, form a marked feature of the landscape. The absence of small streams is remarkable, considering the copious rainfall, and the larger streams are found to have cut sheer through the limestone formation. The upland surface is indented with thousands of funnel-shaped sinkholes, most of which are closed at the apex and contain circular ponds, or are cultivated, as parts of the fields in which they lie. Others are deeper and remain open, leading to caves of greater or less extent. All are simply "cave-ins" where the roofs of underlying caves have given way to the weight of the strata above. The smaller streams soon disappear into such sinkholes and even the wells of the uplands must pierce subterranean passages to reach water. This is the secret of cave formation. The larger streams cut deep valleys through the limestone, while the rills and rivulets find crevices in the surface sandstone through which they make way to the soluble limestone beneath, and begin to excavate an underground passage, the size of which is determined by the stream and the time consumed.

Limestone is practically insoluble in pure water, but it is readily dissolved by acids however dilute. Take some clear limewater and force your breath through it for a minute or two. The clear limewater soon becomes turbid and milky. That milky precipitate is limestone which had been dissolved in the seemingly pure water. The carbon dioxide of your breath reacts upon the dissolved calcium hydroxid forming insoluble calcium carbonate. Continue to blow through the tube and the turbid water will begin to clear up again. The carbon dioxid after passing for some time through water unites with it, forming a weak carbonic acid which redissolves the limestone. That is the mystery of cave-formation in a nutshell--or rather in a tumbler. The raindrop passing through the air and soaking into the soil with its decaying humus, absorbs some carbon dioxid and by the time it reaches the underlying limestone it has acquired the power of dissolving a tiny bit of rock. Uncounted millions of drops and uncounted years of time suffice to accomplish the wonders which so astonish the visitor. Solution, and erosion, evaporation and deposit, crystallization and gravity are the agencies which have ceaselessly and silently hewn and carved and embellished these gigantic corridors and halls and

domes. How simply and quietly Nature and Nature's God go about their marvelous works.

Mammoth Cave, by far the greatest of subterranean caverns, lies in almost the geographic center of the cave region, midway between Louisville and Nashville, within nine miles of the Louisville & Nashville Railway. It may also be reached by an all-water route from Evansville, Indiana, via the picturesque Green River. Either route will show many of the characteristic features of the cave region. If you go by rail, you will find at Glasgow Junction a curious contraption, supposed to be a locomotive, attached to an antiquated street car. These constitute the rolling stock of the "Mammoth Cave Railroad." The tiny engine bears the brave title of *Hercules*. Considering the doubtful honor of the christening, it was probably named after that belligerent gentleman's decease. A second look, however, suggests that it may have served as a childhood toy of this erratic athlete. Antiquities come high in Kentucky as elsewhere, you will find when you pay one dollar for the nine-mile trip. It is no violation of the interstate law, however, for this is evidently not railway travel, but something different—something unique, like the historic Flying Dutchman. If you are so fortunate as to sit by a native or an initiate, you will have pointed out a dozen caves enroute, including Proctor's and the remarkable Eden Valley, a gigantic cave-in of some ancient rival of Mammoth Cave. Indeed, perhaps Mammoth and Colossal Caves, which lie adjacent to Eden Valley may be simply the remnants of a mightier system of caverns that once occupied this entire region. Our thoroughly enjoyable ride and our speculations are brought to an abrupt close by a sudden stop. There is no depot, no hotel, no visible warning against trespass, only a rustic garden gate and a woodland path. A short walk, however, brings the rambling, whitewashed Cave House into view. The original log hut, nearly a hundred years old, still forms the nucleus of the ancient hostelry. Other huts have been added, weather-boarded and connected until the compounded structure resembles a gigantic and reversed L, the base of which is about six hundred feet long, two stories high, and provided with a wide portico and veranda. The perpendicular consists of a more extended series of one-story cabins, the whole facing and partly enclosing a pleasing but primitive park. The rooms are spacious and cleanly, the accommodations satisfactory to all but the most exacting, and the social relations as unconventional as the attire which resembles that almost universally adopted for mountain-climbing—knickerbockers for men and a modified bloomer for women.



Olive's Bower in Mammoth Cave

The visitor is fortunate if in midsummer he does not find the hotel crowded to its limits, since thousands make the pilgrimage then. A pleasanter vacation trip could hardly be planned, for no matter how the Dog-Star rages in the world outside, the thermometer never varies more than a degree or two from fifty-four Fahrenheit in that underground world. So pure and invigorating is the air of unspoiled caves that Professor Shaler recommended many years ago that hospitals and sanitariums be located near caves, and the air from them be pumped into the rooms and wards, keeping them at a constant temperature the year around. His

plan has been adopted in Limair, a hotel built over Luray Cavern, Virginia. Unfortunately, owing to the hundreds of daily visitors, and the primitive methods of lighting, the air in Mammoth Cave in summer is rarely free from a smoky haze created by thousands of lard torches. The damming of Green River too, in order to make it navigable, has backed the water into the cave until the air, once dry and bracing, is now damp and charged with the odors of decay and the growth of fungi. Another cause for regret is that the present high water has made a large portion of Echo River impassable, shortening materially this wonderful trip. Indeed, this mighty cave is being exploited to swell private fortunes, without regard to the preservation of these matchless wonders.

Already the exquisite gypsum formations and the translucent stalactites have been smudged and begrimed, excepting in the newly explored portions, which luckily include many of the finest formations. Already the adjoining caves, such as Colossal, Ganter's and Procter's are more pleasing to the seeker after unspoiled beauty. Fortunately, the mighty avenues and the stupendous pits and domes cannot be seriously marred.

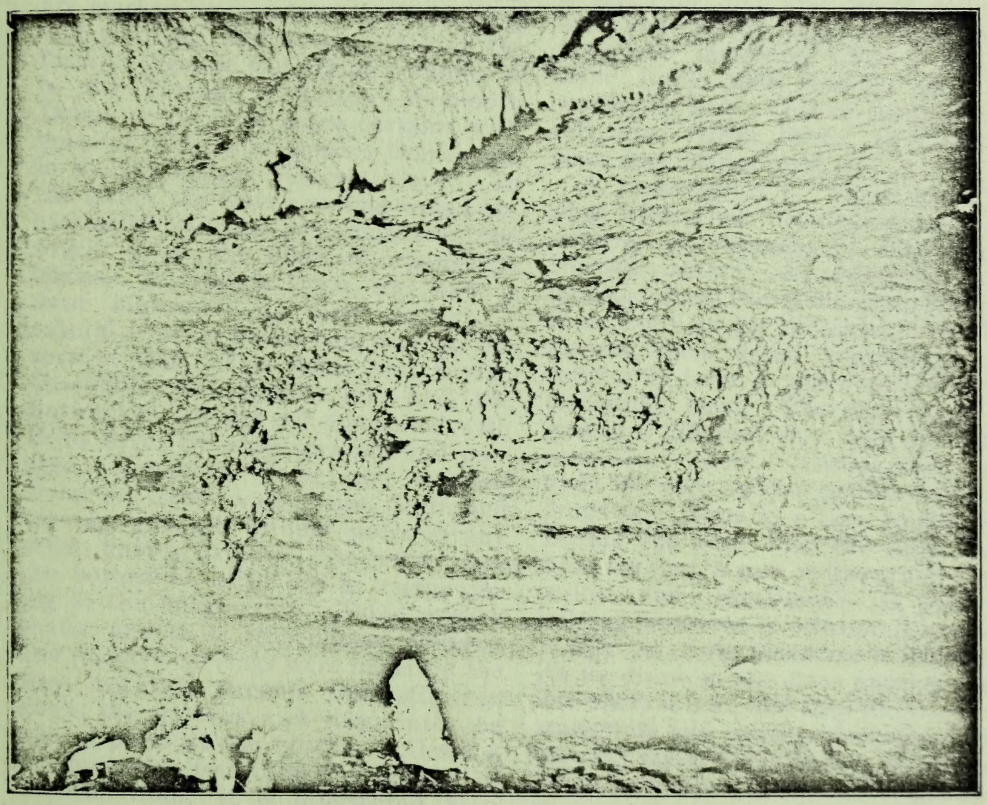
The Cave House is situated in a primeval forest of several hundred acres in extent, and on the brink of the canon of the Green River, a half mile distant and three hundred feet below. Colossal Cavern lies about two miles to the eastward, and White and Dixon's and Ganter's Caves are all within easy reach. The entrance to Mammoth Cave lies about two hundred yards down a woodland path, at the bottom of a precipitous ravine. It is marked by the booths and heralded afar by the raucous voices of the venders of "genuine Mammoth Cave specimens," which latter, together with their owners were probably never nearer the cave than now. It is remarkable how few native Kentuckians within the radius of ten and twenty miles have never been with the cave. "Why, we have a pretty good cave for our milk cellar," said one lady. I found a man living within a half mile of Wyandotte Cave, and whose son is a guide to the cave, who had never been inside that marvelous cavern, but thought he would go in sometime!

This is the entrance to Mammoth Cave—a simple cave-in, where the bottom has dropped out of a rocky ravine, midway on its headlong plunge into Green River Canon. There is a sensation of disappointment that the gateway into an underground world should not be marked by more impressive portals. Gradually the beauty of the woodland environment and the mystery of those realms of darkness down yonder, grow upon one and sobers and satisfies him. A part of the peculiar fascination of cave exploration may be due to an instinctive feeling that the visitor is coming back to his ancestral troglodyte home. Certain it is that he seems very near to the childhood of the race with its elemental virtues and passions and beliefs. There were giants and hobgoblins and fairies in those days, else who could have scooped out these interminable avenues and gigantic halls, or carved these massive columns, or hung that drapery of stalactite, or executed this exquisite fresco of gypsum? The tales of the Scheherezade who guides you through these labyrinths, pass as crystal truth down there, two hundred cubits from the glare of the mid-day sun, and the blare of modern life, and twenty thousand years from the almanac date accepted in the world left waiting at the entrance.

Another sensation on approach to the entrance is one of physical chill, for the visitor has unwittingly waded into a stream of cold air that flows out of the cave during the summer, and on down into the canon of the Green River. The constant temperature of this invisible stream is about fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature of most great caverns. The current is reversed in winter when the outside temperature falls below fifty-four.

There are five distinct levels in Mammoth Cave, the avenues of each interlacing inextricably with each other. This is characteristic of every great cavern, each level marking a stage in the erosion of the surface streams. Every large cave is usually a complex of several communicating caves. Probably the most of the caves of any region form

a system of underground passages, but many of the original communications may be blocked by the cave-ins of the strata above. Mammoth Cave is such a system in itself, aggregating two hundred miles of passable avenues, forty great domes and seventy vertical shafts or pits. It is clearly impossible to describe adequately the interesting features of this one cavern within the limits of a short article. If cave phenomena



Gypsum and Alabaster formations in Mammoth Cave

are properly classified, however, it may be possible to select the most striking characteristic of Kentucky Caverns, and this I shall attempt to do.

The first and most remarkable feature is the system of gigantic avenues and halls from thirty to a hundred and fifty feet wide and from twenty to a hundred feet high, aggregating many miles in extent. This does not take into account the hundreds of lesser passages. The most conspicuous of these is Main Cave which stretches in winding curves for over four miles, widening occasionally into great chambers such as the Rotunda, Chief City, Waldash's Dome, Kaemper's Hall, Violet City, Walhalla, Hovey's Cathedral, etc. Chief City in itself covers an area of over two acres, overhung by an unsupported rock dome a hundred feet high. The only rival of this great hall is Rothrock's Cathedral, Wyandotte Cave, in which is located Monument Mountain. Main Cave in its entirety has no equal in existing caves. Eden Valley and Natural Bridge, Virginia, with its canon must have surpassed Mammoth Cave. The Bridge is two hundred fifteen feet high and the arch spans a gap of sixty feet. The imagination is overpowered in the attempt to grasp the dimensions of the colossal avenue of which the bridge is a tiny remnant. River Hall, Silliman Avenue, and El Ghor are but little less

extensive in their dimensions. All these show evidences of erosion as well as solution, and they are indeed underground river canons.

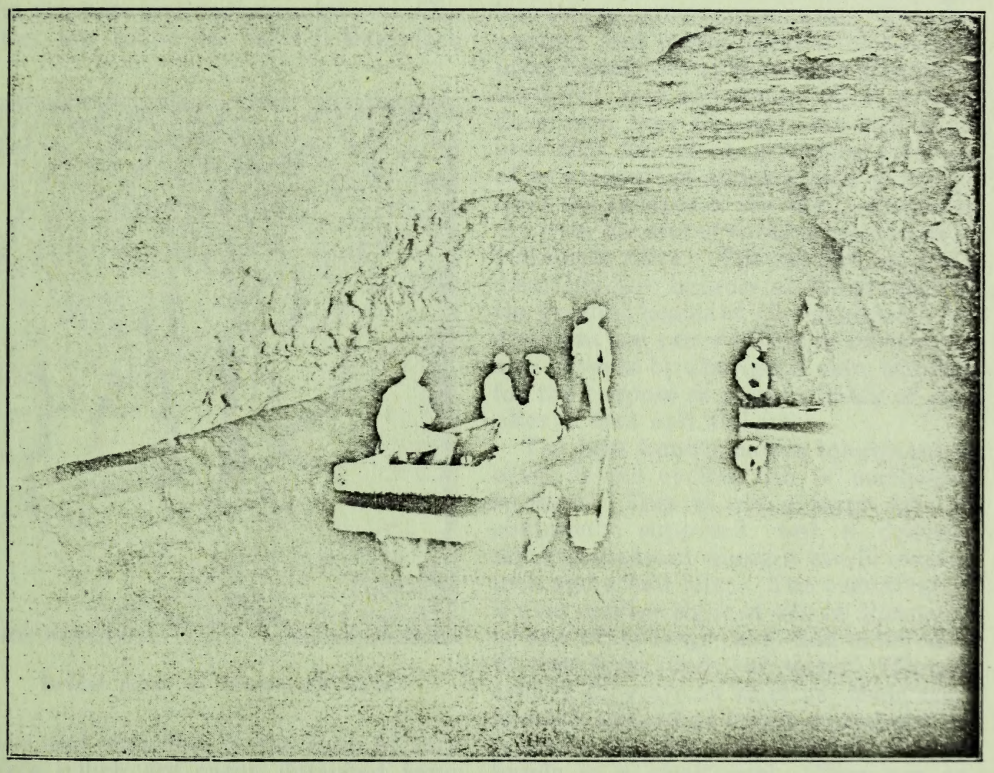
The passage from one cave level to another is usually by a vertical shaft of which there are scores in Mammoth. No other cave approaches it in the number and size of these features. Many of them reach from the highest to the lowest level, thus penetrating almost the whole calcareous deposit, reaching two hundred feet or more. Most of them are marked by exquisite vertical fluting and grooving, and at times taking the form of gigantic Corinthian columns as in the Temple of Luxor, Mammoth Dome, or of great stone curtains with graceful folds as in Gorin's Dome, and in Vaughn's Dome, Colossal Cave. In the latter, the folds are interrupted occasionally by strata of harder limestone which gives the effect of ornamental bosses. In Gorin's Dome the view is most impressive as seen through a natural window about half way up the vertical wall. This dome and Scylla, Charybdis, Side-Saddle Pit, and the Bottomless Pit are all connected with Echo River by some underground passage. Mammoth Dome and Colossal Dome are close rivals in size, depth and carving, and are without peers in any other known cavern. The view from the bottom of either one is overpowering to the imagination. These mighty shafts, and those stupenduous columns and massive carvings were made by the tiny, trickling streams that still run down the grooves and drop into the crystal pools at the bottom! About a hundred fifty feet from the bottom of Colossal Dome it is intersected by a passage leading to the original entrance to Colossal Cave. The Dome is bridged now at this level, and from a pulley fastened to the bridge is a wire-rope endless chain attachment by means of which a light may be raised and lowered so as to give a splendid view of the Dome up to the distant, misty top.

In subterranean rivers and lakes also, Mammoth Cave is unsurpassed. Nickojack Cave boasts a considerable stream, and other caves have pools and springs and rills, but Echo River formerly furnished the visitor a never-to-be-forgotten half mile boat ride under massive arches of oolite. Even in its present flooded condition, the unique trip is unrivalled. Echo River is aptly named, for the echoes of song, shout and pistol-shot are repeated many fold in varied reverberations. Old-time hymns such as "Rock of Ages" and "Shall We Gather at the River" are reinforced and accompanied and prolonged by myriad echoes until they are uncanny in their sweetness and impressiveness. A shout or college yell is taken up, arch and cavern calling to arch and cavern, while a pistol-shot is positively terrifying. The Dead Sea, Lake Lethe and Roaring River are worthy of note. All of these rise and fall with Green River, thus showing their dependence upon it.

A stalactite is a "stone icicle." A page of learned description could add nothing to clearness of that homely characterization. A stalagmite is an inverted stalactite growing up from the floor, built up by the same drops that formed their aerial counterpart. A column is formed when stalactite and stalagmite meet. The stone icicle begins in a different way from the one of congealed water. Carbonated water finds its way to the cavern roof, and drops slowly one at a time to the floor. During the time that the drop hangs from the roof, a part of its carbon dioxid is lost, and consequently its power of holding limestone in solution is lessened. A tiny bit of its limestone is deposited. As its drops to the floor another bit is left where it falls, and thus the stalactite, stalagmite and column are begun. The growing stalactite is hollow, so that the drops from the original source pass down through the tube until they reach the end. This accounts for the curled and twisted, bizarre effects so noticeable in Wyandotte Cave. Here the currents of air turned aside the drop and thus the growing tube which it forms became curved. After the stalactite gets started other drops follow its course and add to its thickness and size from the outside. Mammoth Cave is inferior to Wyandotte and Luray, and some less known Kentucky caverns in the number, size and beauty of its stalactites. In Gothic Avenue and Olive's Bower there are some respectable formations, but it is

only in the newly discovered portions such as Violet City and Marble Hall that this king of caverns claims equality of such ornamentation. Main Cave was formerly supposed to terminate at Ultima Thule, a great cave-in from above. A few years ago, a young German visitor named Kaemper got permission to blast and dig his way through and around this obstruction and discovered many of the finest halls and stalactites and prolonged note, and he christened it "The Marriage Bell."

The most interesting, beautiful and mysterious formations to be found in caves, however, are the snow-white, or tanslucent gypsum crytsals. These occur in a variety of forms, a delicate frosting, in masses or nodules, in sheets or coatings of varying thickness, and in the entrancingly beautiful gypsum flowers. The latter consists of curved



Echo River in Mammoth Cave

in the cave. Ganter's and Colossal are successful rivals of their giant neighbor in this respect. The latter in the Chinese Wall, Pearly Pool and the Henry Clay Monument presents some very fine specimens of stalactites and stalagmites. In some cases a slender stalactite will give out a clear, musical, bell-like note, and sometimes a chime can be found where the whole scale can be secured. The writer found one stalactite in Colossal which gave a peculiarly pleasing petals arranged about a center in the form of rosettes of many and bizarre shapes. It does not require much of an effort of fancy to recognize roses, lilies, tulips, daisies, fuschias, sunflowers, in fact every blossom, bloom and flower of garden or field. In Cleveland's Cabinet the visitor passes through nearly two miles of fairyland. The wealth of ornamentation and the beauty of forms beggars description. The walls and ceiling of the passage are covered with

thousands upon thousands of gypsum flowers or *oulopholites*, and under foot are the fragments of other multiplied thousands that have fallen and been replaced by others, for these formations are constantly growing and being succeeded, like their types above ground. Other parts of Mammoth and Colossal caves present equal attractions. Sometimes the crystals are needle-like and straight as in the exquisite Bear's Robe of Colossal. Other crystals are found in caves such as of epsom salts of magnesium sulphate and sodium sulphate. The latter are found in parts of Mammoth



Bridal Altar in Mammoth Cave

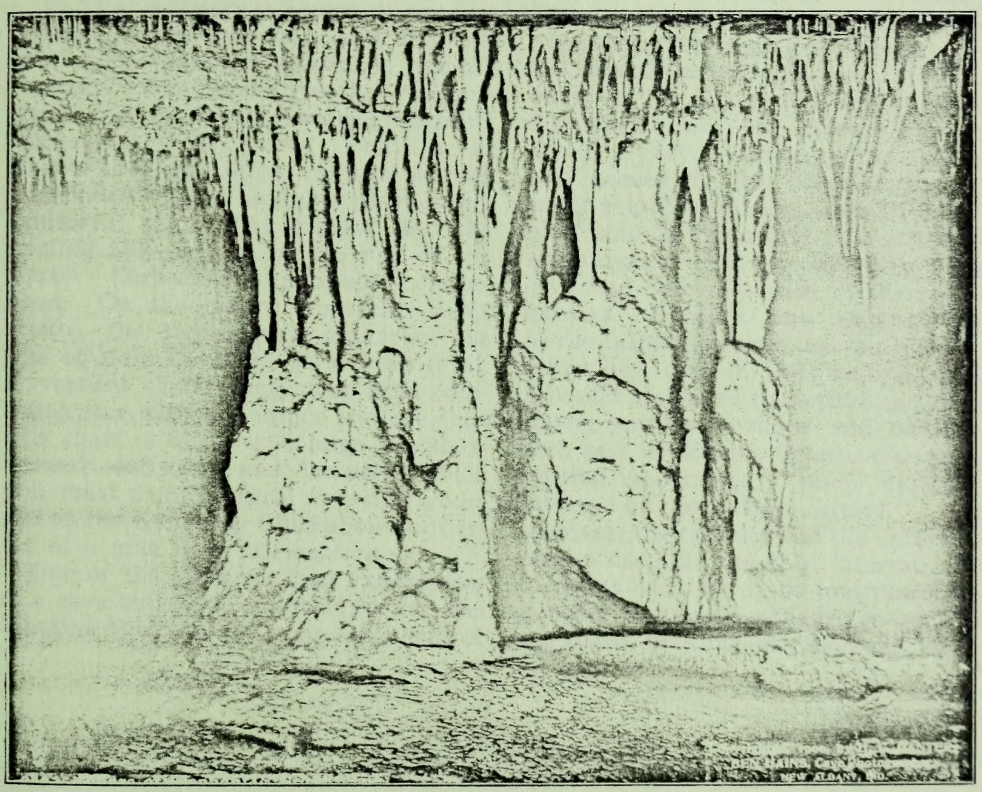
Cave and elsewhere in the form of tiny flakes which are easily detached from the walls and ceilings as a mimic snowstorm. Spicules and massive crystals of epsom salts were so abundant in certain Indiana caves that by act of the legislature of that state the owners of caves were compelled to fence them in so as to prevent cattle straying into them and licking these salts.

The specimens of organic life found in caves have been of the greatest interest to the scientist and of equal curiosity to the general public. Cave organisms have furnished very essential links inthe chain of evidence establishing the theory of evolution, through the unmistakable indications of sweeping adaptation to environment, and extensive atrophy due to disuse of such vital organs as the eye. Cave life includes such occasional visitors as bats which seek the shelter of caverns during the winter and during daytime. They are much in evidence in the Rotunda and Audubon Avenue in Mammoth and in all avenues and chambers of other caves near the entrance. They usually hang head downward from some projection unless disturbed. I have seen bats two miles from daylight but this is rather uncommon. Rats are another and recent invader of caverns, inticed probably by the scraps of eatables scattered here and there. Out in Main Cave near Star Chamber are two stone huts that are silent, gruesome evidence of an attempt of afflicted men to escape from the ravages of the White Plague in the pure air and equable temperature of Mammoth Cave. The experiment was a dismal failure because of the absence of the greatest healer of all—sunlight. Indications are not wanting in most caves also of visits by aboriginal man, possibly for the purpose of secret council or supplies of flint and alabaster.

The best known native inhabitant of caves is the eyeless fish of *amblyopsis spelaeus*. This is not a large fish, as commonly supposed, but a delicate, semi-transparent minnow rarely over an inch and a half long. The visitor rarely if ever catches sight of one in Mammoth or any other large cave, and never then in any large body of water. Though eyeless they are as alert as their more favored cousins as I have found out by repeated failure to capture one with my hands in a small pool. They are occasionally caught however in the old-fashioned well bucket of this region, coming into the well by underground streams. The cave salamander is better known to the scientist than to the lay public. Insects, crustacea, spiders, crickets, etc., are more in evidence, especially in the vicinity of cave-ins and water pools. They are usually eyeless, white or transparent, and have antannae or feelers of extraordinary length. Fungus growths, especially of mucor, occur in damp portions of the cave on decaying timbers.

There are several special features not

classified above. One of these, the Martha Washington Statue, is an illusion but an interesting and remarkable one. Just befor reaching the Giant's Coffin on the main route, the guide takes your torches and passes around a bend in the cave. The opposing walls here give a very striking outline of the pedestal and statue of the "first lady in the land," which now stands out in clear white light.



Pillars of Elephantis in Ganter's Cave

In Star Chamber, a little further on, the visitor is seated on a rude bench and the torches are again taken away by the guide into a side passage. Now if never before you appreciate the expression "the blackness of darkness." It is not at all like night in the upper world, for there the darkness is preceded by a long day during which everything is flooded and saturated with light which seems to persist even after sunlight is withdrawn. Here however there has never been any light stronger than stray beams from dim, smoky torches, and when these are taken away, there is not a beam nor the ghost of one left behind. It is as absolutely dark as before the mandate "Let there be light!" Dark—why every thing outside of self is obliterated and you have to pinch yourself to be assured your own body has not followed suit! Soon the sounds of lowing cattle, barking dogs, crowing cocks and the "Co Boss" of the hired hand announces the approach of dawn, and there it comes away out there in Main Cave. The dim light creeps along the ceiling blackened by a coating of manganese dioxid. See there a flash of light in the black ceiling, another and another until it is spattered with hundreds of them. The tiny gypsum crystals that have pushed their way through the coating of black manganese have become twinkling stars. It is a very pleasing illusion, but at no

time does the visitor forget he is a score or more fathoms underground.

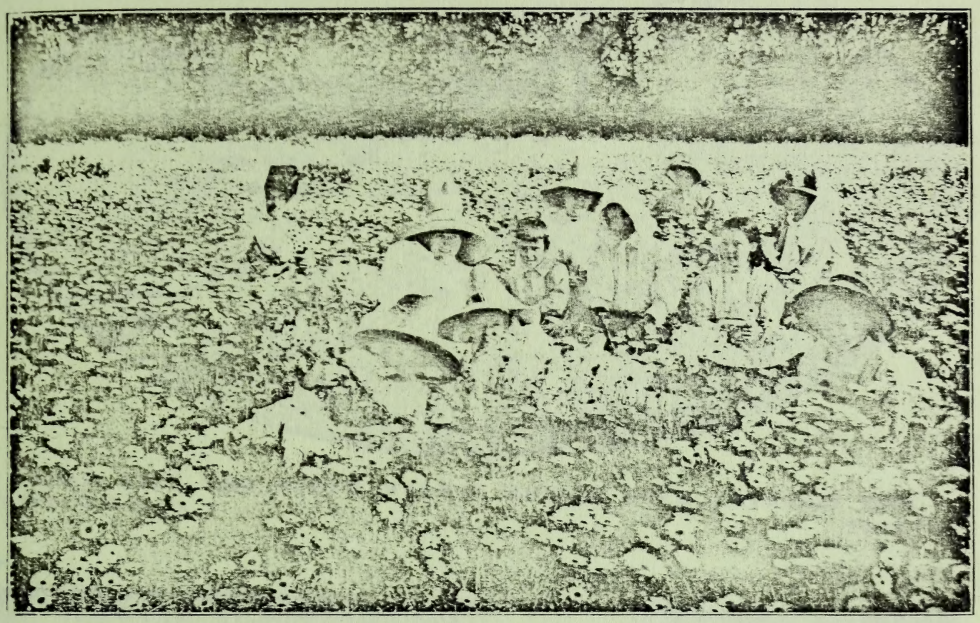
Resonator Hall is well named, for here a certain peculiar note sounded by a guide or visitor is increased in volume until it fills the hall with a thunderous rumble of sound. The usual explanation of the guide or learned explorer that there is a dome above or below separated by a thin shell of rock, is ridiculous. The average schoolboy could give a better and more correct reason for this reinforcement of sound.

Fat Man's Misery is a narrow, winding passage, where some care and deliberation of locomotion is advisable, but the "misery" has been "greatly exaggerated" as Mark Twain declared regarding the reports of his demise! I have never known of a case of fat man or woman who failed to get through with no more "misery" than that caused by the chafing and raillery of the rest of the party. Corkscrew is more aptly christened. On the return from the River Route, the passageway intersects the line of Main Cave but at a lower level. A vertical shaft ninety feet high communicates with the upper passage, but this shaft is filled with huge boulders, around and over and between which you must clamber until you find yourself on the Kentucky Cliffs about a quarter of a mile from the entrance.

One of the most striking experiences of a cave trip is the sudden exit into the blinding light and the oppressive heat of a mid-summer day, with its overpowering odors of growing and decaying vegetation, and its medley of noises. It is advisable to linger for a time at the entrance or within it, whether on the trip into or out of the cave, in order to adapt the body to the great change of temperature. A visit to some of the smaller and less known or unknown caverns will amply repay the expenditure of time and effort. It is a relief to find something that has not been appropriated and labeled by another. There is much of this freshness of new discovery even in such well-known caves as Colossal Cavern. Out near the Bear's Robe in the latter, the writer found a fine streak of pink dolomite running across a grayish white ceiling of oolite, and named it the Nuptial Cord. A small neighboring cave leads through an old-fashioned farm well. In this cave I was favored with the only view I have ever had of eyeless fish in their native habitat. Another one, entered Jules Verne-fashion, down an enormous crater-like cave-in, revealed some splendid alabaster stalactites and stalagmites, perfect in shape and offering a rare and irresistible opportunity for acquiring specimens, "none daring to molest or to make afraid." The scientist, the traveler and the uninitiated person can find much of interest, much of value and much of information regarding the agencies that have fashioned the earth, in Kentucky caverns.



Kansas Magazine Prize Scenery Contest



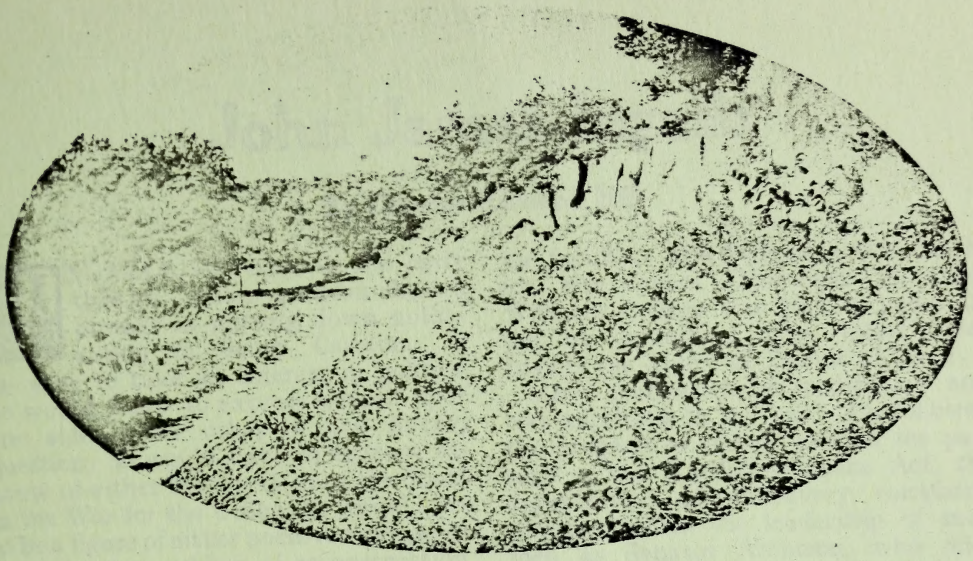
DAISY FIELD NEAR MOUNDRIDGE

Photo by C. A. Smith — Second Prize



BROWN'S FORD NEAR INDEPENDENCE

Photo by C. C. Jones — Third Prize



ROAD OVER THE NORTH WALNUT BRIDGE NEAR ARKANSAS CITY
Photo by Q. O. Boyer — Fourth Prize



WATER-FALL ON MOORE FARM, 4 MILES S. E. ARKANSAS CITY
Photo by A. F. Moore — First Prize

John James Ingalls

By Charles Edward Hill

INGALLS was born in the early thirties, when Jackson busied himself in putting down nullification in South Carolina. If he were to take an interest in politics, he would have to express himself upon one side or the other of the slavery question; he would have to espouse the cause of either the North or of the South in the War for the Union; he would have to be a figure of either positive or negative value in the problem of reconstruction, and he would have to choose his place in the ranks when Populism should sweep his state. The fact that he was a New Englander of Puritan descent, of the stock which could not tolerate even Roger Williams, very nearly decides what his attitude would be upon the great questions before him.

He was the oldest of nine children, and was a delicate child. The father said he could read intelligently at two, that he was sensitive, shy and diffident, and gave little promise of the virility and audacity which he later displayed. At fourteen, he became a contributor to local and metropolitan papers, such as the Knickerbocker Magazine and the Boston Transcript. He entered Williams College in 1851, when Mark Hopkins was president. James A. Garfield and Congressman Hitchcock of Nebraska were among his schoolmates. He finished in 1855. We know little about his college days except that his graduation oration bore the title, "Mummy Life?" In it, he gave a scathing and spiteful review of the whims and foibles of the faculty. One of the college professors thought to head him off, by revising his oration and cutting the heart out of it. But when his time came to speak, Ingalls added all that had been omitted and paid his respects in the most trenchant criticism. He horrified his mother who had come to see him graduate, as well as the faculty. His diploma was withheld for nine years. However, in 1884, Williams College was glad to honor itself by conferring upon John James Ingalls the degree of Doctor of Laws.

After graduation he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He followed the progress of current events, the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the organization of proslavery colonizing societies under the leadership of such men as Senator Atchison, who once said: "We must and will make Kansas a slave state, peaceably if we can and at the point of the bayonet if we must." Ingalls watched the fraudulent voting going on in Kansas Territory, the enacting of the Bogus and Black Laws; the sending of Rev. Pardee Butler down the Missouri on a raft at Atchison. He noticed how Reeder, Robinson and Lane were indicted for treason because they organized the Topeka movement and resisted the Territorial laws. He saw how the Lecompton constitution, providing for slavery, was almost forced upon Kansas. Ingalls became imbued with a desire to play a part in the solution of the great slavery problem.

So, in 1857, he came west and settled at Sumner, Kansas. The next year, when a cyclone destroyed that place, he moved to Atchison, where he engaged in law, politics and journalism. It was the era of passion and strife; the era of John Brown at Pottawatomie and of Charles Hamelton at Marias des Cygnes. Ingalls took a leading part in establishing law and order and eventually in making Kansas a Free State. The Wyandotte Constitution bears the imprint of his intellect and of his phrases. It is to him we owe our motto: "*Ad astra per aspera*" And one of the great tributes to Ingalls is the fact that this Constitution which he watched over and nursed, forms the backbone of the government under

which Kansas has lived and progressed for nearly fifty years, and with a few changes will be good for years to come. That document approved by Congress closed the struggle here and made Kansas a Free State.

But, as some one has said: "The victory in Kansas was but the prologue to the stupendous tragedy which was to be played out a little later with half a continent for its stage, with four million men for its actors, with all the world for its spectators, and with the thunder of countless cannon for its orchestral music." Ingalls played his part well in that drama. His tongue and his pen worked ever for his country's good. After the war, until 1873, his record was creditable, but not conspicuous. Two elements in his thought stand out prominently: one, a continuous harping upon the predatory actions of the Missourians, the other, an approval of the sternest measures toward the Confederates.

In 1873 the Legislature was busy trying to choose a Senator. Pomeroy was a candidate for re-election. Samuel C. Pomeroy was the statesman who believed in loyalty, religion and subsidy, especially subsidy. His chances of success seemed excellent, until in the midst of the voting, State Senator York marched down the aisle and laid upon the Speaker's table seven thousand dollars in currency, which he said had been paid him to vote for Pomeroy. Every virtuous member of the Legislature became indignant, and every corrupt member become indignant because he feared that his tendencies toward graft might be uncovered. That night, Ingalls became a candidate for the United States Senate. The next day, he was elected. Opportunity knocked at his door and Ingalls was found awake, waiting. In the Senate, he soon rose to the first rank, neither Conkling nor Blaine overshadowing him. He served on the most important committees, the Judiciary, the District of Columbia and the one on Rules. And for several years he presided over the Senate.

As a master of English in poetic flights and a user of sarcasm, he had no equal. In stinging repartee he held the floor alone. Once a Senator from Pennsylvania rebuked and reviled Kansas. Ingalls immediately called for the floor and not only eloquently defended his state, but sharply attacked Pennsylvania saying "she had produced but two great men, Benjamin Franklin of Massachusetts and Albert Gallatin of Switzerland." He said of Garland, Cleveland's Attorney General: "General Garland is a great lawyer among Arkansaw men and a great Arkansaw man among lawyers." Senator Allison of Iowa said that when Ingalls spoke the galleries were always full. At times the House of Representatives would be left without a quorum, because the members wanted to hear what he had to say, and they were never disappointed.

He was twice re-elected, not because of chance, nor because he had done anything especially for Kansas. Ingalls had a national outlook; he was re-elected chiefly because of the pride of the state in being the fortunate possessor of a Senator who could always command the attention of a nation.

In 1891 the end of his third term came. Kansas had been prosperous, speculation had run rampant throughout the state, railroads had been built where there was no traffic and towns had been laid out where there were no people. The farm had been mortgaged for more than its value. Everybody was in debt. And when pay day came, the crops had failed and there was nothing with which to meet the obligations. When failure comes, it is human nature to fix the responsibility elsewhere than on ourselves. The farmers organized and decided there was something wrong in Washington. Ingalls was responsible. What had he done? What was his record? No one knew, except that he had defended the state against all attacks, that he had voted for laws that favored Union soldiers, that he had charmed and entranced audiences with his impressive language and forceful oratory. But such actions did not pay mortgages. The people of Kansas forgot that he had helped settle many great questions and remembered merely that in questions of finance and of the tariff, he had been inconspicuous. And the latter were paramount in the state. Furthermore, he was in the pathway of the Populistic

wave, and it was inevitable that he should be swept before it. His Puritanic conservatism would not allow him to join hands with the People's Party. After the election, it was known that his supporters did not have a majority in the joint assembly.

When the legislature convened, Ingalls came from Washington to see if he couldn't stem the tide that was moving against him. He took rooms at the Copeland. He was told that for ten thousand dollars he could retain his seat, and was furnished with a list of the names of the persons who were willing to sell their votes. Ingalls took the list and ran his finger over the names, and as his finger passed each name he spit out sentences of fearful invective. Counsel stood in the corner and advised him to buy. He paced the room with the temptation before him. Bitter and more bitter became his words about the traitors. Finally, he drew himself up and said: "No, no, I have a family. I have a name, I have a part in the history of Kansas. I will not be party to this deal." Peffer was elected.

Ingalls had advocated that John Brown's statue be placed in Statuary Hall, as one of the two most worthy sons of Kansas. Brown's statue barely missed being placed there. But within three years after the death of Ingalls, Kansas, realizing the injustice she had done him, placed his marble image in Statuary Hall in perpetuation of his memory, and to this day Kansas has not found one worthy to stand beside him.

After his retirement, Ingalls added to his literary fame and to his fame as an orator. This is what one says of his mastery of expression: "He knew language as the devout Moslem knew his Koran. All the deeps and shallows of the sea of words have been sounded and surveyed by him and duly marked upon the chart of his great mentality. In the presence of an audience, he was a magician like those of Egypt; under the power of his magic, syllables become scorpions,an inflection became an indictment, and with words he builded temples of thought that excited at first the wonder and at all times the admiration of the world of literature and statesmanship. He was emperor in the realm of expression. The English speaking people will listen long before again they hear the harmony born of that perfect fitting of phrase to thought that marked the utterances of John James Ingalls."

In 1900, his health failed him. In June of that year, he wrote from Las Vegas, New Mexico: "I'm desperately tired and discouraged and homesick." He was ready to go to the Undiscovered Country which he had so well described in a memorial address in the Senate:

*"In the democracy of the dead, all men at are last are equal. There is neither rank, nor station, nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold, the philosopher ceases to be wise and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest and the rich man as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There theproud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician and the laborer rests from unrequited toil. Here at last is Nature's final decree in equity. * * * * The strongest there has no supremacy and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished."*

Then on August 16, 1900, on his deathbed, with his hand in that of his devoted wife and with childlike faith he spoke: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

Men and Things

By Nemo

ANGLO-SAXON GOVERNMENT

The success of the Anglo-Saxon race in parliamentary government is due to several things but to nothing more than its general willingness to yield always to the will of the majority. We are the only people in the world that seem to possess that quality which is fundamental to any successful parliamentary form of Government whether it be a republic or a limited monarchy.

The result of this has been, throughout our parliamentary history here and in England, a government by two parties alternating in the Government. Under practically the same forms though changing in names England has been governed ever since the times of the first George by two parties, the Whigs, and the Tories; to-day the Liberals and the Conservatives. There has never been room in England for any third party, and there never has been any except the Irish who are an alien and unaccountable element. Just exactly as the Conservatives yield the government to the Liberals or vice versa when beaten, so the minority in each party yields to the majority on the question of party principles. There is always of course compromise and concession between the extremes of party opinion but no split in the parties. When Gladstone introduced his Irish Home Rule Bill a considerable part of his following under Joseph Chamberlain split off and for a time led an independent existence under the name of Unionists. But they did not long remain independent. The greater part of them speedily joined the Conservatives and the balance returned to the Liberals.

This has been the history of nearly every independent party in America with so few exceptions as virtually to prove the rule. The Free-soilers, Barnburners and Know Nothings of an earlier day followed the same path that has since been traveled by the Liberal Republicans, Greenbackers and Populists. The genius of our people for government seems to have settled upon a two-party government.

Under the pressure of a great moral issue the Republican party was born and the Whig party died, but, as before, but two parties remained.

THE CONTRAST

With other races it is different. Our Latin neighbors to the South of us when beaten at an election take to the brush and start a revolution. In France, Germany, Italy, Austria and even Russia this inability to yield to majority rule expresses itself in the constant splitting up of parties into little groups, each differing more or less widely from the other. Majority rule is possible only by combining two or more of these groups, least antagonistic, to a commn policy on a few of the more important matters. The French parliament has nine different parties. Some of them differ from each other so slightly that their division to us seems absurd, but they will not concede or compromise and so bear separate names and fight under separate banners.

Germany has seven or eight different parliamentary groups. Austria some twenty-five. Of course under such conditions parliamentary government is a perfect kaleidoscope, constantly shifting, unstable and unsatisfactory. The strong groups appear not to be able to absorb the weaker as with us. There is no solidarity, no unity of action. It is generally conceded that our system is best and that we owe it to our greater self-control, willingness to recognize the right of the majority, both in the govern-

ment and in the party to rule, and perhaps to our longer experience.

At any rate every student of parliamentary government concedes that our system gives the best results. That it is best adapted to the genius of our people and that it is not likely to be changed.

A NEW PARTY So that in examining a question that presses for attention the possible formation of a new party, we are to examine it not only by the light of present conditions but by past experience. That such a movement is being seriously considered by leading Insurgents cannot be doubted. It is widely canvassed in the newspapers and magazines. It is hoped that Roosevelt will consent to lead it but no one seriously thinks that he will.

In favor of this new movement it is urged that the Republican party has reached the exact condition that befell the Whig party in the fifties; that it is controlled by the money power just as the Whig party was controlled by the slave power; that it cannot emancipate itself, get rid of the money-changers and respond to certain popular demands that the Insurgents believe are inevitable of adoption; that the breach between the Regulars and Insurgents is as wide as between the Free Soil Whigs of the North and the Pro-slavery Whigs on the South; that the coming election and the next Congress will widen the split and that this separation means the defeat of the Republican party in 1912. Then say they, a new party will spring up as did the Republican party, a party composed of the progressive elements of both the old parties that shall win, take the reins of Government and that either the Democratic or Republican party or both will disappear. Space fails to marshal all the proof that such a movement is on foot, or even more than to hint the reasons given for such a party.

THE MORAL ISSUE To go back to our history, only one political party has ever been born in this way. Only one new party has ever risen from the ashes of another —the Republican party. Born of a great moral issue that completed the destruction of the old Whig party though it inherited and retains to-day nearly all the economic principles of the Whigs. Under Washington there was but one party, his, the Federalist. Out of the very necessity of two-party government the Democratic party was born and under Jefferson beat the Federalists. The Federalist party disappeared, and there were merely two factions of the Democratic party or, rather, the Republican party as it was first called. One was conservative, the Republican party, the other, radical, called itself the Democratic Republican. The breach between them widened and they became two parties, Democratic and Whig, and so continued for thirty years. Since the birth of the Republican party there have been numerous attempts within the memory of all of us to form new parties but they have always failed. The moral issue was wanting. The issues on which they were formed were purely economic and the old parties afforded sufficient accomodations for those who differed in their economic views.

But, say the Insurgents, this new party has a moral issue, it is men against money, person against property. Not so; in its last analysis it is purely economical. It all really amounts to this: how much money shall a man be allowed to make out of his capital and opportunities? How much shall be allotted to labor and how much to capital? All the talk about tariff, conservation and the like is a variant of this one issue. How much shall we interfere with the operations of capital? What return shall be granted to the man with money to use and how broad and uncircumscribed shall his operations be.

If they can make a new party on such issues they will succeed where every one else in our history has failed. That it will be attempted is not to be doubted. The plans are laid for it and within a year its name and aims will be announced.

X 706716

Wessie Livers

By J. E. Torrance

Next morning when the teacher rapped on the casing to call the children in to school, several of the big boys came marching in with large quids of tobacco in their mouths, determined to bring the matter to an issue at once. Wessie noticed the evidence of rebellion against her authority, and decided to accept the challenge at once. As soon as tolerable order was restored, the teacher smiled sweetly as she turned her clear, bright, steady eyes toward the culprits and said:

"I notice that several young gentlemen are chewing tobacco in the school room notwithstanding my request not to do so."

The boys looked at her silently and doggedly continued to chew their quids, spitting defiantly upon the floor almost at her feet.

"Is there anyone who will volunteer to bring me a couple of those fine hickory sprouts growing from the old stump at the back of the school house?" she asked as coolly and sweetly as she would have requested the loan of a pencil.

"I'll do it, teacher," replied little Scrub Hanan, "if you'll loan me yewr knife."

"Certainly, my little man. Now, select me two of the best and see how quickly you can do it."

During the interval between the departure of little Scrub Hanan and his return with the sprouts, a deep and heavy silence reigned throughout the school room. Everyone knew a storm was about on and that something terrible was almost certain to happen. Wessie smiled as she glanced about. The big boys frowned ominously and the small pupils looked frightened. They had witnessed a terrible fight the year before, between those desperate young outlaws and old man Storey, the teacher, in which the teacher was brutally pounded and obliged to give up his school in the middle of the term; and it looked like the tragedy might be repeated.

When little Scrub re-appeared and handed the rods to the teacher, Meesh Beeman whispered to Squeaky Ginger:

"Jist let her try hit! I'll take them sticks from her and thrash her with 'em!" Freck Horseman looked at him sharply and then quickly glanced away.

"Look at Freck Horseman, Meesh," whispered Squeaky Ginger. "He's not chawin', I do believe he's gone back on us."

"He's a durned coward," replied Meesh, contemptuously.

"Up to this time," commenced Wessie sweetly, and without a quaver or note of emotion, "I have treated you boys as gentlemen. I always treat persons as gentlemen until I find out they are not. Then I treat them according to their deserts. Since you are unwilling to be treated as gentlemen I shall have to treat you as little boys."

"If I caint chaw tobacco in school I'll jist quit school," interupted Meesh Bee-

man, "I'll not take no lickin' from anybody."

"Me, too," scowled Squeaky Ginger.

"So fur as I am concerned," began Freck Horseman, his eyes flashing, his face pale, and his jaw firmly set, "I kin take a lickin' and I kin quit chawin' too, if teacher says it's wrong; but I won't quit school. I want to larn somethin' and be a man some time—I want to be a gentleman if I kin. Yew kin lick me first, teacher," and Freck heroically walked out and turned his back to receive the punishment.

This was perhaps the greatest surprise Wessie had ever met. Her eyes became watery and something came up into her throat and she found her heart pounding heavily. She knew the crucial moment had arrived and to falter now meant her everlasting defeat and the overthrow of her authority during the entire term of the school. She drew up to her full height and began to apply the rod to poor Freck's back with a vim and vigor that meant far more than mere nominal punishment. The boy did not flinch or show signs of resentment, receiving the blows with the fortitude of a hero.

"Freck's a danged fool," grunted Meesh.

"Uh-huh," assented Squeaky as they watched the proceeding with absorbing interest.

"Now, Freck Horseman, I am inclined to think you will be a gentleman from this time forward," said Wessie sweetly, "What do you think about it?"

"It strikes me that way," replied Freck, half smiling at his own pun, as he coolly took his seat.

"Now, Meesh, it is your turn," said the dauntless teacher.

"I said I aint goin' to take no lickin'," replied Meesh fiercely. "I will quit skule, but yew caint lick me."

"I should dislike very much indeed to have you quit school," said Wessie, "when you are in such great need of education—especially in need of good manners. But whether you quit school or not, I am going to punish you severely before you go, so walk out here."

"If I come it won't be good fer yew," growled Meesh, as he arose to confront the teacher who had assumed a position indicating that if he did not come to her she would go to him.

"I will jist go along with yew," coolly remarked Freck Horseman, "and see that yew don't tetch the teacher, Mr. Meesh Beeman. And yew know what I done fer yew at the log-rollin', and yew know what I kin do fer yew now if yew don't act the gentleman."

Meesh walked out sullenly and squared himself for the humiliating ordeal and the teacher began to administer the punishment heartily and without delay. As the blows rained fiercely upon his broad back, the boy grinned sheepishly until the rod swished fiercely around his lower extremities when he flinched and blurted out:

"Dang hit all, yew're hittin' me 'round the laigs!"

Freck edged up a little closer and the supple rod continued to swish, swish, about the boy's sensitive limbs, notwithstanding his vigorous objections.

"You may now retire to your seat, Meesh, with the assurance that the punishment will be repeated as often as you chew tobacco in school," remarked Wessie, coolly. Then she looked straight at Squeaky Ginger and motioned him to walk out. Squeaky looked her in the eyes and stubbornly sat still. The teacher spoke to him pleasantly requesting him to come, but the obstinate boy made no response as he sat gazing impudently into her face. Wessie began slowly to walk towards him without displaying the slightest haste of motion, wearing an amiable smile as if perfectly satisfied with the situation. The boy remained stolid and firm until the "little boss" was within a few feet of him, when all of a sudden, for some occult reason, maybe, the spell was broken and the boy sprang quickly out of his seat and said meekly, "I'm a-comin'!" He, like many another bluffer, had kept his nerve well until the strain was too strong, and then came around ludicrously in the end.

The teacher treated him to a good thrashing and Squeaky seemed to appreciate the full force of it as shown by his grunts and squirms as the rod arose and descended in even, rapid strokes. Each of the other conspirators received similar treatment, to the utter con-

fusion and disgust of the o ganized opposition to the tobacco law; and, it may be said that the law was respected and obeyed during the remainder of the term. It took the boys some time to get over the humiliation of their defeat, and for several days they referred in a mild way to Freck Horseman as the "little boss's bully." Never, however, did they carry the matter far enough to offend Freck, and it was but a few days until the best of feelings and good fellowship returned and both the teacher and Freck Horseman were more popular than ever.

No sooner had Wessie subdued the tobacco rebellion than she directed her energies against another evil scarcely less potent. Dirty hands and faces, uncombed and unkempt hair, and filthy clothing were prevalent to an intolerable extent. There were obvious suggestions of vermin, too, in the constant scratching of heads, and symptoms of itch, or as the settlers preferred to call it, "Illinois mange." The new move required more diplomacy than the tobacco evil; but, so far as the pupils were concerned, there seemed less chance for rebellion. These were things that the pupils did not consider seriously nor particularly cling to or care to retain if they could be gotten rid of without much effort on their part. In fact, they were mere permissive evils rather than cherished ones. The delicate part of the reform movement along these lines was the danger of offending their parents. The settlers consisting of a very common class were rather jealous of their dignities and eager to preserve their reputations as they understood the meaning of the term, and any suggestion to her pupils that they were not cleanly, was likely to be resented by the parents as a reflection upon their want of care of their children. The teacher, re-enforced by the stout, sturdy country girls in her charge, introduced the subject one Saturday by first scrubbing and cleaning the floor, windows and furniture of the school-house until not a particle of dust or dirt could be found. Then she suggested to the pupils that every one see how clean and nice he could appear in school on Monday morning, to set off the clean room and furniture. Some few of them combed their hair and there was some evidence of pupils having washed hands and faces, but the experiment was not successful according to the teacher's idea of cleanliness, and this she realized regretfully. It was plain that more radical methods must be adopted or the enterprise would have to be abandoned; and, as retreat was not the watchword of Wessie Livers, the method was speedily forthcoming. She simply gave the mail-carrier a list of articles she wished to purchase, and requested him to bring them from Shelbyville on his next trip. The list comprised combs, brushes, soap, towels, wash-pans, and mirror, mercurial ointment and sal-soda; these she so adroitly obtruded upon the more filthy pupils that they scarcely realized that they were becoming more cleanly of their own volition. Experiment ripened into mild habit until an air of general cleanliness prevailed, to the great satisfaction of the teacher. She kept herself scrupulously clean and tidy at all times and encouraged the boys and girls to use her improvised lavatory industriously. She also urged those who seemed afflicted with "chapped" hands, to use the mercurial ointment freely, and explained to the school that, rubbed upon the hands and head, it was a sure cure for all itching. Every day she would go to the rude toilet table in the corner of the room and wash her hands and face neatly, and comb and brush her hair as she stood before the mirror. First the girls and then the boys began to fall into the same habits until clean hands and faces and well brushed heads became the rule instead of the exception to it. Once or twice a week the large boys carried water and the larger girls scrubbed the floor, casing and furniture of the school house with a solution of sal-soda as a cleanser and disinfectant, until the sanitary conditions of Cold Spring school house became ideal. Clean hands and faces and well combed heads, it finally dawned upon the minds of the pupils, in a setting of dirty clothes, would not allow them to appear at the very best advantage, and the larger girls began to show an interest in their own and their brothers' and sisters' appearance by washing and mending their clothes and ornamenting

their hair with bits of bright, clean ribbon, and by deftly tieing upon their brothers ties of braid or strips of new gingham neatly hemmed and ironed. The change was almost sensational. Parents called at the school bouse to see the "little boss," as Wessie was not irreverently called, not only in the District but in Shelbyville and the more remote settlements. "The little reformer" would have been more appropriate perhaps, but the nick-name expressed precisely the impression which she had made upon the pupils and the parents and was not at all distasteful to her. Shadrach Beeman visited the school once a week at first and then lounged in at irregular intervals several times each week. The other members came not so frequently. Shad never failed to inflict upon the teacher a number of crude compliments and invariably warned the pupils that the teacher was boss and that the "Boa'd" would stand behind her. The truth is that, as the term progressed, Shad became about Wessie's only regret. He was coarse, uncouth and insistent in his attentions to her, and the poor girl was always at her wit's end to find an appropriate method of dealing with his unwelcome attentions. She did not wish to be rude with him nor did she relish the neighborhood gossip which would follow should she allow his attentions to progress beyond what might be termed official. But Shad was endowed with a steadfastness of purpose directed by an inferior intellect which could not be turned aside by any small mishap; and which was not at all susceptible to the more delicate means of getting rid of a nuisance, known as a hint. He brought his whole mental powers to bear upon the question and contrived daily to bring forth a plan whereby he might secure a favorable opportunity to lay his heart at the feet of the teacher. Every time he even seemed to approach the subject either an accident had prevented him or Wessie had innocently given an abrupt turn in the conversation that lost him in confusion. He had tried the wolf scare several times and had thus obtained permission to accompany her beyond Mitchell Creek timber, not becuse she feared the wolves, but because she did not wish to offend him, until even Shad with all of his infatuation and stupidity, began to realize that his scheme was becoming trite. Not, however, until Wessie had hinted to him that it was breaking the spirit of Jeanette to be compelled to keep pace with his sluggish farm horse, did he cease to insist upon riding part of the way home with her at least once or twice a week.

CHAPTER IX

One evening as Wessie was crossing the prairie on her way home from school she saw a solitary horseman riding slowly towards the South in such way that he would cross her course about a half mile distant. A quick glance showed her that he was not a hunter, for he carried no gun, and there were no hounds following him. He leaned forward in his saddle, his head was bowed, and he seemed to be intently looking upon the ground, as his horse walked steadily onward. At once her woman's curiosity was aroused. "What is he looking at?" she asked herself. Then she drew the rein on Jeanette and said: "Run along, honey, here's a chance for a thrill." In a few minutes she approached the horseman in a gentle canter. His horse turned his head slightly to look at Jeanette, but the rider did not notice her approach, and remained in the attitude in which she at first saw him. Her first thought was that he was asleep, but when Jeannette swung around parallel with his course she noticed that the man had a book in his hand, resting it on the saddle horn, from which he was reading aloud. She at once drew rein and fell in immediately behind, at a loss to know how to approach or greet the extraordinary stranger, He seemed completely absorbed and oblivious to everything, except his book and its theme. He would read awhile and then, without change of position, comment upon the lines he had read. Presently the truth dawned upon Wessie. He was a pioneer evangelist. She heard him read: "If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek turn the other." Then he paused for a moment and remarked reflectively:

"Yes that's God-like, but it aint man-

like. It may be good Scripture, but it's pretty sure to spile the enemy. It seems to me that if my cause is Just, it would please God for me to stand for it and punish the wicked sinner and bring him to repentance. At any rate, on proper occasion I'd—whoa, M o a b ! What has possessed you?" broke off the soliloquist, as his horse suddenly turned around and stood facing Jennette and smiling Wessie, not six feet distant.

"Heavenly vision!" exclaimed the man, his large, marvelous eyes glowing with surprise and amusement.

"In fact, sir, a real substance, that has naughtily, I fear, obtruded upon your soliloquy," replied Wessie, smiling sweetly.

"Ah!" slowly drawled the horseman, "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not *often* seen."

Then both laughed heartily and the horseman continued: "I can easily forgive you Miss, I am glad to exchange the unprofitable soliloquy for the pleasure of your company across this dreary prairie. I am Peter Cartwright, on my way to Vandalia, and was just attending my own lecture course in a traveling theological school, where I am both student and faculty. So you have already guessed, little girl, that I am a back-woods preacher. I am very glad to know that there is a settlement not far away, for I dislike to sleep in the prairie grass with the owls and gophers, when I can find better lodging."

"I am delighted that I met you," said Wessie, "and you will go with me to my home for the night and as much longer as you choose to stop."

"And the Lord will bless you, my little girl," feelingly responded the preacher.

Wessie was indeed delighted with the quaint piety and witty observations of the man of God as she rode by his side across the prairie toward her home. The preacher was no less interested in her conversation, which she took great care should be sufficiently meek and circumspect not to offend the pious notions of the preacher; but more than once she provoked a merry twinkle in his eyes by little slips of conversation not exactly suggestive of the deepest sort of piety.

"What caused my little maiden to venture alone so far out upon the prairie?" inquired the preacher as they rode along together.

"I have been to my school, sir," replied Wessie, "I teach at Cold Spring."

"Spooks and miracles! little girl! You don't mean to tell me that you teach school!" exclaimed the preacher, in real or feigned astonishment. "Why it's a mighty wonder that the big boys don't break up your school, or the sneaking wolves pull you from your nag. You are prodigious brave—or, or powerful ignorant, to try such a prank—and you don't look ignorant."

"I thank you for the last part of your remark," replied Wessie. "As to the big boys, I do not fear them, and so far as the wolves are concerned—well sir, do wolves have wings?" she naively asked, patting fondly the neck of Jennette.

"Oh, ho! my little horse-woman; you put your trust in fleet limbs and a steady nerve, I see. Well, well, I'll warrant you would lead them a merry chase; but may the good Lord be with you, my dear, may he never desert you," remarked the preacher with a sigh. Then after a long pause, he solemnly resumed; I have seen the sneaking devils, many's the time—and heard the villians howl as I rode across the lonely prairie or tried to sleep in the forks of a tree, waiting for daylight to come—but they are cowardly devils, after all."

"Yes, sir, and I have no fear of them while I am on Jennette's back," said Wessie.

"I dare say not, Miss, I fully believe you; but you should have a care, nevertheless; for h u n g e r will sometimes make the tarnal critters dangerous. Old Mortica Dolar, down at Cahokia, claims to have driven away a pack of wolves with prayer when they were about to close in on him, and I can't say it want true—Heaven forbid—The prayers of the righteous availeth much, little girl, and the strength of the Lord is mighty."

"Yes, indeed, sir," assented Wessie; then she covertly remarked: "but the strength of Old Mortica's pipe probably did the work."

But the acute ear of the pioneer preacher heard her sub-rosa remarks and laughed heartily at the conceit.

After they had crossed the prairie and entered the timber they met a man on foot, and Mr. Cartwright reined up his horse and addressed him:

' My good man," said he, "is your soul in accord with the spirit of the living God?"

Brave as Wessie Livers was, the greeting caused a shudder to sweep over her. She knew the man, one Thomas Brazzel, for a brutal, fisty-cuff ruffian, who hated Christianity and ministers, and whose choice diversion was disturbing and breaking up camp-meetings.

"I am not a *good* man, as you will soon find out, Pete Cartwright," replied Brazzell, as he caught the bridle of Cartwright's horse. "You are the —— preacher who pointed me out and said mean things to me at the big camp-meeting at Vandalia, and had the constable arrest me last year; and now, d——n you, I've got you, and I'm going to give you a h—l of a wollopin'. Git down or I'll pull you off!"

"My dear brother," replied the preacher calmly, "don't you know that, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay?' ".

"Git down, I say, you d——d old gospel pirate, or I'll pull you off; you caint git out of it that way. You have got to take it," said Brazzel, angrily, as he made a move to pull the preacher down.

"Please let me pray first," asked Cartwright. "Well, pray then," said Brazzel, "but be mighty d——d quick about it."

Cartwright bowed his head reverently and prayed: "O Lord God, we are now about to open up a special service for the glory of God and the salvation of a sinner. Grant, Holy Father, that Thy servant may acquit himself valiantly in the service. Amen."

Then he sprang out of the saddle so quickly and lightly that Brazzel looked surprised; but he dropped the bridle reins of Cartwright's horse and struck a terrific blow at the preacher's head. The preacher ducked and the blow was harmless; but instantly his agile form was erect and his right went forth and caught the bully on the jaw and he went down. Stunned with the blow, first, then with surprise, the fellow lay flat upon his back until the plucky preacher dropped a knee on his chest, grasped him by the throat, and began to plant well aimed blows thick and fast upon the brutish face.

"Enough! enough! for God's sake, quit!" groaned the bully.

"The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth," quoted the preacher, as he continued to pound the prostrate man. "I am convinced that it is not yet time to dismiss the meeting." And he gave the fellow a few more vigorous punches. Then holding him firmly, the preacher inquired: "Are you convinced of the error of your ways?"

"Yes, Mister, damn it, I made a mistake," replied Brazzel, meekly.

"No doubt, no doubt," assented Cartwright, still holding the fellow tight; "Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. The Lord hath this day severely chastised thee. Dost thou feel the love of God in thy soul?"

Wessie greatly frightened at first, began to feel the humor of the situation creep over her, and it was within great difficulty that she could refrain from expolding with laughter.

"No, I don't," responded Brazzel with an oath after a pause; "and what's more, you can't pound none of your d--d religion into me, like you did the fool blacksmith," blustered Brazzel, as he spit out a mouth-full of blood.

"No," admitted Cartwright, "I do not believe I can pound religion into you; but I am convinced that I can pound some of the Devil out of you, and that will do some good." And as the preacher's doughty fist played upon the physiognomy of Brazzel, the latter groaned and cursed and finally prayed for him to desist. At last Cartright said:

"Now, my dear sinner, I am not going to mock God by compelling you to pray, as I did the truly repentant blacksmith, for I know that as yet you are unrepentant; but I am going to exact a promise from you which I hope you will keep, and if you do, this meeting will not have been in vain. But first let me inquire if you have a Bible?"

"No," sullenly replied Brazzel.

"I am going to give you a Bible at the close of this service," said the preacher, "and I want you to read it through

from lid to lid. Do you promise?'

Brazzel hesitated a long time, and then burst into tears and began to sob and weep like a child. Cartwright was somewhat surprised at this unexpected manifestation, but kept his hold upon Brazzel. Presently the bully said between sobs, "Yes—I'll—read—it. I was a decent young man until I threw away the one my mother gave me, just before she died. Mister, you couldn't make me promise, or do any thing. I'd die first; but you have made me remember my mother and her Bible—the one she gave me, and I want the Bible and I want to read it."

Then Cartwright kneeled beside the man with one hand still on his throat—gently—and with the other uplifted toward heaven, uttered a prayer that made the tears roll from Wessie's eyes like they were fountains, while the sobs and groans of the vanquished young man rendered the scene pathetically tragic.

When he had finished the prayer, the preacher allowed Brazzel to arise, and going to his saddle-bags, brought forth a Bible which he gave to the young man, shook him heartily by the hand and bade him Godspeed.

When the preacher had mounted his horse, he and Wessie rode quite a distance in silence. Then the preacher's firm jaw relaxed, and a twinkle stole into his eye, as he looked at Wessie, and dryly remarked: "Well, that was a sound thrashing, if not a sound conversion." Then after a further silence, during which he seemed to be in deep study, he resumed. "It may result in a sound conversion. God is able to make much out of my worst blunders.

"Once I undertook to argue the Scripture with a half-believing old fellow who was proud and awfully ignorant, and I made a blatant atheist out of him; and when the old sinner had defied me and blasphemed God for about a year, the Lord planted a little red boil on the back of his neck, erysipelas set in, and he thought he was going to die, and the old fellow repented like Job."

The preacher and Wessie had gone but a short distance from the scene of the conflict, when, upon rounding a bend in the road, they came up to Old Zeb Dobson, whose principal weaknesses incompatible as they may seem, were religion and liquor. He had other shortcomings of course, but those two chiefly distinguished him. Uncle Zeb, as the neighbors affectionately called him, as might be inferred from the character of his lapses, was a harmless old man without sufficient force of character to look the world in the face and be the kind of a man he knew he should be. At this particular time he had been to Shelbyville, and was on his way home. He was lying forward on his bony old horse, Solomon, with his arms wound about the horse's neck, while a grain sack with a stone in one end and a jug of corn whiskey in the other, hung doubtfully across the horse's back behind him. Uncle Zeb was in fact in that mellow, uncertain, unsteady stage of intoxication, which, while it impressed him with the necessity of taking extra precaution against falling from his horse, did not wholly deprive him of the use of his memory.

When Cartwright and Wessie rode up he twisted his head sidewise and after some blinking to clear his murky vision, stammered:

"How- (hic') howdy, (hic') Brother Cartwright."

The preacher looked astonished, and Wessie, I fear, allowed a truant giggle to escape her. At last, the preacher, after eyeing the inebriate quizzically for a moment, said:

"You poor besotted man, what brought you to this sad plight?"

"John and Solomon, Sir, (hic') Just John and Solomon."

"You wretched sinner, how dare you lay your sins at the door of St. John and the wise Solomon?" demanded Cartwright.

"Not, (hic') Saint John, (hic') n-not (hic') Sol-(hic') Solomon of old—it's (hic') John B-Barley corn, an-and (hic') my old hoss, Sol. But don't-(hic') don't you know me, Brother Cartwright?" asked the old man in an injured tone.

"No." replied Cartwright, looking keenly at the bloated features.

"Why (hic') man, you orto, you converted me at camp-meetin' last summer over at (hic') Neil's camp-ground."

"Ah, I see," replied Cartwright, a merry twinkle in his eyes, "you look about like some of my work. If God had converted you, you would not be in that condition."

As their horses separated, one passing on each side of the poor fellow, Cartwright muttered a soft prayer, and the two rode on in silence.

"Well, here we are," said Wessie, "and I hope you will have no cause to repent of your decision to spend the night with us."

"I am sure I will not—but stay a moment Miss," as Wessie was in the act of leading his horse into the stable. "Does not my good old friend, Doctor Crocker, live in this settlement?"

"Yes," gleefully answered Wessie, "do you know the dear old soul?"

"Since I was a little brat," answered Cartwright, "and I must spend the night with him."

"I don't blame you sir, and your wish shall be gratified. I will ride to his cabin and fetch him here and then I shall hear some precious anecdotes of the early days, if you will permit a little girl to sit quietly and listen."

The suggestion of Wessie met with the appoval of the Reverend Cartwright, and after introducing her new friend to her parents, she galloped over to Dr. Crocker's hut and delighted the old pioneer with the good news that he was to take supper and spend the evening with his old friend of the earlier days of the new state. It would take too much space to give in detail the delightful anecdotes, yarns, and spook stories told by those two genial spirits of the former wilderness, as they cracked and ate nuts until a late hour.

Wessie sat with her hands in her lap, in her small rocker near the huge chimney, her eyes in sparkling contrast with the glow of the fire, her cheeks pinked deeper with interest, as the two men related past adventures during their long and dangerous residence in the wilds of Illinois.

Reverend Cartwright spent the night in the Livers home, and the next day Doctor Crocker shouldered his rifle and led the reverend gentelman through the woods beyond the big bottoms along the banks of the Kaskiakas river, when he bade him an affectionate farewell, after giving him specific directions as to the best route to Vandalia.

TO BE CONTINUED

Charity in Kansas

By Fred W. Knapp

CHARITY in Kansas? In a State which in twenty years has produced $3,763,270,000 worth of farm products?

Can there be any field for charity or benevolence in Kansas when in 1909 her farmers raised $76,000,000 worth of wheat, $83,000,000 worth of corn and $88,000,000 worth of live stock?

What need for charity has Kansas when in 1909 there were in round numbers 2,000 manufacturing establishments representing 93 different branches of industry, employing 60,000 people and turning out over $264,000,000 worth of finished products? And when in addition to the above there were 12,000 coal miners, 27,000 railroad employees and 12,000 wage earners in the building trade, all earning good and sufficient incomes to insure comfort and happiness in their homes.

What! Charity needed in a State that stands well to the front in the production of salt, zinc, lead, cement, coal, oil and gas?

Kansas has no large cities with tenement or slum districts, no saloons to rob and debauch the home. Her people are almost universally industrious and prosperous and her burdens in supporting or aiding the poor are extremely light when compared with other States less fortunately situated. Indeed, if we were to accept the usual definition of "charity" as simply feeding the poor or giving alms to the needy, there would be little need for activity or thought along that line. This is not only proven by the facts already stated but is further shown by the fact that in twenty-eight out of the 105 counties, the poor farms are without a single inmate. As a further testimonial of the moral tone and character of her people, twenty-one counties have no convicts in the State penitentiary, thirty-six have no prisoners in the Industrial Reformatory and fifty-two have no prisoners serving sentence in their county jail.

Charity, however, is much broader than this common and erroneous conception. It deals with all phases of social as well as material assistance to the weaker members of society. It includes the care of the mentally and physically defective. Its chief object and purpose is not merely to deal out the necessities of life to those dependent upon society for support, but to provide the means and opportunities whereby these dependent individuals may become independent, self-supporting citizens. It strives to remove the causes of dependency and the preventive agencies require more study and thought than actual relief giving.

Kansas does need charity in this broader sense and fully appreciates that need. Her institutions for the care of the defectives are among the very best in the United States and the provisions made for dealing with all phases of the subject are unsurpassed.

The State has made ample provision for the industrial and literary education of the blind and deaf, including the boarding of the children, in order that they become self-supporting and self-respecting citizens instead of pitiable and helpless adults, dependent upon society for support.

The State reaches out through the agency of the juvenile courts and extends its parental power to stay the course of the delinquent boys and girls and under this guidance and supervision direct their steps toward useful manhood and womanhood instead of lives of crime and shame. These juvenile courts are established in every county, and if the judges would appreciate their opportunities and responsibility and the public would realize the importance of

this work and render the assistance it should, there would soon be a very noticeable reduction in the number of adult criminals. It is far more glorious to "form" men and women than to "reform" them. When the power and authority of these courts fails to bring about the desired results, the State has provided for further effort by the establishment of industrial schools for boys and girls in which obedience, discipline and industry are taught as well as the usual school work pursued. There are now 260 boys in the Boys' Industrial School at Topeka and 200 girls in the Girls' Industrial School at Beloit.

The Topeka and Osawatomie State Hospitals have a combined population of 2,550 insane patients, and Kansas is one of a very few States which has provided a separate hospital for the treatment of sane and insane epileptics. At Parsons the state hospital for epileptics is built upon the cottage plan and ranks second to no other institution of its kind in the United States. It has 450 inmates. That the scientific medical care and treatment in these hospitals is of the best is evidenced by the fact that while more than 3,500 applications have been made for the admission of new patients and less than one hundred of the applicants have been refused admission since July 1, 1905, the combined population of these three hospitals is now only about 400 more than on that date.

The State Orphans' Home at Atchison receives and places out into family homes, orphans, half-orphans and other dependent or neglected children who are committed to it by the juvenile courts. There are now 185 children in the Home. This institution is intended as a temporary home only, and the placing-out work is under the careful supervision of a competent State agent working in connection with the superintendent. About 1,500 children have been cared for by this Home since its establishment.

The State Home for Feeble-minded at Winfield receives and cares for the most pitiable and helpless of all classes of unfortunates. This institution has recently been greatly enlarged and improved and while in most cases the only thing that can be done for the inmates is to provide for them a good comfortable home and seggregate them from socitey yet every effort possible is made for the advancement and betterment of all who are capable of mental development.

The field thus covered by the State is supplemented by philanthropic citizens who have organized private societies and institutions. These include childrens' homes, childrens' home-finding societies, homes for the aged and infirm, rescue homes for unfortunate women and girls, private sanitariums for the care of the insane, and general hospital associations. Many of these receive small appropriations from the State to aid them in their work. On July 1, 1909, there were 512 dependant children in these private childrens' homes, and 142 aged or infirm persons in the homes for adults. During the year ending on the above date the childrens' home-finding societies and institutions cared for a total of 1,369 children; 135 women and girls were received into the rescue homes and over 3,000 charity patients received medical treatment in the general hospitals which receive State aid.

Thus it will be seen that we have a well-organized charitable system in Kansas. All that is needed is that the people generally may know and appreciate the extent of the needs and what is actually being accomplished along these lines. When they do this every worthy enterprise will receive the cordial and earnest support it merits and those which have been or may be formed for the purpose of grafting and preying upon the public in the name of charity will be quickly put out of business.

Indifference

I know Thee not, O Christ, I know Thee not,
Nor ever yet have felt the glowing Faith
Which that foul leper felt You met without
The city walls, and bade him forth to lave.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Stranger art Thou to me, tho ages past
Prophets foretold the coming of Thy birth;
Stranger art Thou to me, tho Thou at last
Left Paradise, to dwell a space on Earth.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

I have not felt, O Christ, the rush of Truth
That sinner felt who, hanging at Thy side
And seeing Thee, repented, and was soothed
With hope of Life and Love, naught could betide.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

About me are no walls of gloomy Doubt,
And yet what are, are worse than Unbelief;
For through Indifference, crystal, I without
May see Thy Love, but thereof not receive.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

I pray Thee, then, O Christ, this single prayer:
That Thou wilt throw to earth my self-content,
All my Indifference shatter, Lord, and there
Raise walls of Faith, pure, gleaming, permanent.

—A. R. Bysick.

Ezekiel Nubbins of Podunk

By Claud Alfred Clay

MORNIN', Jeff; hyar ye? Me and Ma jest got back frum a visit to Kansas University an' I 'lowed I'd better drap 'round an' tell you 'bout hit."

After thus announcing his intention, Ezekiel Nubbins, of Podunk, filled his cob pipe with a fresh bit of Corn Cake, placed his feet alongside those of Jeff Stevens, the village editor, and leaned back in his chair with a sigh of comfort.

Mr. Nubbins was tall, bony and angular. His clothing hung from his gaunt frame like the decorations of the proverbial scarecrow. He was a simple, unsophisticated old man who had lived in or near the rural village of Podunk "ever since the War." Under the floppy brim of his black slouch hat twinkled in a half-mirthful, half-quizzical way, two beady blue eyes. Unsophisticated though he was, he had a contemplative way of stroking his wispy goatee, which hung from his chin in straggling fashion like the caudal adornment of a game cock, that betokened a shrewdness which placed him above that class of persons who betray their ignorance by purchasing gold bricks. From the top of his hat to the heels of his muddy boots, he was every inch a man. His only philosophy of life was cheerfulness. He had seen many of the rough places of life, but had gone over them in the only way he knew—with a grim cheerfulness that brooked no defeat. Farmer Nubbins was an optimist. The evil spirits of the blue devils found no lurking place in the Nubbins' household. His favorite motto was, "Ef you git mud splattered on ye to-day, they is enough sun comin' to-morrow to dry it up."

After serving his country manfully through the whole of the Civil War, he had settled down with his wife on a homestead near Podunk, a small village in the southwestern part of Kansas. Fortune had smiled on his toil in that fertile region, and had blessed him with an abundance of this world's goods and likewise domestic felicity. Three children had come into the lives of these honest Kansans: William, the oldest, Mary Ann, and little Johnnie, the youngest. The pride of the mother's heart they were. The ambition of the father was to make typical Jayhawkers of them all.

Reaching the age when all men should have earned a rest, the genial old man retired from active life on the farm and moved to town, going out to the farm only as often as his services as general superintendent were needed, or the family larder demanded replenishing with butter and eggs.

"You see," he began, "puffing vigorously at his pipe, "Mary Ann an' Willie are goin' to scule up thar now, an' so we 'lowed we'd better go see 'em. So without sayin' nothin', we packed our grips an' started. In course, the children didn't know we wus comin', an' they wus no one at the deepo to meet us. Well, sir, they wus the allfiredest lot of lights around that place, I never seen the beat. An' the noise wus somethin' turrible. I thought somebody wus hurt. Rushin' down towards the train wus nigh nine hundred or a thousand boys, all yellin' like a haystack afire. I sideled up to a feller, an' says, 'Who's hurt?'

"He laughs, an' says, 'Nobody's hurt; the team's goin' off.' I looked all around, but didn't see a sign of a team.

"Finally we got outside the gang, an' all along the walk wus a string of kerriges with glass doors in 'em. A feller wus standin' by each one yellin' like Pete Waters at a sale. 'Take a kerrige! Take a kerrige! Any part of the city!'

"I seen the town wus so blamed big

that we couldn't find the children that evenin', so I says to Ma, says I, "Ma if them fellers is so doggoned anxious to take us ridin', blame me ef I don't give one of 'em a chanst.' So with them words leavin' my mouth, we stepped into a kerrige.

"The feller says to me, 'Where to?'

"I seen he wus tryin' to be perlite, an' so I says, 'Oh, any place; don't put yourself out the way none.' Wall, sir, ef that feller didn't drive us all over that blamed town it seemed to me. After a long spell, we stopped in front of a big store. He hops down an' says, 'Want to stay at a hotel to-night?'

" 'Why, yes,' says I, 'blame me if we don't. You're the allfiredest good-natured feller I've saw sence I left home.' Ther we wus right in front of a first class hotel, an' I hed been expectin' I'd hev to hunt one up as soon as the feller got tired drivin'. I jest sold a load of wheat afore I left home, an' I didn't give a durn how much money I spent, so I up an' pulled out a dollar an' guv it to him.

"Wall, then we went inside that there hotel. 'Jericho Ann!' says Ma, 'this place looks like a palast.'

"I ain't got time to tell you how nice it wus, but it certainly wus. We stepped up to a place that looked kinder like a counter with a big book on it. They wus a fresh lookin' chap behind the concern, an' when I ast him how the chances fer a bed wus, he says, 'Do you want a room an' a bath?'

"That sorty riled me up, an' I says, says I, 'Looky here, sonny, you may be able to bumfoozle some people wat ain't on to your perk ways, but you'd better not monkey with your Uncle, fer he's onto your racket. You know dern well that we want a room an' nothin' more. Do I look like I needed a bath, say? Folks is civilized where we come frum. Understand young man that we both took a bath afore we left hum.' Them words cooled him down a bit, an' he wus as genteel as a sick lam, afterwards. Wall, I ain't got time to tell you everything about that hotel. We finally got through the night, but Ma wus dreadfully scairt we would be robbed. I wus kinder worried myself, but nothin' of a harmful nature attacked us as we slept.

"The next mornin' early, bein' anxious to find the children we started in the direction of the scule-house. After we'd went on for an hour or so, we arriv at the bottom of about the biggest hill I ever seed. It wus big enough to be a mounting. Me an' Ma finally clum it, an' drat me ef they wusn't buildin's scattered all over that there hill. I wus lookin' fer only one house, but they must a' been a dozen or more. We wus plum tuckered out an' sot down on a big rock to rest. We'd been settin' there jest a few minutes, when Ma breaks out sudden like, 'Jericho Ann! Look a comin.' "

"I looked up, an' there wus a girl no bigger'n our Mary Ann comin' down the walk, an' doggone me ef the sleeves in her dress wusn't cut off at the elbows.

" 'Pore gal,' says Ma, 'she must be a workin' her way through scule an' has outgrowed her clothes.'

"I felt plum sorry fer her, an' as she come 'longside of us, I pulled out a two-dollar bill, an' says, 'Excuse me ma'am, but I like yer grit. Take this an' get some sleeves fer yer dress."

" 'Surr–r–r!' says she, backin' off from the money like a scairt colt; 'Sur–r–r; how dare you!' With them words she went down the walk like a telegraft pole in the Artic Oshun.

" 'Gosh!' says I, lookin' at her retreatin' figger, 'you needn't a been so gol dern proud.' I meant to speak them words soft like, so Ma wouldn't hear me, but she did, an' says she, 'Ezekiel Nubbins, I am ashamed of you fer usin' sech language. You didn't expect the pore gal to take money frum a stranger, did you?'

"I didn't hav nothin' more to say, an' so we went on lookin' at the University as we went. Jest as we come 'longside a big building, the blamdest crowd of folks I ever seen come rushin' out the door. At first I thought the house must be afire, but I soon seen that it wus only scule lettin' out.

"We wus gettin' mighty anxious to find the children, an' so I stopped a feller an' ast him if he knew Mary Ann. He said he knew her but she didn't know him very well. He wus right likely sort of a chap, an' took us to the feller that keeps the names of the pupils.

I believe his name was Reggy Strar or suthin' like that. Any how that is what the young feller called him. He wus a funny lookin' custermer. He had a wild look in his eye, an' tried to look cross at me through a pair of them new-fangled specs. I didn't pay no attention to that howsumever, an' says to him as perlite as I could, 'Mister, could you tell me where I'd be likeliest to find my son? William Nubbins, is his name.'

" 'Nubbins,' says he to himself several times, an' then, actin' as if he hed jest thought of somethin', busts out, 'Oh, sure! Nubs, Bill Nubs, our famous half-back an' track man. Sure I know him. Are you his father? Glad to know you, sure.'

"He didn't seem to be in much of a hurry to tell where Willie wus, an' so I says a bit riled like, 'Wall, ef you be so doggone well acquainted with him, p'rhaps you can let me know his hidin' place.'

" 'Oh, excuse me!' says he, 'certainly; your son is off with the team just at present, an' won't be back fer a spell.'

" 'Off with a team!' says I, 'well, I be bumfoozled! So you learnt him to work a team? Well, doggone me, you have did somethin' I never could do. Ef he's off with a team, dern me ef he shan't stay as long as you'll let him. I'd give a dollar to see him workin'.

" 'Well, Pa, says Ma, breakin' in on my meditations, s'pose we go look fer Mary Ann.'

"So we told the feller with the gold specs good-bye, an, started out to find Mary 'Ann. Jest as we wus goin' out the door, I ketched sight of her standin' in the corner of the hall, talkin' to a chap with a pipe in his mouth as big as a club. She saw us about the same time an' made a dash towards us. The chap with the pipe made a dash the other way, an' I can't say I wus much grieved over it.

" 'Dear old Daddy!' says Mary Ann in a voice that wobbled like a patent pianner. She's been takin' voice improvement, an' I guess that's the trouble. 'An' Mumsy, too. Whyeee! I am glad to see you. Why didn't you write me you wus comin'?'

"Wall, she wus right glad to see us, an' I wus mighty glad to know she hadn't got stuck up. I tell you it would go hard with me ef one of my children'd get to thinkin' that he wus better'n the old folks. It wus jest dinner time when we found her, an' she had a meetin' of some kind to attend, an' so Ma an' me went over to a little eatin' house to git a bite to eat. Mary Ann said she'd be over jest as soon as the meetin' ended. Wall, sir, they wus the allfiredest crowd of girls in that eatin' house I ever seen. They wus scramblin' 'round like rats, tryin' to get a place to set down, an' wus makin' more noise than a flock of geese. One of 'em says to a waiter, 'Gimme a beef sandwich with lots of gravy on it, an' a glass of water, an' a knife an' fork.'

"She kep' that waiter flyin' 'round ther like a jumpin' jack fer five minutes or more, an' then paid five cents fer the whole business, an' got mad 'cause he wouldn't sell her three doughnuts an' a half fer a nickle.

"Wall, Mary Ann come over perty soon an' we left the eatin' house, an' went out to look at the buildin's. The first one we went in wus the place where they keep the books. It wus a fine lookin' place. The room wus chuck full of boys an' gals all studyin' fer dear life. It kinder made me want to study myself. Over in the far corner wus a little room made outen glass winders. That's where the lady stays what takes care of the books. Mary Ann knew her an' took us in an' introduced us. Doggone me, that lady looked jest like the picters of Queen Victoray. When she first looked around I wusn't sure if she wus very glad to see us, but she treated us jest as nice as any queen could a done, Victoray or anybody else. She showed us more books than I could read in a a hundred years. Them students must do considerable readin' to get through so many. I kinder hated to leave, but Ma wus anxious to go, seein' as I wus bein' perlite to the lady. Ma allus gits pouty when I try to act white around women folks.

"The next place we went to wus the buildin' across from the book house. No sooner'n we'd sot foot inside, when Ma kinder screams, 'Jericho Ann!' says she, 'let's git outen here. This place is a circus without any cages.'

"Drat me, ef I knowed what to make of it on first sight. All the animals you could think of in a life time wus standin' in that room. I felt like Daniel in the lions' den fer a minute, I wus so bumfoozled. I didn't have no gun with me not thinkin' of runnin' into a nest like that, an' ther' I stood expectin' ever' minute that I'd be devoured by the ravenous critters. While I wus tryin' to decide what to do, I seen a feller an' his gal settin' off in one corner of the room not payin' any attention to the animals watsumever.

" 'Wall,' thinks I, 'ef he kin stand it, I guess I ought to be able to do the same.'

"So I edged up a little closer to a goat standin' on a rock. I wus expectin' all the time that he'd jump offen the rock and knock me into the middle of next week, but as I come a little closer, by gum, what do you 'spose I found? Ever' dern one of the beasts wus dead. Dead, yes, sir, dead as a hornet in winter! They wus standin' ther' stuffed, but lookin' so lifelike that I wus plumb put out over it fer nigh onto a minute.

"Seein' that no harm could come to us, we sot down to rest. It wus a fine place, an' seemed jest like we wus out in the country. We wus gettin' cooled off fine when a feller steps up an' says to me, Want to buy a goat?'

" 'No,' says I, 'what do I want with a dead goat? You needn't think you kin fool me, so don't get gay, young feller.'

" 'Oh,' says he, 'I know they're dead, but they make a nice ornament. We sell lots of 'em down stairs. Get you one fer two-fifty.'

" 'Nope,' says I, 'don't care fer none to-day, thankee.'

"Then we started on down stairs to see what we could find, an' dern my soul ef a feller didn't stop us on the way down, an' ask me ef I wanted to buy a goat.

" 'No!' says I kinder mad like, 'what the dickens do I want with a goat, I'd like to know. What do you take me for? I'm not a goat raiser. This is the derndest place I ever see fer tryin' to sell a man a goat.'

"With them words leavin' my mouth, we went on our way. I wus anxious to see the feller who killed all them animals. I have shot some in my day, but that beats me. We got down stairs an' went into a room where a feller wus paintin' a milk wagon. I says to him, 'Can you point out the man that killed all them critters up stairs?'

" 'I'm the man,' says he.

" 'Wall, I be Johnhenryed, says I, 'what be you down here paintin' milk wagons for? Why ain't you up stairs takin, care of the stock? But, says I, 'did you really kill all them your own self?'

" 'Why, yes, says he, 'I killed them all, that is except some, an' I bought them from the Eskimos. Say,' says he, 'want to buy a goat?'

" 'Goat!' yells I mad as a settin' hen in wet weather, 'do I look like I wanted to buy a goat? Say! This here place must be a regler goat ranch. No, by gum, I don't want to buy no goat. You're the third feller what's tried to sell me a goat. Come on Ma,' says I, 'let's git outen here. Dern me, I may buy one of them critters yet, ef another feller strikes me."

"As we wus goin' out, I heard him grumble to himself, 'Dern them boys anyhow, They is ruinin' my business.'

"I wus kinder to glad to git out of the goat house, howsumever, it wus a fine place all 'cept the fellers who had goats to sell. Wall, we went all around that place an' saw all kinds of buildin's an' things, but I ain't got time to tell you ever'thing. We had a fine time considerin'. Next time we go up, we'll see Willie. I wus powerful glad to hear he had learnt to work a team. He can help in the corn next summer."

Just at this pause, the town whistle blew for twelve o'clock. Farmer Nubbins rose stiffly and prepared to leave.

"Wall, Jeff,' he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "I hed no idee it wus so late. I must be amblin.' Next time we go up, I'll drap in an' let you know."

As It Happened in Indio

By Maude Meredith

IN the hours of darkness a great white snowstorm swept down and buried the city. In the morning in the heart of the great town the snow had been ground into a gray smudge by the early traffic, and the streets swarmed with dumpy snow-carts and shovels, that great army of street cleaners always ready at the city's call, to do this work.

Out at Bay Ridge, the suburb where the houses stood wide apart in pretty lawns, the snow lay a glittering mantle, sparkling in the early sunlight like a sea of diamonds, broken only by the thread of track where the early milk wagons had gone. But by eight o'clock, the sidewalk scrapers were out, and the business men whose offices were over in the great city were hurrying to the cars.

From one of the pretty villas hurried a young gentleman and lady, loaded with hand bags, and boarded the Thirty-Ninth Street Ferry trolley, for the Brooklyn ferry. Out here in the suburbs the great brushes had dug down deep to the rails, and the snow lay in white rolls on either side, but as they reached the crowded streets of Brooklyn, the car crept slowly between high walls of snow, not only that thrown out from the tracks, but even a great mass thrown from the sidewalks. At every crossing the snow carts blocked the cross town traffic, and long lines of cars bunched up together, and drivers of heavy trucks beat their cold fingers and swore useless oaths.

"This is so annoying, Lillie," the young man said, "we will miss our train, who could have forseen such delay?"

"Can't we make the one hour late train as well?" the lady asked, watching the plunging horses, and the great drifts. "This is an experience one would not like to miss."

"Living up to the Governor's description of you, ain't you, Sis?" the young man said. "I remember the other day he said you could find a bright side to anything, even a thundercloud."

There was another couple on the car who had come aboard at Bay Ridge also, an elderly couple, one would say at first glance. There were a few gray hairs, and when they smiled, as they did so often there was a hint of crowtracks. But there was a pleasant something about them that told you that life could be made worth the living, that they had found life, or had made it a beautiful thing.

"Happy looking old duffers, and entirely absorbed in each other," the young man thought idly, waiting for the car to take another jerky plunge ahead.

An hour late the car reached the dock, and the great squat ferry started on its trip across to the Jersey terminus, laboriously butting its way through a sea of floating ice.

Hurrying off the boat and down through the crowded station, the young couple ran headlong into a fellow train-catcher.

"Hello, Wat!" one fellow called and "Hello, George!" shot from the lips of the other, followed by gasping questions as they literally "poured" through the gate, and half ran down the long platform to the train.

The two had not met each other since they left college, and the moment they had climbed aboard the sleeper, the hand-shaking was enthusiastically cordial, meantime the young lady stood by with smiling eyes.

"Oh, excuse me, Watson, this it my sister, Lil--Lillian: this is my old chum Wat Dillingham."

The lady bowed cordially, "I am pleased to meet my brother's college chum," she said, while he murmured expressions

of pleasure on meeting his old friend's beloved sister.

Dillingham had a business engagement in New Orleans, and should go from there to the coast, he told them, and they were pleased to find that their train routes were together. The Howells were making the same trip.

"This is simply delightful," Dillingham said, as, later, they found themselves neighbors across the aisle of the sleeper.

The trip proved a delight, unalloyed. Old college days were revived, and through it all were interwoven memories of letters from "Sister Lil." The story of the loss of a pet pug; the quaint and amusing character sketches; and again the letter that told of Lillian's narrow escape from drowning, that had turned her brother's face livid, and made him too heart-sick to finish his game of football; and this was the Lillian adored by her brother, of whom Watson had heard so much through all the college years. He had wondered a good bit about this traditional sister, in those days, now that he had met her and fallen under the spell of her charm, he thought her brother had underestimated her.

At New Orleans business was hastily dispatched, and time spent rambling about the quaint old town, from the low-roofed French market, to the curio stores under the over-hanging galleries down Royal Street. They found pansies and roses in bloom in the grounds about the Lee monument, a sharp contrast to the great snow banks they had just left; went down in the tourist car through the creole quarters, the narrow streets of the old original city.

In a quaint old curio store the young people again met the couple that had boarded the early trolley on the Bay Ridge line.

"Odd that they should stop up here," George Howell thought, but his sister smiled and bowed slightly. "The dears are on their late honeymoon trip, I am just sure," was her mental comment, and her heart warmed toward them.

"Know that man?" Dillingham asked. "I saw him in the Convention to-day. He is a newspaper man from New York." Howell described the ride in the snow.

Again at El Paso they all made a stop, the young people going over to Jaurez to see a Spanish bull-fight. Again and again, down the old market streets, or in the Plaza the tourists met, until from very force of circumstances they had to recognize each other. Jaurez, the quaint, queer un-American town is reached by a short trolley ride across the river, and is an endless source of interest to travelers. In the center of the little town is the public square, hemmed in on all sides with rows of convenient seats, where one can sit and listen to the tinkle of the fountain, and watch the crowds of gaudily-dressed, swarthy-faced Mexicans drift aimlessly up and down.

The old church at the left was open and dusky women draped in mantles and shawls,—always swathed up in something,—crept silently in, knelt on the stone floor, peered through the dimness to the far-off altar, crossed themselves, told their beads, and then as silently stole away out into the on-coming dusk. Dirty little shops showed wealth of "drawn work" and the strange old market was all outspread on the dim back street. People bought and sold, quarreled, flirted, told their beads, and tended their babies, all in gaudy squalor, all with their beady black eyes alert in their dusky faces.

Only across the little stream, and a line of survey from the American side, yet all so strange, and in the waning light so full of loneliness and homesickness. The elderly couple clasped hands like two lonely children, and smiled in each other's eyes. The two young men took each an arm of the lady, and talked in hushed voices.

And then of a sudden, as they turned a street corner they came onto a little lighted hall, door open onto the narrow walk, and a smiling-faced, vibrant-voiced fellow in clerical coat standing in the door, handing out texts and exhorting, both rapidly and at the same time.

The little crowd hesitated, and were lost.

"Ah, here we are," the voice said, and a large white hand was extended, "you are from the other side. Do come in for a few minutes at least. You see I am sent here as a missionary. I work,

I do my very best, but it is lonesome here"—he had drawn them into the little bare hall, and nodded toward a few Mexicans seated about. They come in to hear the music—we have an organ, and it's good for the eyes just to look at the face of an American. Do come in and hear our little boys sing."

The earnestness of the lonesome missionary drew them to some seats on the low benches.

"And now," said the missionary, rubbing his hands together, "let me see what I can do for you—to keep you here, —till our boy singers come?"

The elderly gentleman signified that he was wholly content to wait, as they were out sight-seeing, and had plenty of time.

There followed a little whispered conference between Dillingham and Miss Howell, a vivid flush behind her veil. "Yes, yes, say 'yes,' " Dillingham urged. There was a little nod, and rising he said, "You are a Methodist minister you say? Well you might marry us—if you have time."

Action was rapid after this. Yes, the parties were of age; the brother would give the bride away; the elderly lovers would act as witneses, and in an incredibly short time the ceremony was performed, up there, before the little platform, a crowd of dusky faces crowding, craning and peering in from the street outside.

Just as the party turned down the aisle, the organist coming in from a back door,—the time for opening the meeting being already passed—struck up a prelude and the music filling the dim little hall, the dusky crowd swayed back from the door, to allow the strangers to pass out again to the street.

"Do you people go on to California?" the elder man inquired, as they reached the American side, "we leave on the the nine-fifteen train."

"Well, er-why, no," Dillingham faltered his face blanching in the duskiness." I—I have changed my plans. I will go back with—my—wife."

* * * * * *

It was at Indio, that the elderly lovers, stopping on their way back from a two months' tour of California chanced to see the "Tent City "of the stricken.

Out on the white sands of the great gray desert, just at the edge of that little bit of green velvet, the basis of irrigated Indio, stand row upon row of white wall tents, like cottages of a village street, the flaps of every tent tied back, that all of the languid air may pass through. Here on cots and beds, and invalid chairs live—yes, and die—those stricken with the Great White Plague. Down these narrow rows of tents, the couple walked, speaking to a few, grieved by the terrible scenes on all sides. It was with sad faces that they turned away, and came suddenly on a frail wraith of a girl in a swinging chair under a drooping pepper tree. Her eyes were red with weeping and the hectic fever burned hotly on her sunken cheeks. For a moment she watched the tourists, then a great interest sprung into her eyes and she begged with a movement of her hands that they come near to her.

"You are tourists," she whispered, then choked, and her frail form was shaken with coughing.

"Yes," the lady said, "we are from the East, and have been for a little while in your beautiful state."

"When did you come?" she whispered, "On what train?"

"We left New Orleans on the fifteenth of January. We have been here almost two months."

"The fifteenth of January?" the frail girl cried in a hollow whisper, "Oh! tell me, do tell me. That was the day my Watson was to have left there. Did you see him? Oh! you would have known him. A young man by the name of Dillingham. No one looks like him, no other man is so handsome, so distinguished. We was coming to me,—we were to have been married on the twenty-fifth. I am so much better you see,—almost well,—and we were to be married. I have never heard from him since—not since this letter of the fifteenth" and she drew out the fragments of a worn letter and kissed it. "There was no accident? No one on that train was injured? Oh! why does he not come. He must have been killed, I know—he must have been."

The doctor came to the swinging chair and put his fingers thoughtfully on the patient's pulse. She had been gasp-

ing her words out in snatches, and her handkerchief now pressed to her lips, showed crimson spots.

"We are tiring her with too much talk?" the lady asked.

"No,—oh—say, no!" the girl gasped, "I must hear."

"There has been no accident on any train on the route," the gentleman reassured her. "Your friend has been detained on business probably, and the the mails have miscarried."

"It seems to me a young man on our train was unexpectedly called back to New York" the lady suggested.

"Yes I think there was a hurry call on some business, or was it sickness of some one?" the gentleman added.

"Oh, then he will come, I—I—am so happy."

"Oh! he will certainly be here soon now" the man said cheerily, but the elderly lady noticed the quiver about his lips and the tears that sprang to his eyes.

At a look from the doctor, the lady said, "Yes, now I remember," and she turned her face partly away, on a pretense of pulling at the long graceful sprays of the drooping pepper tree, "did not that young man, by the name of Dillingham get a dispatch that some one, was it his father—was dead and he had to hurry back to attend to business?"

"Oh! yes, yes, that is my Watson," the sick girl cried, beating her skeleton hands together in an ecstasy of joy.

"Yes, yes," the gentleman said soothingly, "he will be here soon now. You think she is improving fast, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," the doctor assented cheerily, why she is almost well, in fact if this tardy fiance of hers don't show up soon, I am sure we will fix her up so she can go home to meet him, in about three days. Yes, three more days will do it."

A glow of light that was almost unearthly swept over her face and beamed in happiness from her burning eyes, then a fit of coughing seized her, and nurses came to her side.

"You had better go, now," the doctor whispered, leaving the patient in their hands and coming close to the visitors.

They walked away together slowly, silent and heart sad.

"Three days more at the farthest," he repeated. "Thank God you were able to comfort her to meet her last struggle."

Indio is not a paradise of hotels and the elderly couple were obliged to remain there two days on business, for Indio is famous for its melons and he was stopping there to investigate the melon business.

In the hot stillness of the morning on the second day the couple stood under the palms at the little station, waiting for the early train. A light wagon drove hastily to the station and a slim little box was carefully lowered to the platform, followed quickly by the doctor.

"I'm glad she did not have to wait another day," he said, shaking hands with the tourist couple.

"And he,"—the woman choked as she spoke, "he—Dillingham was married on the journey out, at Jaurez. I—I had to lie to her."

"I know that," the doctor said, but I am glad you did. The poor girl fell asleep smiling, sure that her lover would be with her when she awoke."

Comrades Three

By A. B. Caldwell

MANY years ago, two boys, one fifteen and the other sixteen years of age, found themselves in a little town called Taylor Falls, on the St. Croix River, in Minnesota, with no occupation planned for the winter. They then and there formed a "close corporation" which lasted for many years. They agreed forthwith to spend the winter trapping on the St. Croix and its tributaries. Pooling their small amount of cash, they bought four dozen traps, some bacon, flour, and other necessaries; hired a man with a yoke of oxen to haul themselves and effects thirty miles up and away from the river. Here they builded a log hut and began a life that was to be theirs for many years. Tyros at the business, they had much to learn; but up and out at dawn and often coming into camp very late, they met with medium success and in the spring had over $400 worth of furs to sell in St. Paul. They then agreed that their summer should be given to looking up a favorable location for trapping, far enough out so that they would not feel crowded. Their next winter's work was laid out on Lake Kandyohi, source of the North Fork of the Crow River. This winter, a partner was taken into the "corporation." The trio consisted of Al, Charley and myself. We built a camp, partly in the bank and with a frontage of logs.

Along in January, while we were out attending to our traps, the Indians raided and robbed our camp, finally setting it on fire. The smell of the smoke reached us, two miles away and brought us home in a hurry, but too late to save anything.

Here we were in a trackless wilderness, one hundred miles from supplies, with the mercury down to zero, no blankets, no provisions, no shelter. We sat on a log and looked at the ruins of our hopes, but we were not hopeless. Al looked at us and with a quizzical twist to his features which I will never forget, said, "Well, boys, we look like a lot of motherless calves in fly-time. I'll go and get some meat for supper and then we will talk and see if there is any way we can stick it out." He was gone only a few minutes, and came back with some muskrats, which we cleaned and roasted over the coals. Now, we had to look the matter squarely in the face. If we struck for the settlement, the outcome was very uncertain. Zero weather, no track, no blankets, no matches, the outlook was in no way hopeful. On the other hand, in a country absolutely devoid of game, could we, even if we made a comfortable shelter, subsist on rats, fish, and what few beaver tails we could get? The whole proposition looked hopeless as we all sat in silence that night by the embers of our shanty.

The morning found us with three small axes, which we carried in our belts, our guns and plenty of ammunition which had been cached away from our camp in a hollow tree. These, besides our traps and the clothes we stood in, comprised our possessions. First, we dug deeper into the bank, then of sticks and mud we builded a chimney and fire place, covering two-thirds of the space left exposed. We left a small hole barely large enough to crowd through to get in and out, then going down to a near by marsh, we dug out from under the snow, enough long grass to make a nest, which we could not only lay on, but crawl under when the fire was low. One thing we had to look out for, we must never let the fire go out for we had no matches. Thus we spent the winter catching all the fish we wanted and geting all the muskrats needed. These we ate without a particle of salt or pepper. We didn't over-eat!

Al, always full of queer sayings which would make a cat laugh; Charley, ful

of practical jokes, I don't remember a day of regrets. We were simply doing the best we could. We got four fine birds out of the first flock of wild geese that flew over, and that made a feast long to be remembered. We ate and ate, until Al declared he could feel the pin feathers breaking through his hide. After that, we didn't lack for meat.

As soon as the ice was out of the stream we made "dug-outs." In this level country, the course of the stream was very crooked, and it took us eight days of hard paddling to reach Forest City, the first town on the river. Here we got salt, pepper, pork, flour, and some bedticking to fashion into clothing. The town furnished nothing better, and as we were nearly naked we had to have some kind of covering. No other accidents befalling us, we ran our dug-out, or rude canoe, into the Mississippi in four days and sold our furs for a little over $2,000.00 in St. Paul.



A. B. Caldwell

But, I must not drag out a tiresome narrative to teach a moral or spin a tale. Al, Charley, and I kept together for the next few years, looking for good locations and spending our money in the summer, until the winter of '59 found us camped upon Devil's Lake, in what is now North Dakota. Here, we were very successful, but early in February, we found there was a band of Indians camped a few miles from us, and along the latter part of the month, hardly a day passed without one or more squaws visiting us and begging for victuals, saying that they were very near starvation. This was very annoying to us; first, because we never dared leave the camp for a minute; second, because while we always gave them a little, it could be only a little. Finally, we learned that the band consisted of eighteen persons and that their Chief's name was Ink PaDuta. (He was afterwards hung by the U. S. Government.) Finally, when we felt that we could spare no more provisions, and so told the squaws, and then, to bring further pressure to bear one of them said they had a white squaw with them, and asked that we give them something for her. The next day, they returned and asked for more for the white squaw. We told them to bring the white squaw into our camp and we would give her plenty. They said she was sick, and besides, the Chief would not let her come, but that they would ask him about it. So far, not one of the buck Indians had been near us. We talked it over, and made up our minds she was a prisoner and that we would all stay in camp and go back to the Indian camp with the squaws the next time they came begging. About 10 o'clock as we expected, here came four squaws. They protested that the white squaw was too sick to come along. We made up a small package of provisions and told them we would go with them back to their camp. They objected, saying that the Chief would not like it. We told them it was no use to object, we were going. Then they wanted to send one of their number on ahead, but we told them this would not be allowed. They became sulky then but we told them that their trail was plain and that if they refused to lead, we would follow and they would have to go as prisoners. They led off, with a very bad grace, but in a little over two hours we reached their village. The Chief came out and six other bucks with him, and told us we could not see the woman. Al fired his "Sharp's," as rapidly as he could load it, five or six times. This rapid-firing gun seemed to astonish them, and as we

firmly insisted on seeing the prisoner at once, they led us to a small tepee where we found the poor woman. She was almost without clothes, her feet badly frozen and her head and body covered with vermin. Her skin had been exposed to smoke until, had it not been for her light hair, she would have passed as an Indian. She was nearing a time when she would be confined, and her health was evidently in a critical condition. She broke down and wept so bitterly that we could hardly understand anything she said, but we finally, made out that she had been taken by the Indians, two years before, at Spirit Lake, Iowa, where eighteen persons had been massacred, and that it had not been supposed any had escaped, nor had it been learned what Indians had done the killing. These Indians had never been near a settlement since that time.

We held a conference, and decided that, no matter what risk we had to take, we would rescue the woman. We were well armed, each having a Sharp's rifle and Colt's revolver, and as we could see that the Indians were very poorly armed, we believed we could over-awe them. We called them together, and told them that they would have to give up the woman, or we would give them some serious trouble then and there. We told them that if the woman was delivered safely into our camp the next forenoon, we would give them plenty of provisions and blankets; if not, we would take their trail and kill every last one of them, men, women, and children, before we let up.

The poor woman was in such a bad condition that she could not walk, and would have to be drawn on a sled, and as it was near night, we had to hurry back to camp, and could not take her along. Several times that afternoon, Charley, who was a remarkably quick and sure shot, had shot small birds at long range, as if wantonly, but really to over-awe the Indians. After making several objections, they agreed to bring the woman to our camp the next day. To impress upon the Indians our ability to enforce our demands, we made quite a display of our revolvers and guns. We reached our camp near night, and after eating a meal, which was both dinner and supper, we decided that providing the Indians delivered the woman as agreed, it would be wise for us to make an immediate get-away. That night, we constructed a sled out of saplings and birch bark, on which we thought we could transport the woman to Ft. Snelling, which was the nearest point at which we could reach the United States authorities. About 10 o'clock, a. m. the squaws appeared, followed by the bucks; the squaws drawing the woman in a little birch bark sled. After a good deal of haggling interspersed with threats, we turned over to the Indians, nearly all of our camp equipage and provisions, and took charge of the woman, who, now feeling her rescue safe, went rapidly from paroxysms of tears to laughter, and from laughter to tears. As soon as the Indians left us, we put the woman in our shanty, provided her with plenty of hot water and blankets and told her to burn all the rags she then had on, to wash herself thoroughly, and put on a suit of our clothes, first cutting her hair closely and burning it. Al felt sure we had not seen the last of the Indians as he said they would not dare let the woman go back to civilization with her story. I rather thought they would try to lose themselves in the fastness of the Northwest, a thing they could now easily do as they had provisions enough for six weeks or more.

It was not long before we saw the bucks coming back. Al and Charley each stood behind a corner of our shanty with their guns in their hands, while I stepped out eight or ten feet to meet them, thus showing that we were ready for peace or war. The Chief stepped up to me and said "Must have white squaw." I said "Nix, go to h—l." He tried to crowd past me, whereupon I flung him to one side in the snow, immediately bringing my gun to position, and telling them that if they raised their guns, we would kill every one of them. This was a little more promptness than they had anticipated, and at my command to "apockachee, apockachee taon," (go, go far) they whirled around and disappeared. Feeling the unsafeness of our position, and recognizing the need of care for our guest, we packed our furs on sleds, put the woman on with them,

and prepared for an early start on the long journey which lay before us. Traveling on snow-shoes and drawing our two sleds, one of us stayed about a mile behind, going parallel with the trail, so as to advise if there should be pursuit.

Our march in that zero climate was a a long, weary one. We were about one hundred miles east and a little over two hundred miles north from Ft. Snelling. It took us eight days to make this distance, the woman getting more hopeful and cheerful for every mile we left behind us. Finally, we gave her over to the officer's wives at the Fort, and as we found they were inclined to make heroes of us, and as our greasy leggins, shirts and dirty blankets didn't look heroic, we went to St. Paul the same evening, where we sold our furs and stayed until spring.

Years after this, while in the Army of the Potomac, I met this lady in Washington. She had a government clerkship and her half-breed son was going to school.

The next summer we took claims in what is known as the Big Woods, in Meeker County. We tramped throughout the winters until the spring of '61 when Al took our furs to St. Paul, and immediately sent word back that the War of the Rebellion had broken out, and that he was going to enlist with the First Minnesota regiment. I immediately hurried to Ft. Snelling, but the First Minnesota was full, and I enlisted in Co. A. 2d, . U. S. Sharp-shooters, better known as "Bordans." I did not see Al again until 1862, when Al, Charley and myself found ourselves together, detailed to act as scouts in advance of the troops, sent to punish the Indians, who had taken part in the Minnesota massacre. Of Charley's tragic death, I will say nothing now. The Indians were rounded up at Big Stone Lake, and a large number of prisoners taken. Al was sent back to his regiment, and I was sent South with dispatches, eventually reaching my regiment at Fredricksburg.

Here, we will drop the curtain on marches and counter-marches until the battle of Gettysburg. Here the Sharpshooters were ordered to hold Little Round Top as long as there was a man left, or until the Reserve got up. General Gordon, of Longstreet's command, said in a recent letter, "Had it not been for the desperate resistance made by you Sharp-shooters, we would have taken Round Top and so won Gettysburg." We held Round Top for thirty-five minutes, when the First Minnesota came up on the run, and seeing the desperate situation, although only four hundred strong, charged down through the Rebel forces, bringing back four stands of colors, but less than forty men thus covering themselves with unperishable glory, and farther delaying Longstreet's advance. A number of other regiments then came to our help, and Little Round Top was saved. It was now night and I laid upon the field with a shot through the body, and my right arm shattered. It was already dusk, and the wounded were beginning that pitiful call for water, from a thirst caused by the loss of blood. Not far from me, I heard a call which sounded like Al's voice. I strove to rise, but as fast as I would get in an upright position, so great had been my loss of blood, I would faint and fall down, but calling "Al! Al!" I got a reply, and drawing myself along on my unwounded side, I reached him and offered him my canteen, which was over half full. With a cry "My God, is it you, A. B?" he took my canteen, but returned it saying, "You need it as bad as I." I replied "Wet your lips Al, and I will do the same and it will last us until the stretcher-bearers come." He had been shot during the charge down the hill, but had made the charge, and got back to the brow of the hill, when his strength gave out. He was shot through the chest and had a flesh wound through the hip. It looked to us as though both of us had got passes beyond the lines. In about an hour, the ambulance corps took Al away, and promised to be back after me soon, but night came on and passed before they reached me. I was sent to York Hospital, York, Pa., where I laid for months, most of the time on the border line between life and death. Finally, I was pronounced convalescent, and went home.

The War became a thing of the past. I had written to the captain of Company

B, 1st Minnesota, but could get no news of Al. He was supposed to have died of his wounds. Years passed. I had married a wife and we were living in Hutchinson, Kansas, when the First G. A. R. Reunion, held in St. Paul, Minnesota, took place. My wife had a brother living there, and we decided to make him a visit and attend the Reunion. We reached her brother's on Tuesday, and on Thursday night about eleven, as we were sitting talking, a ring came at the front door. The maid opened it, and we heard a man's voice ask "Is there a man here by the name of A. B. Caldwell? My brother-in-law called out: "May, bring the gentleman right in here." Not only the name, but a familiar ring in the voice, had brought me to my feet, and, almost simultaneously, rang out "My God, Al!" "My God, A. B.! is it you?" And we met in an embrace with kisses and tears and pats on the back, oblivious of all surroundings.

I introduced Al to my friends and told them he was an old comrade, whom I had last seen desperately wounded on the battlefield, and whom I had failed to trace from there, and had supposed dead and told Al that it was his turn to explain. He said that from Gettysburg, he was sent to a hospital in Washington, where he laid for over a year, until convalescent, when he was discharged and went to the Soldier's Home, at Minnehaha. Here, he did some heavy thinking, and said he told the boys he was going to study law. They told him that he would spoil the best hunter in the Northwest and make a poor lawyer. "But," said he, "I cut whisky out, and now I practice in every court in the state." He was living near Pembina.

He had inquired for me, but long ago had given up all hopes of my being among the living. That morning he had met an old member of my company, at the station at Pembina who had been attending the reunion, and he spoke of seeing me and knew where I was stopping. Al said: "I didn't wait to change my clothes, but got on the train as I am and if I hadn't got here until you were in bed, I would have got you out." Turning to my wife, he said, "You must excuse me, Mrs. Caldwell, if I have no eyes for anyone but A. B. We have trapped, hunted, straved, frozen, melted, and fought together. I would have given my heart's blood for him. He has nearly done that for me. Father, mother, brother and sister may be very dear, but even a wife can be no dearer than such a comrade."

I asked him if he was married; he answered: "Why, A. B., you know I couldn't support a wife. If I was taking a sack of flour and a side of bacon home and there was nothing to eat, and I met some poor devil that needed it, he would get it." And this was indeed his character. For three days, until the encampment broke up, we were continuously together. Then one evening we separated to go our ways, I having promised to visit him in a year, but, unexpectedly, we met at the depot, on account of delayed trains. He met me with a cheery smile, and an outstretched hand, saying, "I am on my way home, too; only wish it was your way. Had to borrow money from my landlord to go home on." Remembering he had quite a roll of bills the night before, when we parted, I said: "Not been fighting the 'Tiger' have you Al?" "Oh! no," he replied. "After I left you, I met one of the First Minnesota. I'm afraid he had been drinking. He was ragged and down on his luck anyway. I took him to a clothing store, got him a new suit of clothes, to a barber shop, got him a bath, shave, haircut, then I found I had only a 'ten-spot' left, so I gave him that, and told him to brace up and be a man." He was the same old Al I had known, with a heart as big as the heart of an ox, a man who would go without home, that he might do for others.

There were tears in my eyes, also his were wet with weeping as I took my train. "Remember next year, A. B.," he said. Had we known what the year would bring forth, we would not have parted then. The winter passed and summer came, and I was looking forward to meeting Al again. My wife, deeply in love with his character, had promised to make the visit with me. But alas, a telegram came, "Al very sick; pneumonia, come quick." In an hour, I was enroute. Minutes seemed like hours, and days like weeks, but Time

could not fly as fast as the Dark Angel, and I reached Pembina several hours too late to see him alive. He had left his effects to be turned over to me and I to turn over the proceeds to the poor. His body was followed to the grave by a long concourse, many of whom told me, with tears in their eyes, of his many deeds of charity in time of dire need. I buried him in a little corner of the forest, where the little birds he loved so well, could flit to and fro, and fill the air with the melodies he so loved to hear. I put up a little granite roll at the head of his grave and on it had chiseled these words:

"HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM"

And there I left my comrade, until the Last Great Reveille shall sound and we shall meet again.

O Thou Bright Star

Shining to-night; her eyes beheld you there
Quivering and burning through the purple air.
And of thy beauty and thy glorious light
We talked on many a dream-filled summer night.
I have been long alone—she now is gone—
Still your mysterious light shines on
To-night upon her grave. Once in her eyes
I saw the full fire of your splendor rise.

"Dust unto dust." As far away she seems
As you that lighted once our happy dreams.
There is no voice like hers to lift my heart
And rouse it from its melancholy part.
No hand to lead me from my care to-day,
From my despair and from my pain away.
Stricken I stand and look upon your light
And wonder where her spirit bides to-night.

We had our dreams of the invisible, and lo,
She stands beyond the shadow and doth know!
Our lives were one, our secrets and our prayer,
But this with me she does not speak nor share.
What joy, if from her one supreme command
Came to me that I might but understand!
O Thou Bright Star, if Light had but a voice
You might awake my spirit to rejoice;
Often we wished that we might people thee,
And there, to-night, her waiting soul may be!

A. B. LEIGH.

Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

Most people never grow too old to learn—foolishness.

No woman who wears a peek-a-boo waist should object to the man who peeks.

Any summer girl can tell you that all people who hold hands are not palmists.

It is a mighty hard matter to get some people who owe you to even pay attention.

It has been our experience that it takes more than a fish warden to protect all the suckers.

It pays to try to save a little from your earnings. Even so small a thing as a spider has a net income.

Don't be too anxious to become a warm number. Your time for that will no doubt come all too soon.

Do not make the mistake of drawing on the future for your present wants. Stand square on the books of fate.

The bee may not be as slender-waisted as the wasp, but when it comes to laying up honey he is there with the goods.

Said the hen-pecked husband to his wife; "My dear, I believe we would get along better together if we separated."

It is never too late to mend, unless perhaps when you happen to lose a suspender button when running to catch a train.

There is this in favor of that proposed trans-oceanic airship line: The right-of-way is already secured and the track is ready.

It was a wise old deacon that observed that the men often came to church to close their eyes and the women came to eye the clothes.

Some day some brave candidate will brace up with an announcement like this: "Having always had a hankering for office and never yet being able to get one, I hereby announce, etc."

"The mere fact that people come in contact with me, makes them smart," boasted the chigger. "That's nothing," retorted the mosquito. "You just watch people swell up every time I present my bill."

An obituary in an exchange states that the deceased "lay quietly in his casket." How really nice of him. Nothing interferes more with the program of a well conducted funeral than to have the corpse get up and prance around among the mourners.

The Devotion of Dubbs

By William D. Williams

PARADISE is the grimly satirical name of a desert station of the E. P. & W. Railway. A strong spring gushes out of the earth in the bottom of a gulch, and the outbursting waters go trickling down to extinction over the rocky bed. The crisp hot air drinks up the moisture so thirstily, the sand sucks it up with such greed that, less than a mile below its source, the faint trickle ends in a deep and silent pool, from which there is no outflow.

Upon that liquid foundation the town of Paradise was built, and, doubtless, in that drought-stricken land, more than one wanderer, coming out of the hell of the desert upon that life-giving stream, passing the moist fluid over a cracked and dusty tongue, had found the name appropriate and even significant.

From the railroad a long pipe trailed over the ground to the dusty bank, where it plunged beneath the surface of the pool. A pump, standing in a flimsy board house on the right-of-way, clanked endlessly, and drew out the water to an overhead tank. Locomotives halted wearily under the movable spout and tenders were supplied for the dry miles on either side.

The railroad wound away to the west, sixty miles to Washburn Junction, and wandered deviously through the northwestern cattle ranges to a desolate terminus at Ward. From Ward a stage ran to Altamont, 170 miles away. Freighters followed the stage road down the Sweetwater to Bitter Creek Canon, up its defiles to where the Stinking Fork forced an entrance from the plains, across the divide to Little Bear River and down the river to the foothills that had to be climbed to high-seated Altamont, on the borders of the desert. It was a road with plenty of water of an infinite variety—bad, worse, and worst—but the way was an unceasing up and down, wearisome and trying, and loaded wagons took six days to the trip, and sometimes more.

Therefore, John Dubbs, otherwise known at Desert Jack, still held to the desert trail. Others thought it dangerous, and expressed themselves profanely over his folly.

Jim Brown, better known in the edges of the Escondido as Shif'less Jim, came out of the mountains of East Tennessee, and, having for many years wandered about the world, became at last a citizen of Paradise. Water was free and of good quality; the sand was soft and warm, and under the weight of the body and without exertion, hollowed itself out making a most accomodating bed; the sky painted with stars was a gaudy covering; a little labor provided a sufficiency of whisky for a man who was not even ambitious of continual drunkenness; and the hospitality of the townspeople rendered starvation reasonably improbable. So Jim concluded that on this earth he would find no other place so deserving of its name, and, much to the disgust of the inhabitants, announced his intention of making it his home. There he dwelt, year after year.

In the course of time word was taken to the East Tennessee mountains how Jim Brown had settled in Paradise, and the report had it that he was even rich, a respected citizen of that new great empire of the Southwest. An old and lonely widow, the energetic mother of that degenerate son, living a life of solitude in a moist and shady cove at the foot of a big knob, bent with toil, trembling with the palsy of age, heard the pleasant news of her son, and her heart felt young again, and she was sorely hungered for a sight of the face of her only child.

The little farm that lay in the cove, its few stock and all its humble furnish-

ings, were sold and the widow made her way to Paradise, to end her days in the sunshine of her boy's face, to spend the golden sunset of her life in an earthly Eden.

But before she arrived an indignant outburst, caused by the unparalleled worthlessness of Shif'less Jim, had led to his reluctant departure from Paradise, and he had gone to Altamont. And as the train went puffing on its way and left her behind, surrounded by dingy, stolid faces, wherein were deep-set, unresponsive eyes, it seemed to her like the breaking of the last tie that had held her to the world she had known. She gasped and choked, and a tear slipped out and ran down her wrinkled cheek. But she was a brave old woman, and she gulped down her sorrow, and held herself steady, save for the shaking of her palsied head, as she asked of one of those nearest her, "Ain't there any of you'uns as knows my boy an' kin tell me where he is?"

It was an old, old question in Paradise.

"What's his name?" inquired Whisky Jake, whom she had addressed, taking off his wide-brimmed hat and standing before the widow, his head gallantly bared to that intense and burning sun.

Whisky was a sturdy old conservative who kept a record of his own and private dead by cutting notches in the stock of his gun, a method of keeping books with the grave which has fallen into disrepute.

"Why, I'm shorely surprised at myself," allowed the widow politely, her head bobbing about with mingled palsy and excitement. "I'm shorely a-losin' of my wits. It's Jim Brown as I'm a-lookin' for, little Jim as is my boy, an' a good un, too, if I do say't, as hadn't orter."

"Yes'm, yes'm," answered Jake; "I don't just call to mind any sech around here. I can't think as I knowed him."

Suddenly his face brightened, he fairly beamed upon the old woman and began speaking rapidly, as if he feared some one else would be ahead of him with the information.

"Oh, I remember now, mum," he said. "I did hear as how his name was Jim Brown." Then he turned to the little crowd, so that all could share his triumph. "It's Shif'—it's Shif'—" The unfortunate nickname stuck in his throat; inwardly he cursed himself for his awkwardness; the rim of his hat revolved like a wheel between his fingers; he shuffled his feet in the dust of the road and the sweat stood out on his forehead in beady drops.

All Paradise came to his rescue, and without a dissenting voice lied itself into the lowest depths of purgatory.

"Why, it's Jim Brown, the lady's askin' after," declared Three Spot. It's old Jim, as we was all so proud of, one of the distinguished citizens of Paradise. Shiffly Jim, the Mexicans called him. 'cause that means he don't go back on a friend, not never. Why, Whisky, we're plum ashamed of ye. Miss' Brown, we're shorely proud to know Jim's mother."

The strain was over, and the old woman was no longer ashamed to cry. Her rounded shoulders, curving down upon her sunken chest, rose and fell as she sobbed.

Then Paradise did itself proud. In triumphal procession, Mrs. Brown in the center, the townsmen streamed to the hotel. The best room was had, the belongings of the unfortunate occupant were hustled out without ceremony, and the widow was installed. All afternoon men tramped up and down the stairs and along the wooden veranda, thronging the approaches and entering the presence with a courteous deprecatory gravity. One after another they listened with sympathetic attention to wonderful anecdotes of the childhood of Shif'less Jim, and one after another they lied unblushingly, telling how his maturer days were the fitting climax of the promise of his youth. There were tales of valor, stories of munificence, of a kindness that was royal in its beneficence, supplying the wants of the unfortunate with a kingly disregard of his own needs, traditions of financial success, anecdotes illustrating the shrewdness and wit of the widow's son, all poured out with an enthusiasm that made the old woman's eyes snap and sparkle and quite took away her breath with pride.

She became at home with those outcasts. She took Three Spot Charlie to her motherly heart, and her soul went out to Cherokee Kate, whose occupation

was nameless, and to Mrs. O'Crool, who kept the hotel and did occasional washing for the rest of the town. These she believed and declared, were true ladies and gentlemen. She declared Whisky Jake was a born nobleman, which he was not and never claimed to be, being the soul of humility when not crossed. She took those lost ones of Paradise under her wing, and loved them as she had not thought she could ever love any one but her boy Jim.

And thus it was that when John Dubbs came in that night from Altamont. Paradise held a consultation in the shed room of the dance hall, and all its leading citizens were present. It was late, and Mrs. Brown, weary but happy, was asleep in the best room of the hotel, a proud smile came upon her face, dreaming of her boy.

"It'll never do in the world," declared Three Spot. "Some galloot'll be sure to tell her, and then where'll you be?"

"I'm sure I don't know whatever to do," moaned Whisky.

"Why don't you send her on to Altamont?" suggested John Dubbs.

"I don't mean it no ways invidious, Jack," said Three Spot, "but of all the d—d fool ideas that I ever heard, that's the d—dest. Send her on there and let her see what kind of a d—d skunk that boy hers reely is? I reckon not."

"I'm clean bewildered at you, Three Spot," declared Kate tartly. "You been a-wearin' britches as long as you have an' not know nothin' about wimmen yet. Why, it's plain scandulous, an' nothin' else."

"What d'you mean, Kate?" inquired Three Spot meekly.

"That old woman'll just think that boy of her'n is an angel of light, an' she'll think we've been mean an' jealous an' havn't said half enough good things about him. She ain't a-goin' back on him her boy. Not much."

And it was so ordered, but when John Dubbs offeerd to take her across the desert in his freight wagon, there was much opposition. Therefore it was duly moved and seconded and unanimously resolved that she'd go by way of Ward. A subscription was taken up and a sum raised sufficient to defray her expenses.

Now in that mass meeting Kate was able to sway the rest at her will, but when Mrs. Brown, longing to reach that son of hers who had so justified her motherly pride, came to be in opposition, then Greek met Greek.

"There's Mr. Dubbs." Desert Jack blushed at the prefix. "There's Mr. Dubbs," the widow urged, "he's crossed the desert more'n once a week for years. Why can't I do it once in a whole life?"

"But Miss' Brown," Three Spot objected, "it ain't reckoned safe."

"It don't seem noways skeery when Mr. Dubbs he's been a-doin' of it this long an' ain't got hurt none."

"It don't take much longer to go round by Ward."

"Gentlemen, it's my boy I'm a-goin' to see, and I'm a-goin' the shortest way."

The obstinacy of a woman must have its own way. Paradise made preparation as for an army departing from its base of supplies, but Jack made himself heard, declaring he couldn't carry all they were fixing not if he dropped his whole load. He was willing to accept a bottle of whisky—that might come in handy, and as for Mrs. Brown, she could have an extra keg of water, not being used to going dry, but the balance of the plunder must just stay where it was.

They started so early in the morning that the first brightening of the eastern sky was barely perceptible. Mrs. Brown sat in the driver's seat, beside John Dubbs. Her eyes snapped and sparkled vivaciously, her wrinkled face beamed with pleasure. She looked first at the driver, then out over the desert. She chatted incessantly. John, silent with the dumbness that possesses all who live in vast and empty spaces, listened, answering briefly, but his heart warmed toward that indomitable old woman.

He dropped into a reverie, and she, noting his silence, turned toward him and for a moment ceased talking, observing him carefully in the wan light.

"I'm afeered you'uns ain't a-feelin' well," she observed with tender solicitude.

"Oh, I'm all right," asserted John, rousing himself. "I'm as peert an' fresh as kin be."

But the women doubted. "If you'uns stomach gits to hurtin'," she said, "an' that's what mostly hurts a man, if you'-

uns'll let me know, I kin fix up a tea as'll sot you up in a minit. I've got the airbs right here in my sack."

"I'm all right," persisted John. "It's jest that I like to hear you a-talkin'. It makes me think how I used to set an' listen at home, when Mother'd talk to me."

They grew very companionable, those two in the midst of that waterless solitude.

"I never seed so good a boy as that Jim of mine," prattled the old woman.

"I right frequent reckoned as he'd been an amazin' good boy," John answered, lying without a blush.

"I'm curis to know what made him change off on' go to Altamont, an' him so much thought of in Paradise."

"Well, mum," said John, with ready invention, "I've heerd him say as how his financial interests over there needed lookin' after closer'n he could do it from Paradise. Them pesky mines is all-fired onsartin' an' a feller's to his neck in wealth one day, an' the next he's busted flat."

The driver was hedging against the future. And so it went on, one lie calling for another, and the driver cheerfully answering each demand. He set his jaws together hard, beneath his breath he swore that he would roast in everlasting fire before he would give pain to that old woman, who looked after him as if she had been his own mother.

A norther blew up in the afternoon of the second day. First the swelter of heat became stifling. The distant purple slopes swam upon the undulating waves of a pallid haze. Sand pillars, crooked as a broken stick, moved about, gyrating awkwardly, going from place to place. Sweat ran down the bellies of the horses, and between their thighs and under each strap and band of the harness a lather of dirty foam appeared.

"I'm skeered of all this yere," suddenly ejaculated Mrs. Brown, staring up as if she had waked out of a sleep.

" 'Tain't nothin' but a little old, pesky storm a-comin' up," John, reassured her cheerfully, though the sternness of his eyes belied the smile upon his lips.

"I hope I ain't brung you'uns no bad luck," said she regretfully.

"You couldn't bring no one any bad luck," replied the driver affectionately. "I wish I had you around all the time, an' then I'd have good luck."

The widow blushed with pleasure. "I'd just love to stop with you'uns," she began timidly, blushing more furiously than ever.

"You wouldn't love to stay a bit more'n I'd love to have you," John asserted warmly.

"But, law sakes, there's Jim an' him my own boy," said she, covered with confusion, quaking at her own boldness. "I reckon he'll want me, an' I don't know as you'uns keer so mighty much, anyhow."

The haze rose thicker and thicker, until it grew to be a great opaque wall, dividing the world into two parts. A herd of antelope raced by, going south; but, except for this, the desert was empty, and its silence was like something material, vast and oppressive. Then with a great rush and howl the wind came down upon them, bursting tumultuously out of the north. The sand blew against them, cutting spitefully into the skin, filling their eyes with dust and grit, piling loftily above them in mid-air, until it shut out the light of the sun, and the desert was black, as if it had been night.

John had turned his horses until they stood with their heads away from the blast. He quickly stowed Mrs. Brown in the cavernous depths that lay beneath the wagon sheet, and busied himself in tying down the loose ends that flapped and beat about so madly in the rushing winds. Then, all having been made secure, he crawled in at the mouth of the canvas-covered cavern and gave cheer to the widow. He talked of the storm, bawling at the top of his voice, striving to make himself heard above the resounding, elemental uproar. But, most of all, he talked to soothe and cheer a withered old woman, who found cause for secret alarm in the mysterious, unnatural course of a rainless tempest so dark and threatening as that; who was frightened in that lonesome place by the mad howling of the wind as it rushed along so gustily; who found a source of fear in the everlasting beating of the sand as it flew southward, storm-borne, in the dust-dry, windy strife, when nature denied the relief of rain to the tortured and convulsed

elements. It was nothing at all, John said; a nothing, not even a trifle; a thing of natural and everyday occurrence to which he would have given not a single thought save for the annoyance it occasioned to this lady in his charge.

For three days the wind blew incessantly, tearing down great dunes of sand and building them anew in other places, filling up the dim, desert trail which was not to be opened up again, covering the old, accustomed springs and the clay tanks, where bitter water gathered scantily in pools and lay from rain to rain, burying the moist draws with their coarse grasses which the half-starved horses ate so greedily

During those long three days, which seemed as if they would never end, John waited on the widow. When she was dry he put water to her lips, drawn lavishly is if from an unfailing source. When she grew hungry the man had a positive genius for providing food. If she became dull with the long inaction, he had this and that to tell, stories of desperate battles, of wild adventures among Indians and desperadoes, descriptions of strange places that he had visited, reminiscences of remarkable men he had known; and if she wearied of the grave he developed a talent for the humorous and kept her amused. Most of all he was a good listener, and could provoke conversation. When she was sleepy, he sat motionless and silent, statuesque as an Indian following the war trail. He divined her wants as if by instinct and supplied them without waiting to have them made known. The widow declared she was growing fat and lazy.

Late the third day John's voice failed him, his throat was that choked up with sand he could not speak above a whisper, so he declared. He was very languid, moving weakly, as if oppressed by illness. Light had measurably returned to the desert world, and the widow, looking upon his face, was shocked to find it so worn and haggard.

"Why, Mr. Dubbs," she exclaimed, "whatever is the matter?"

"There ain't nothin' the matter," declared John, smiling at her faintly.

"Yes, there is," the widow asserted, "an' I want to know what it is."

John laughed heartily at the idea and said he was fit as a fiddle, all but his voice, and he had seen some people that would have been better off if they had been dumb.

"But there is something the matter with you'uns, John Dubbs," persisted the widow, "an' I've jest got to know what it is."

Then John surrendered unconditionally. "Well," said he, looking very much downcast and embarrassed. "I don't want to pester you none with my matters, but I reckon as how you've done seen it, an' it can't be helped. The fact is, all this waitin' loses me a whole lot of money, an' I'm that poor it's kept me awake a whole lot."

"You poor boy," the old woman pitied him openly: "it's jest too bad. But Jim he'll make it up to you, so you'uns shan't lose nothin'. Now, don't you'uns pester yourself no more whatever, for Jim he'll make it up."

"Yes, shore," answered John, still smiling; "I declare I'm plum foolish that I didn't think of it, for Jim he's jest the sort that'll never think nothin' of payin' me extry."

"Now, don't you worry; for Jim he'll make it up," the old woman repeated.

When the horses were hitched in they were again gaunt and lean, with the stomachs of greyhounds, and then Mrs. Brown first learned that they must pull the wagon to water before they could drink. The kegs held little enough for two humans, so John Dubbs declared. And here it was her faith in Desert Jack received its first rude shock.

"I declare we might divide with them there poor critters, an' then they'll have little enough," she cried out hotly.

But John Dubbs, instead of answering her sat on his seat laughing until the tears ran down his eyes, laughing and holding his sides until he doubled over, convulsed.

"Here's we've et an' drunk, an' drunk an' et, an' filled our bellies until they're nigh onto bustin', an' them poor horse critters ain't had nothin' at all."

John Dubbs slapped his hand upon his knee and hawhawed out loud, but said never a word.

"I declare to gracious," snapped the widow, "men's poor onery critters as

I've allers knowed, but you'uns is about the devilishest of the lot as I've ever seed.

That night they made a dry camp, and Mrs. Brown was so affected by the suffering of the horses she could not eat, but went supperless to bed. Neither did she entirely recover her regard for the driver, even refusing water when he first offered it, but later taking the cup from his hand, and saying very solemnly: "I misdoubt if I ain't judged you'uns too harshly. We're sinners, the whole kit an' biln' of us, but we're what God made us an' I don't reckon He meant we should be hard on what He made. A man must be looked at up one side an' down the other, an' there's likely to be a heap of good in the meanest he—critter on earth. I reckon when a man gets as thirsty as you'uns has been he jest can't stand to give up water, as he'll maybe need it for himself after a little, an' I'm real sorry I said what I did."

John looked down into the old woman's face smiling and licking his lips with the tip of his tongue. He bent over and whispered huskily, "I'm mighty glad you aint' clean gone back on me, Miss' Brown. I declare I don't know any one as I think so much of, an' I want you to think a whole lot of me, too."

"Thinks a heap of me, does he?" said the widow to herself. "Thinks a whole lot of me. Don't look much like it, an' him a-laughin. at me, the same as he did. But I don't know. A man's a queer critter, take him at his best, an' I don't know." She sat and mused, but she was a wise old woman, wherefore she said nothing more to John Dubbs.

The road had disappeared; not a mark of wheel or a track of horse did they see on the face of the desert. But this was no cause for disquietude, so said the driver, who surely ought to know; it was a common event, he said, and the desert wayfarer was expected to know the details of the land, the location of the springs and the places where the banks lay hidden in the hollows between the slopes quite as well as if they were marked off on the palm of his hand. For this reason, he explained, he drove with unusual care, searching the earth with seeking eyes, which thus became bloodshot and were sunken in his head until they gleamed like coals of fire in the black throat of a cave.

One day John asked Mrs. Brown to drink sparingly. He had only a few hours before been telling how much less than they thought was the amount of water consumed by the drinking of thirsty people, so that the vessels that held the lives of persons shipwrecked upon the ocean and the stores of those who were in desert places lasted surprisingly and seemed to be renewed as if it were by a miracle. And now the request was haltingly made, the man's embarrassment showing guilt as plainly as if he had been detected in a petty theft. The widow was surprised and shocked, but, hiding her emotion, she promised obedience. That night in her silent prayer to God she asked to be kept from unjust suspicion of the driver, who was to her so like a son. But for all her efforts she believed John had begun to grudge her the water she drank, and she was afraid.

The next day the driver's mind began to wander, and he talked in a husky whisper, foolishly, about springs that did not exist, and water holes and tanks that were mere imaginations of the brain. The old woman easily called him back from his dreams, which, he explained, were caused by the intense heat, aggravated by a foolish habit he had acquired, being so much alone, of dozing in the daytime and talking aloud to himself. He was also much troubled with an obstinate bleeding of the lips so that he was forever sucking the blood into his mouth and swallowing it. Because of these things the widow was much distressed, but the driver still smiled and showed eagerness to have her talk to him, and was so kind and attentive that she was reassured and her alarm died out.

It was on the day following that one of the horses fell to the ground and refused to rise. The driver who was sitting on the seat, a slack and dusty heap, comatose and almost breathless, was thrown forward by the sudden halting of the wagon, until it was as much as the widow could do to hold him in place. When she shook him and called his name he opened his eyes, stared around stupidly, either seeing nothing, or else seeing what did not exist, and

whispered hoarsely in a voice which he tried to make loud and rollicking. "Well, here we are at last, an' I'm d—d glad. Take out the horses, boys, an' I'll jest go to sleep a minit." Then, he fell back upon the seat and slept.

The widow shook him by the arm, but he made no response. She shouted in his ear and shook him soundly, yet still he did not wake. Then, as she pushed him back and forth, his head slipped off the seat and fell down, hanging limply by the neck, the lower jaw dropped and his mouth was open. The old woman screamed with horror and pity. The man's mouth was black throughout and dry as dust, his tongue was black and swollen, and little bloody streaks zigzagged across it irregularly.

The widow took the cup, and, climbing over the wagon to the water keg, opened the faucet. A few drops ran out slowly and then stopped. She lifted the canteens, but they were empty. She crawled back to the seat, and, lifting the driver's head, placed it in her lap and dripped the water between his lips. He sucked at it greedily, mouthed for more, and began to whisper. She bent her head and listened, hearing the same foolish words of springs that did not exist, of rivers and lakes that were the unsubstantial creations of his terrible longing, of water, water, water, when there was no water. "An' me abusin' o him like I did," she said, "an' him such a man as that, a-given' of everything to me, an' me not even related. I wish I could tell him I know."

The second horse had laid down by its mate to die. The heat was a material, palpable oppression. The purple slopes were swaying up and down, afloat upon a swelling and sinking sea of haze. Afar off the chalk hills shone ghastly white like tombstones. The widow, her head bobbing about with the palsy of her age, bareheaded, her thin hair, released from its fastenings, floating down her narrow, sloping shoulders, held the driver's head in her lap, and looked this way and that upon an empty and waterless land.

In Altamont, where the air was cool and the icy waters of many snow-fed streams went dashing down the mountain sides, and pines and aspens grew upon the hills, Shif'less Jim went his shiftless way, undisturbed by any longing for better things, and if he ever knew of his mother's search and of the fruitless devotion of John Dubbs he gave no outward sign.

Book Reviews

"THE Old Order Changeth" by William Allen White is an important contribution to the present day literature of sociology. Some of the matter has appeared in magazine articles, but much of it is new. Mr. White in this book or series of essays traces the growth of democracy in America for the last twenty years, or rather the origin of democracy, for in truth as he points out, democracy in America is of rather recent growth. When De Tocqueville wrote his famous work on Democracy in America, he found institutions that compared to his own were democratic but which looked upon in the light of to-day were distinctly aristocratic.

Those who made the Constitution from Washington down were in the main aristocrats, strongly distrustful of the masses, and there is abundant evidence both in the Constitution itself and in the debates in the Convention that they were determined to limit in every way the direct power of the people.

This was noticeably true in the manner of choosing our Presidents which was to be done by a body of electors, so that the people could not directly choose their own man. Very speedily the people found a way to amend this part of the Constitution by simply pledging the electors to this or that candidate before they were chosen. In the same way the people, after a hundred years experience, are now amending the Constitution in many states by choosing United States Senators by direct vote.

But within the past twenty years there has been a vast growth of real democracy in this country, and Mr. White collates the facts from many States and points the results. The abolition of the convention system, by the direct primary, direct vote for United States Senators, the secret or Australian ballot, publication of campaign expenses, more direct accountability of our public servants, are all steps toward a more purely democratic form of government and Mr. White finds nothing but good in it. He would go further and urges in addition to these reforms the initiative, referendum and recall. Mr. White, as usual, writes vividly. One is never in doubt as to what he means. He has also a kind of compelling truthfulness, that makes him very sure of his conclusions. He is no Laodicean in anything he takes up. If you would not agree with him, you must not follow his reasoning, for however faulty his logic may be, it is powerfully persausive—you must deny his premises or he will convince you in spite of yourself. The whole book is a very crisp and illuminating discussion of present day political conditions and we are inclined to agree with him in most things. We cannot yet agree with him on the initiative, referendum and recall.

It is yet of too recent memory that such weapons in the hands of voters would have resulted in complete disaster. If in the early Nineties the people of that West had had these weapons, they would have recalled every Congressman who was not for Silver; they would have ousted every State Government in the West; they would have forced upon the country the evils of a debased money system, repudiation of debts and pretty nearly the destruction of organized society. This we think is not stating it too strongly. And those of us who remember those times can only be thankful that the people's will, by reason of Constitutional checks, could work only slowly and that they recovered their sanity with returning prosperity, before they were able to accomplish the visionary schemes of Peffer and Mrs. Lease. Before we are ready to accept these things we must see them tried in some such great crisis as this; see that the

people do not use them in moments of temporary insanity to undo the work of years.

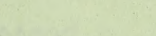
With the full power over political affairs given by the secret ballot and the direct primary, we should be content for the present for even the direct primary is as yet experimental. We are far enough along to know that it is tremendously expensive and that it may eliminate poor men as candidates.

Chapter Seven on Schools is the strongest chapter in the book, and we wish that every Legislator, State and National, would read and heed it. Mr. White has struck the key note of education unerringly and his facts and conclusions are of the highest value. He urges what we must sooner or later do: provide efficient manual training for every child, and make it possible for every child to get its fair share of education even if the parents must be paid for the child's time. He strikes at the greatest weakness in our educational system; our grossly underpaid teaching class, who cannot pursue pedagogy as a life work because the wages paid do not admit of it as a permanent profession. We must raise wages or pension worn-out teachers, or both. Then we shall get better teaching and better students.

The weakest chapter in the book is his comment on the Courts, where Mr. White is as much at sea as any layman would be trying to tell what the Courts have decided and are deciding. Some of his comments on what he thinks the Supreme Court has done are merely ludicrous. However, Mr. White admits that he did not come to these conclusions himself, but merely took them from a book written by a college professor who evidently has all the college professor's ignorance of everything outside of his own curriculum.

But one need not agree with any of Mr. White's conclusions to find this book tremendously readable, and one need not agree with all of them to find the book worth studying. It presents in well digested form a vast number of interesting facts, and shows what we are some times apt to forget: that the present tendency of this new democracy is, after all, not as yet socialistic, but rather individualistic, freeing more and more the individual, giving him a larger share in political concerns, greater power, more responsibility and, perhaps, a better chance in life.

The book is handsomely printed by the MacMillan Company.



"Around the World with a Business Man," by L. A. Bigger, of Hutchinson, is the latest Kansas travelogue. The lure of foreign travel does not grow less with easier opportunities for it, nor do travel books lose interest with numbers. Of the making of travel books, there is no end and, apparently all find their place and market. Of course, there is much trash in such a number, many books that ought never to have been published; but the public interest in foreign lands is apparently insatiable.

I suppose none of us ever see the picture of a great ocean liner or views of foreign parts without a thrill that is a little different from any other—a longing to embark and investigate for ourselves those far away lands.

Mr. Bigger is a wealthy business man of Hutchinson, a resident of Kansas for half a lifetime, who was wise enough to retire when he had enough; and the first employment of his leisure was a three-year tour of the world. Hardly any civilized country was overlooked and the result is four magnificent illustrated volumes, bound de luxe.

Mr. Bigger makes no claim to literary distinction, but tells in a most attractive way the things that interested him, and they are just the things that would interest you and I if we followed him. He had leisure and took his time. There is no galloping through and over no superficial note in the book. For instance, when Mr. Bigger struck the art galleries of Europe he made a careful and intelligent study of pictures. He learned the various schools, their peculiarities and merits, and tells of them in a simple way that is very illuminating to the average reader. On historical ground he familiarized himself with the story that breathes interest into the spot and tells it well.

We failed to find any place in the four volumes where the story dragged, and

most of it is profoundly interesting. The illustrations are particularly fine, well selected and constitute a real panorama of the world. It is a very notable contribution to Kansas literature and deserves a place in every Kansas library.

A Kansas Zephyr

Take an earthquake shock,
The tumbling of a block,
A hurricane, tornado a sand storm and typhoon,
Take a fluter with his flute
And a trombone that will toot,
And a fellow with a fiddle that can't play a tune;
Take a ton or two of dust,
A cowboy on a bust,
A jumping, bucking broncho and a wild kicking heifer,
Take a locomotive smash-up,
A railway restaurant hash-up,
Lump them altogether and you'll have a "Kansas Zephyr."

SPENDTHRIFT OLESON.

A Wish

Oh, for ten years crowded into one
With decade days without a setting sun;
Or else to stop the flow of tide and time
Till we can fill the world with song and rhyme.

CLARENCE J. MARTIN.

Our Point of View

FILLING THE RANKS We speak of the passing away of the old soldiers, of the gradual dimunition of the Grand Army nowadays, mainly from the standpoint of the decrease of the pension roll. With most people it simply means fewer pensions. That this is true is unfortunate for the country, for in the broader, higher sense, the death of these men takes from our National life and character an element that can hardly be replaced.

The Grand Army with its camp fires and encampments, its solemn observation of Decoration Day are an inspiration to patriotism, an impulse of devotion to country that cannot easily be supplied. The man who is not thrilled by the pathetic pageant of Decoration Day is poor material for an American citizen. Its annual encampments attended by thousands too young to remember the war, these great meetings with their patriotic speeches and stirring recollections of those heroic times revive and rekindle the memories of that glorious period. When this nation went to war with Spain it was the example of the Civil War that inspired that splendid response to the call for troops. It was the recollections of that war that breathed into the younger generation the same spirit, the same devotion, the same sacrifice.

So the loss of these men from day to day means something infinitely more important than the decrease in the pension roll.

There is one efficient way in which this loss may be minimized, this spirit maintained; that is through the splendid organization known as the Sons of Veterans. These young men, born with a heritage of patriotism, sons of such sires, conscious of the Roll of Honor to which their fathers belonged, may well be proud of their ancestry, eager to perpetuate through this organization the fact that they come of patriotic blood.

In stimulating and perpetuating this organization, the old soldiers are doing a good work. They are passing on to worthy hands the torch they have borne with honor.

Every son of an old soldier should be proud of the fact, proud to make it known by joining this organization, by adding to its numbers and increasing its strength.

The time is not far distant when to this organization will be wholly committed the solemn task of performing the rites of Decoration Day. Soon the last old soldier will have joined his comrades,

"On Fame's eternal camping ground"

and if their sons fail to do them honor, fail to remember them, who shall?

A CURE FOR HYSTERICS Ever since the first bunch of cave men got together, selected a leader, and started the first attempt at organized society, there have been spasms of hysterics over the particular form of government then in existence.

Decennially a bunch of small chaps knowing nothing of the Past and unable to look into the Future, have thrown fits over the approaching downfall of "our institutions," and the impending chaos and destruction of the government. Meanwhile the big men, the men who know history and who are familiar with the past, go quietly along governing the country, meeting each crisis as it arrives and measurably solving it with the experience of the past and prescience of the future.

The surest cure for this form of hysteria would be for the little fellows who are subject to it, to go back and read history. It is a platitude that history repeats itself. It is a necessity of human nature, that being everywhere pretty much the same within recorded times, acts pretty much everywhere alike. The world's events vary in magnitude but not in character. The difference is in degree, not in kind. Sometimes an insurrection against organized authority takes the bloody form of the French Revolution, and some times it takes the peaceful aspect of the English Revolution in 1688 that unseated James and installed William and Mary.

At the bottom are usually the same causes; at the end, the same effects. Sometimesthe change is wrought out in blood, some times it proceeds along peaceful lines. But in the end the change is beneficial, liberty is extended, authority restricted, the world is better, another impulse forward is given.

THE BIG STICK We are reminded of this by the present-day clamor over President Taft's compulsion of Congress in its last hours to carry out the platform pledges of the party and pass the "Administration Measures." If one would listen to the little fellows throwing their fits, exhibiting their hysteria and declaiming that representative government had been destroyed, one would think that something utterly new in our government, something destructive of the legislative power of Congress or some gross innovation had been accomplished by His Placidity, the President.

But just a little reading of the history of merely our own country would have cured their hysteria and hushed their wails. A little injection of Knowledge would calm them. It would doubtless be conceded that the first President, who sat in the convention that made the Constitution, had a pretty clear idea of what was intended by that instrument. While in terms it separates the departments that administer the three functions of Government, the Executive, Legislative and Judicial, the separation, utterly new in the world's governments has never been strictly observed even by Washington. The Constitution provides that the President shall "recommend to their (Congress) consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." "Recommend" has always been literally construed. Washington did not understand that this expression meant "in writing" but occasionly visited the Senate and advised it orally. On one occasion he lectured Congress stiffly for not sooner passing certain measures which he desired. The passage of the first Funding Act, redeeming the public debt, was bitterly opposed and secured only by the free use of Washington's influence. The same was true of the first Tariff and the Shipping Act. The first President, fresh from the making of the Constitution, had distinct policies that he forced on a sometimes reluctant Congress. The Funding Bill was prepared by Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, and pulled through both houses by main force. Jefferson ran Congress with ease and success, had a constant succession of bills that he imposed on the legislative body and generally got them passed.

Jackson, the next strong President, bullied Congress constantly and took a ceaseless interest in the passage of legislation. The return to specie payments, the destruction of the United States Bank, the first Indian legislation and a dozen other subjects were of his initiative and he pushed them through, most often over gruelling opposition.

Lincoln easily controlled the War Congresses and used every means at hand to get his measures passed. Grant was a strong man but less successful or less anxious about legislation. Cleveland forced the repeal of the Silver Purchasing Act against the wish of the majority, by unblushing bribery with offices, and ferocious bulldozing where bribery failed. Nothing passed the McKinley Congresses without his consent. He was pastmaster in the art of handling men and he knew the legislative game. He blocked the Spanish War, against an overwhelming sentiment till he was ready for it. He forced the Treaty of Peace and the acquisition of the Phillipines through a reluctant Senate and had his own way, though opposed by some of the strongest leaders of the party.

Roosevelt was not greatly successful in securing legislation. He was always willing to compromise and would willingly take the half loaf and wait. Taft undoubtedly secured more legislation in a shorter time than any other President, but the methods were the same, the result the same—the difference was in quantity rather than methods used, and the representative form of Government remains just what it was under Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and McKinley. Bismarck declared that the world would never be governed from below, always from above. The big, strong, intelligent, far-seeing men will always rule, in any country, under any form of government. When the President is a strong man, he will find ways to impress himself on Congress. Taft is bigger, stronger, clearer-sighted than any member of Congress and at the last he will have his way with the little fellows, as the big man always does.

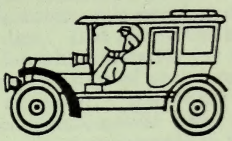
Is it not well that it is so? What would the world be like if the little fellows ruled it? Occasionally they have for a time, occasionally they have by accident of birth, or the form of government excluded the big men and chaos has followed.

But the hysteria is all uncalled for. History shows it, experience enforces it. The result is good, and the method is not new.

As long as the President is the biggest man in sight he will run things. "More power to his elbow."

Motor News.....

By JAMES A. WHITTY



COMING EVENTS

Domestic

AUGUST

August 1—Minneapolis reliability run.
August 3-5—Auto races at Galveston Beach.
August 4—Algonquin-Chicago hill climb of Chicago Motor Club.
August 6—North Wildwood, N. J.–Automobile Club's beach race meet on Ocean Drive.
August 6—Quaker City meet at Point Breeze.
August 9-10—Brooklyn dealers' reliability.
August 12-13—Twenty-four-hour automobile race at Indianapolis Motor Speedway.
August 12—Indiana Aero Club balloon race, Indianapolis.
August 12-13—Reliability run of Philadelphia North American.
August 15—Start of Munsey Historical tour.
August 17—Cheyenne Motor Club track meet.
August 19-20—Second twenty-hour race at Brighton Beach.
August 20—International Motor Boat race, Larchmont, N. Y.
August 20—Columbus Auto Club track meet.
Auguts 26-27—Elgin road race of Chicago Motor Club.
August 31—September 8—Star cup run. Kansas City Automobile Club.

SEPTEMBER

September 2, 3, 5—Three days' automobile race meeting at Indianapolis Motor Speedway.
September 5—North Wildwood (N. J.) Automobile Club's beach race meet on Ocean Drive.
September 5—Cheyenne, Wyo., track meet.
September 5—Denver road race.
September 5—Los Angeles Speedway meet.
September 5-10—Minneapolis State Fair track meet.
September 10—Auto club of Califorina meet in San Francisco.
September 7—Buffalo reliability run.
September 9-10—Providence track meet.
September 9-10—Santa Monica road races.
September 10-12—Reliability run, New York to Catskill mountains.
September 10— Los Angeles Mount Baldy roadrace.
September 10-12—Seattle race meet.
September 12—October 12—Knoxville, Tenn., Appalachian Exposition.
September 15-17—Merrimac Valley Road Carnival, Lowell, Mass.
September 15—Oklahoma City hill climb.
September 15-22—Lowell, Mass., road races.
September 17—American National championship balloon race, to be held in Indianapolis, Ind.
September 17—Power boat race through whirlpool rapids, Niagara Falls.
Septemebr 17—Track meet Syracuse Automobile Club and New York State Fair Association.
September 21-23—Louisville economy and reliability run.
September 30—October 8—Springfield Ill., State Fair track meet.

Foreign

AUGUST

August 1—September 15—French industrial trials.
August 1-15—Circuit des Ardennes meeting, Belgium.
August 15—September 15—Industrial vehicle trials in France.
August 21—Speed trials of Salon, France.
August 25—Mount Ventoux hill climb.
August 29-31—Hill climb and speed trials at Guipuzcoa, Spain.
August and September—Touring car trials at Thuringen, Germany.

SEPTEMBER

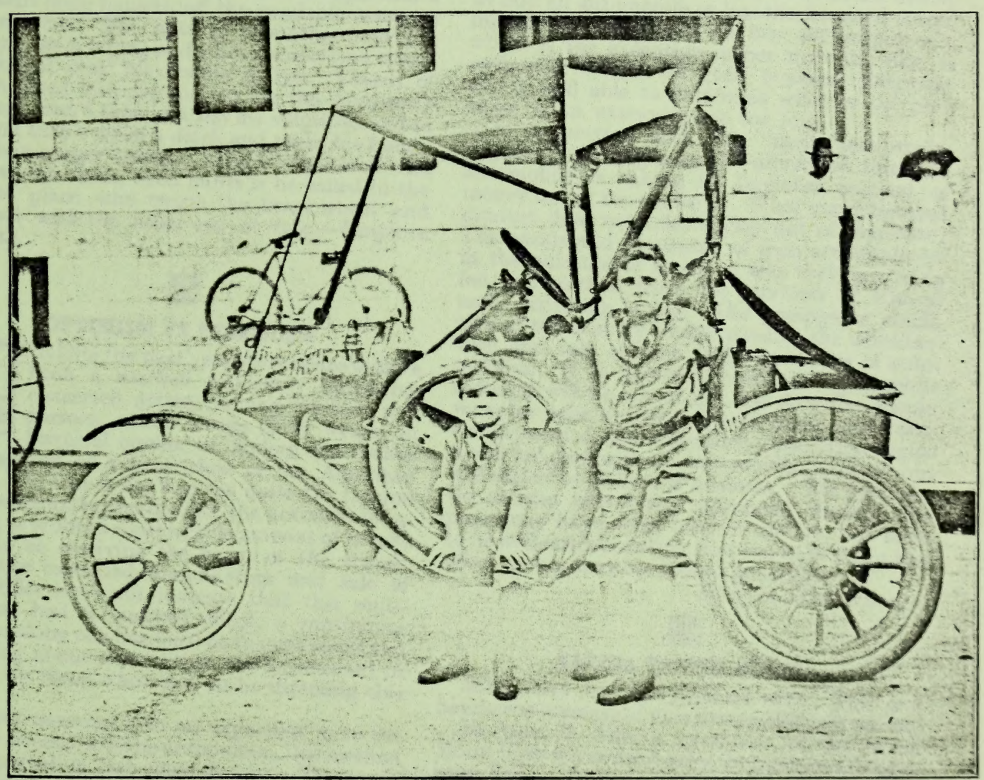
September 3-6—De Liedekerke and Ostende cup races, Ostende, Belgium.
September 8-25—Motor car reliability trials: promoted by l'Auto in France.
September 18—Semmering hill climb, Austria.

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW

The "Globe," Atchison, prefaces the pessimistic view of a New England paper, as follows:

"Bankers in the East and Middle West are talking automobile panic, and so are many business men of national reputation. It takes just such talks to precipitate a panic. "Paint the devil on the wall, and he will appear." There seems to be a concerted movement in financial circles to force an end of the present automobile craze, and this silent movement started with refusals of banks to discount notes given to automobile manufacturers in full or part payment of machines. A Boston daily of known affilia-

tions with the banking interests of that city, only a few days ago published the following remarks of a leading banker: 'While I do not like to appear pessimistic, I must say that I think this year will see the beginning of the end of the automobile craze. In my opinion it is the bicycle business all over again except that the amount of capital involved is from ten to thirty times greater. For example, in the early days a bicycle cost $150 and anybody could make a lot of money manufacturing them at those figures. With automobiles from $1,000 to $5,000 the same thing is true, and the result is that a lot of mushroom concerns have sprung up, especially in the Middle West, to make automobiles which are being sold to a lot of people who cannot afford them. They mortgage their house or anything else they have, on which money can be raised, and the banks are consequently asked to make a good many loans, the cause of which is the automobile. Furthermore, I understand that there is a very large call on insurance companies at present for loans on policies, probably for the same reason. A good deal of money is therefore tied up in automobiles, but that is not the root of the evil. From an economic standpoint the trouble is that money spent for an automobile immediately becomes non-productive, and furthermore not only does it cease working for the automobile owner, but it dwindles every year as his car gets older. Millions of dollars within a few years will represent nothing but junk in the shape of old automobiles. If this money were going into business, the situation would be entirely different. The American people do not yet realize what this automobile problem means, but they will some day. It is one of the biggest questions that we have had to settle for a long while, and I believe the day of reckoning will come sooner than expected.' According to an approximate estimate, automobile firms are at present indebted to advertising agents to the extent of almost one-half million dollars, and this on account of the frantic efforts of the manufacturers to sell by advertising, as much as possible as long as the fancy prices rule and people are automobile crazy. Some advertising agents are now on anxious seats, having staked almost their all on the outcome of the automobile advertising campaigns they are handling."



The Abernathy boys upon their arrival at Wichita Tuesday afternoon, July 26th. Temple is standing and Louie is sitting

Says Bill White and of course he knows:

The automobile is a fine bird, but it sucks blood. It has a song that lures men to destruction and women to vain pride that corrodes their happiness. Look not upon the



buzz-cart when it is red and giveth stinkum to the evening breeze; for it chaweth scads and ducats like a hay baler; also mazuma and sesterces, and rocks and dough, it lappeth up like a house afire. When the devil-wagon champeth and snorteth, flee to the mountains of the Hepsidam and crawl in a hole; or the old boy will get you and carry you to the poor house. Man goeth forth in the morning chugging and shaking with pride; a halo of blue smoke circleth him as a wreath; he patteth his belly with pride and saith, behold, I am a six-cylinder bute; even a lallapaloolu am I in my pride. When lo, the sheriff campeth on the front door of the shop and swipeth up his substance in a night and a Missouri mule hauleth off the available assets to the auction. The auto is a mocker and the touring car is raging and whoso is deceived thereby should soak his noodle in lye. Vessels of wrath fitted into destruction are the devil-carts that eat man's time and sap his securities and in the end turn over in a ditch and make his family into hamburger steaks. Woe is his name who dallies with them; even pants is he called in the market place who twists the brass wheel and winketh with the other eye at fate.—Emporia Gazette.

OPTIMISM VS PESSIMISM

DURING the past year there seems to have been a marked tendency, indicating concerted action, among bankers and persons whose names carry weight in financial circles, to deplore the useless extravagance of a large class of the American people. In fact it has become quite the fashion to denounce extravagance and the automobile involving as it does a considerable amount of money seems to be receiving the brunt of the attack. While the increased manufacture and sale of automobiles does not indicate that this sentiment has had a marked effect, a continuous agitation along one line must have some result and may bring about a condition not anticipated or relished by those who seem to be directing this attack

Without entering into an argument as to the utility or necessity of the automobile, this method of transportation has come to stay. The automobile has been brought to such a state of perfection that in time it will take the place of every horse drawn vehicle on road and street. This fact while not generally admitted, is realized by all persons who are familiar with the utility and convenience of the modern automobile. Why this cry of the "grand extravagance?" It is promulgated by persons who own one or more machines and who would not be without one. The cry is taken up by those who are neither familiar with the financial or the automobile situation and the result is not a curtailment in the manufacture and sale of automobiles but creates and fosters a feeling of unrest and fear throughout the country which may result in a depression along all lines of business.

It is probably true that some people buy automobiles who cannot afford such an expenditure, but such cases are largely confined to the cities and in this locality the extravagant cry is mainly directed to the farmer. In the sale and delivery of about two hundred automobiles during the past six months, largely to farmers, in southern Kansas, I do not know of a single instance where money was borrowed to purchase an automobile in the sense that the purchase was in the way of an extravagance. Because some person in Wichita or Kansas City should be so ill advised as to mortgage his home to purchase an automobile, is it reasonable to condemn the automobile industry generally or to question the judgment of the farmer who wishes to purchase a modern conveyance and has the money to pay for it? A man who has the money to buy an automobile or has the financial standing to borrow money to buy an automobile, which is the exception rather than the rule, is ordinarily a man of good business judgment and is well able to determine whether the purchase is an extravagance for him.

In connection with this "deplorable extravagance" the argument is advanced that the automobile is taking an immense amount of money out of the country. What manufactured product does not take money out of this state? Thousands and thousands of men are employed in the automobile factories and they are being fed and clothed from the products of Kansas and adjoining states. The prosperous condition of the country makes possible the manufacture and sale of such large quantities of automobiles. It is probable that the automobile industry will be one of the first to suffer should we enter upon a period of hard times and financial depression, but when such a condition begins it will not stop with the automobile industry, but will extend to all lines of business. The pessimistic articles now being circulated through the press may have some ulterior motive, but seem to be without foundation, and can have but a bad effect on business conditions generally.

JOHN M. KIRKWOOD.

SALINA MOTOR NOTES

Salina now has 134 licensed cars. This is a handsome increase of nine during the past month.

Mr. Geo. D. Adams, secretary of the Salina Motor Club writes that sales the past month have been fair.

Salina has 5 regular garages at which automoiles and accessories are sold, kept and repaired; representing many different makes of cars.

The usual Summer Schedule of runs has not as yet been perfected, owing to unsettled weather conditions.

AUTOS AT THE HUTCHINSON STATE FAIR

The official State Fair of Kansas, at Hutchinson will be held this year September 10 to 17 inclusive. The Association has been very selective in this year's program. One of the big features of special merit is the Automobile Exhibit. This display alone will be one of the most unique attractions ever presented at a state fair and promises to be one of the chief drawing cards of the fair, as evinced by the general enthusiasm of every autoist in the entire Southwest.

TIRES

With the ever-increasing consumption of rubber with practically no increase with the production of the material, naturally adds to the cost of tires, but notwithstanding all this, the dealers and motorists make their usual "kick" by blaming it on the Trust. This by the way, is a splendid thing to have to place the responsibility, especially so when the pocket nerve is touched. But Trust or no Trust the fact remains that the alarming scarcity of the raw product is the sole cause of the high price of tires.

There is as much difference though in the quality of tires, compared with the article of six or eight years ago, as there are differences in prices in the corresponding period. The tire of to-day is guaranteed for almost unlimited mileage where a few years ago, a warranted tire was a rare instance.

The more scientific treatment of rubber together with improved workmanship, has produced an improved tire of almost unlimited durability and as near puncture proof as is possible to make it. This improvement practically does away with the increased cost of production for the life of the tire has been increased, to such a degree as to out-wear three and even four of the old-system tires.

The Firestone is the highest priced tire on the market and seems to have a greater demand than any of its competitors. This goes to show that the man with the car wants the tire of service. The records of the Auto Supply & Tire Company, Wichita, the largest of its kind in the Southwest, show fewer Firestones in for repairs than any other make.

The Reading-Standard and Excelsior motor cycles lead in sales in this section of the Southwest. Experienced motorists and racers have found after the most careful and thorough tests that these makes of machines excel in durability, simplicity, workmanship and design.

The Jones Bicycle and Sporting Goods House, Wichita, recently sold to J. D. Stark of Winfield, a promoter of motor races, a 6 H-P. N. S. U. racer. This machine holds the state record for fastest mile.

The Kansas State Fair

The Sunflower State takes great pride in her Official State Fair that is held at the beautiful city of Hutchinson. It is the greatest, all-round, old-fashioned, Live Stock Agricultural Fair in the Great Southwest. This splendid institution promises to eclipse all former efforts this year with the aid of her magnificent new grounds and elaborate equipment. The Fair will be held from September 10 to 17 inclusive and will be a great and popular event by the people and for the people. Special attention is called to the announcement upon the inside front cover of this issue of the KANSAS MAGAZINE.



Group of Kansas Sanitarium Nurses

The Kansas Sanitarium

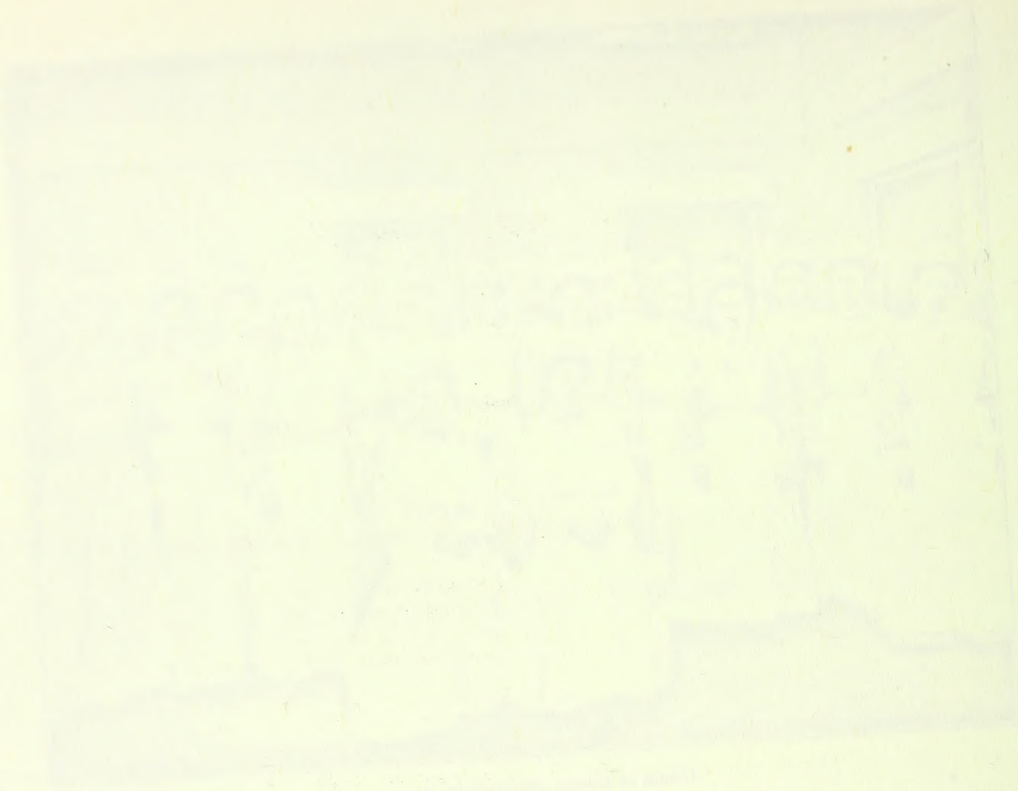
By James A. Whitty

IDEALLY situated on the border of the city limits of Wichita, three miles west from the heart of the city, on a sort of plateau and amid Nature's green of beautiful foliage and flowers, is The Kansas Sanitarium.

The location is a beautiful one. In the foreground of the Sanitarium is a large park with beautiful shade trees and flower gardens and a miniature artificial lake where the convalescent leisurely passes his time in boating. In the center of the lake is an island, artistically arranged with small flower beds. This wonderful health resort is the outcome of a small sanitarium, merely treatment rooms, that were opened in Wichita in 1902 by the Seventh Day Adventists. The good work they were doing soon brought them such success that before the first year had ended, it was decided upon to establish a home of permanency in Wichita and to build a large sanitarium. The city encouraged their efforts by giving them a sum of money and a twenty-acre tract of land on which, in the year 1904, the present splendid buildings were completed.

At this Sanitarium with its delightful airy and well-lighted, outside rooms, 50 patients can be conveniently accomodated. No institution of its kind is more thoroughly complete in every detail and as safe from fire. Excepting in the kitchen, which is in a solid concrete basement, no fire of any kind is used in the main building.

The boiler and engine-rooms are in a separate building of concrete a hundred feet from the Sanitarium, and all buildings are thoroughly equipped with a complete system of chemical fire extinguishers. In fact this home for the sick, away off, from the city's noise and turmoil on the top of a hill, in the good pure air of the country, is a small city in itself, having its own water system, from a well which is inexhaustible, electric light-

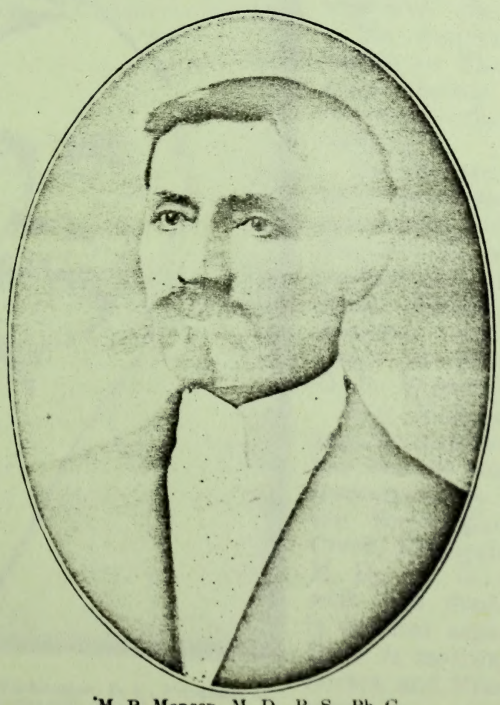




Front view of Main Building and Garden, Kansas Sanitarium

ing plant, fire system, and a laundry, fitted out with machinery of the most modern kind, which building is located apart from the main buildings.

In addition to these excellent mechanical facilities, a large garden owned and conducted by the institution, supplies all the vegetables. When it is remembered that there is no meat served at the Kansas Sanitarium, except in the individual room, and then only upon the permission of the head physician, the importance of this accessory is very apparent, without considering the wholesome, health-giving properties of fresh home-grown produce.



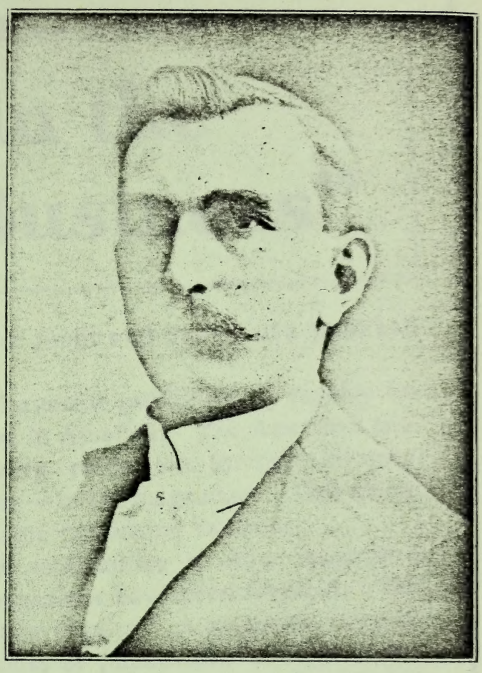
M. B. Monsen, M. D., B. S., Ph. G.
Medical Superintendent Kansas Sanitarium

The Kansas Sanitarium maintains a well-kept livery, and their carriages meet and convey not only the patients, but all out-of-town visitors, to and from the depots.

On the main floor of the Sanitarium building are the manager's office, medical superintendent's office and labratory, matron and superintendent of nurses, womens' bath-room, reception room, par-

lors, service-room, and clerk's office. On the second floor is located the operating room, anesthetic room and preparation room, and 20 wards and rooms for patients. The third floor comprises rooms for patients and attendants. The male baths, and rubbing-rooms and gymnasium are in the basement and are elaborate and commodious. Here too, is found the store-rooms and kitchen. Excellent elevator service propelled by hydraulic pressure, completes the conveniences. Surrounding the entire front of the Administration building, both on the first and second floors, are broad verandas where the patients may bask in the sunshine or enjoy the cool evening breeze.

The treatment and methods used at this Sanitarium are the best known to medical science and anything past the experimental stage, such as hydrotherapy, electrotheraphy, etc. Other classes of treatments are: fomentation to spine, stomach, liver, much used in the cure of alcoholic excessses. Drugs are seldom, if at all, used.



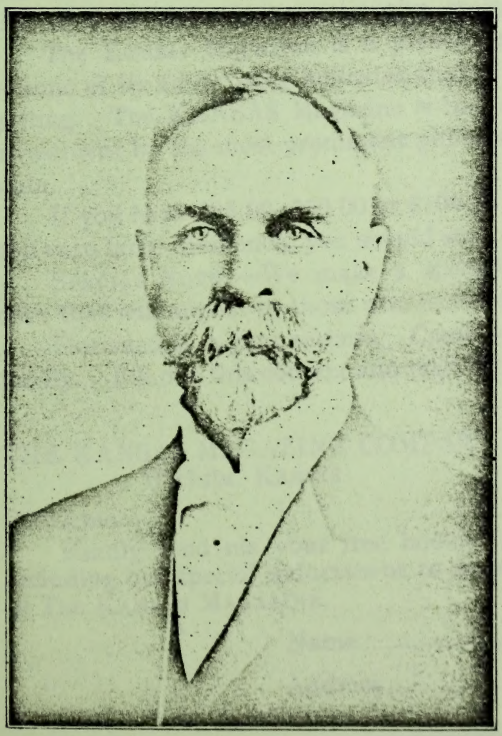
T. S. Dock, Business Manager Kansas Sanitarium

The diet is exemplary. No meats or animal fats or acids of any kind are used, and all the cooking is done in vegetable oils.

The requirements for admission as nurses in The Kansas Sanitarium are very exacting. Three years training is required, including a thorough course in cooking.

The Kansas Sanitarium is one of the sixty sanitariums of the Seventh Day Adventists, which are conducted in England, Denmark, Germany, Norway, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, India, Natal, Argentina, and North America. All these institutions are under the direction of A. G. Daniels, D. D., Washington, D. C.

The Wichita branch is under the capable management of T. S. Dock, who has had 16 years experience as a professional nurse, having graduated from the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan. M. B. Monsen, B. S., M. D., Ph. G., of 15 years experience with this denomination's sanitariums, is medical superintendent. Mrs. T. S. Dock is matron and superintendent of nurses, and Miss Naomi L. Small is head nurse.



A. G. Daniels, D. D., Washington, D. C., President of General Conference Seventh Day Adventists

Send To-day for Our Free Booklet

"Profits in the Publishing Business"

It tells in facts and figures of the immense profit and income of a great and growing industry.

The publishing business, and especially Magazine publishing, is rapidly becoming one of the most extensive and lucrative in America. The American people are turning more and more for their literary recreation, for their information on topics of the day, for their very opinions,—to the magazines. This means a rapid and continuous growth for the magazine publishing business.

There is a great movement toward the establishing of state magazines. During the last five years, one dozen state magazines have been founded. This movement is prompted by state pride and state loyalty. A magazine is better equipped in every respect than any other class of publication to represent a state. It is printed in better form and on better paper than other periodicals and its writers have ample time, each month, to prepare their articles carefully and to write them in an attractive style.

The Kansas Magazine is a pioneer among the state magazines, and the volume of its advertising indicates that it is leading them all in actual business getting. The KANSAS Magazine is backed, endorsed and recommended as an investment by the most prominent publishers and business men of the Sunflower state.

If you have $25.00, $50.00 or $100.00 or more to invest where it will be safe and earn large dividends, you should send at once for our booklet.

SPECIAL NOTE:—We make a special combination stock and subscription offer that will appeal to those who have only a small amount to invest.

Our success is your success. Come with us and join the KANSAS MAGAZINE family. Fill out this coupon and mail it to-day.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY,
Wichita, Kansas.

Gentlemen:

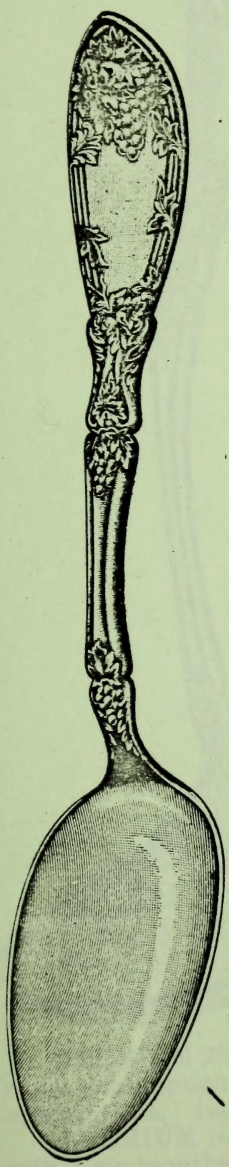
Kindly send me your free booklet on Profits in the Publishing Business, including our special inducement to subscribers. I am interested in the success of The KANSAS MAGAZINE.

Name.....

Address.....

BEAUTIFUL SILVERWARE ABSOLUTELY FREE

We have been able to make special arrangements with a large silverware company, whereby we are able to offer a large list of beautiful pieces of silverware free, with subscriptions to the "Kansas Magazine." This is genuine Rogers silverware, very beautifully finished and hand burnished, and will more than please the most discriminating persons. No finer or nicer looking ware can be purchased at any price. In ordinary daily family use such pieces as spoons, knives, and forks, etc., will wear from eight to ten years before the plate begins to wear through, and the fancy pieces, such as sugar shells, butter knives, and cream ladles will never wear through. With every subscription for one year, we are able to offer you a premium worth $1.50 or more. Why not subscribe now, taking advantage of these offers, and get double value for your money. If your subscription has not yet expired, send your subscription anyway, and we will extend it for whatever period you subscribe. Tell your friends about these special offers. You will do them a favor, and help us make the "Kansas Magazine" the best, biggest and most interesting magazine ever published.



When ordering premiums always state whether you want bright or French Gray finish ware. French Gray is very popular now days.

PREMIUM No. 1. Six La Vigne tea spoons, either bright or French Gray finish, full size and weight. Regular retail value $2.00. Given with one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine, at the regular price of $1.50. Include 10c to pay postage on spoons.

PREMIUM No. 2. One dozen La Vigne tea spoons, same as described above. Given with a two year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $3.00. Include 20c to pay postage on spoons.

PREMIUM No. 3. Six large, or table spoons, La Vigne pattern, full size and weight, regular retail value $3.25. Given with a two year's subscription to the "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $3.00. Include 18c to pay postage on spoons.

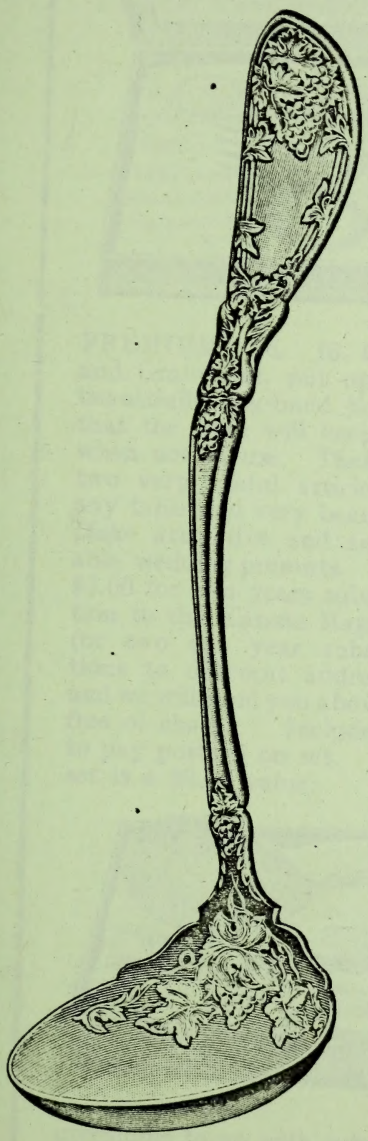
PREMIUM No. 4. Three table spoons, La Vigne pattern, Given with a one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular rate of $1.50. Include 10c to pay postage on spoons.

PREMIUM No. 5. Six La Vigne coffee spoons, full size and weight, given with a one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 10c to pay postage on spoons.

Every Housewife Can Have Beautiful Silverware

This ware is very beautiful for wedding or birthday gifts. Anyone receiving this ware would be more than pleased.

PREMIUM No. 7. Cream Ladle, in a very beautifully lined box. Retail value $1.50. Given free with a year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 5c to pay postage on ladle.

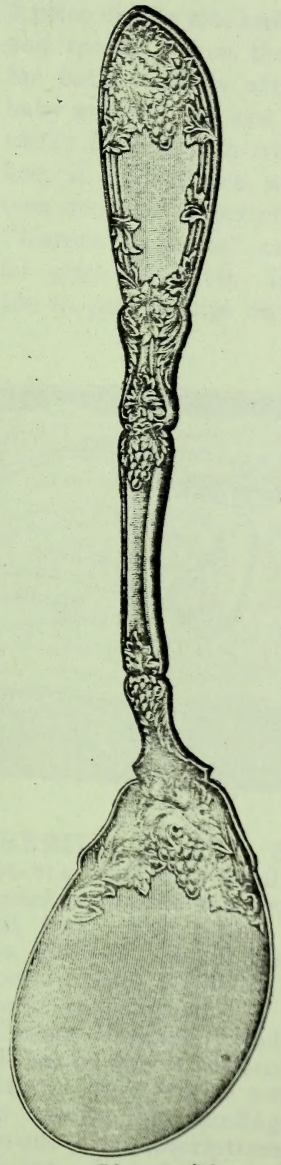


PREMIUM No. 8. Gravy Ladle, put up in a beautifully silk lined box, full size, weight, and fine finish. Given with a year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 8c to pay postage on ladle.

PREMIUM No. 9. Cold Meat Fork, large, in a beautiful silk lined box. Given with a year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at the regular price of $1.50. Include 8c to pay postage.

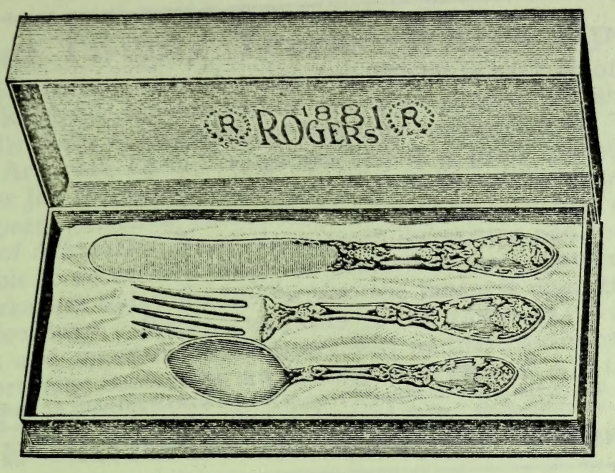
PREMIUM No. 10. Pickle Fork, long, in beautiful lined box, full size and weight. Given with one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 5c to pay postage on fork

PREMIUM No. 11. Butter Knife and Sugar Shell (see illustration) beautifully lined box. Full size and weight. Given with a one year's subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $1.50. Include 10c to pay postage on set. This set generally retails at $2 and is worth it.



PREMIUM No. 12. Six full size forks, La Vigne pattern. Given with one year's subscription at the regular price of $3.00. Or given with two one year subscriptions. Include 18c to pay postage on forks.

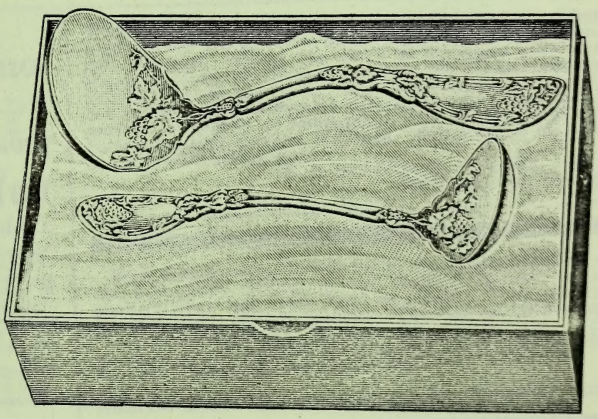
PREMIUM No. 13. La Vigne sugar shell, in beautiful silk lined box. Given with a six months subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of 75c. Include 8c to pay postage.

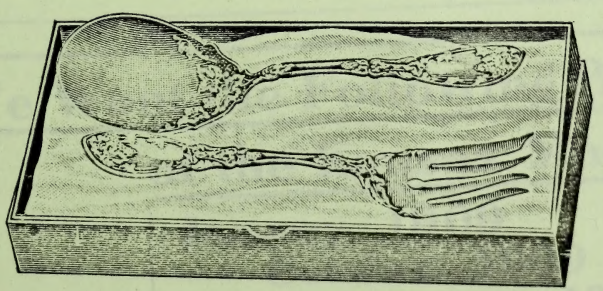


Don't Forget Baby

PREMIUM No. 15. La Vigne 3 piece child's set, knife, fork and spoon. Just the thing for baby. Most attractive baby set you ever saw. Beautifully lined box in which to keep it. Given free, with fifteen months subscription to "Kansas Magazine" at regular price of $2.00. Include 15c to pay postage on set.

PREMIUM No. 16. Cream and Gravy Set, put up in a beautifully silk-lined box, so that the ware will keep nice when not in use. These are two very useful articles for any table and very beautiful. Make attractive and acceptable wedding presents. Send $3.00 for two years subscription to the Kansas Magazine (or two one year subscriptions to different addresses) and we will send you above set free of charge. Include 15c to pay postage on set. This set is a $3.00 value.





PREMIUM No. 17. Salad Set, in a beautifully lined box, consisting of large salad spoon and fork. This would cost you $4.00 at a retail jewelry store. Send $3.00 for two years subscription to the "Kansas Magazine" and we will make you a present of this set. Or it will be sent to any person for sending us two one year subscriptions, no premiums to go with subscriptions other than above set. Include 20c to pay postage on set.

The above offers are good on renewals. Avail yourself of these magnificent premium offers to-day.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE

Sub. Dept. 410-412 E. William St., Wichita, Kansas

After Twenty Years---Where Opportunity Lies

Returning as a modern Rip Van Winkle to the land of the Ozarks in Arkansas, **Opie Read,** the famous author, sees a remarkable industrial development, which he tells about in **The National Magazine** for September. **W. R. Lighton,** author of "An Arkansas Farm," rings the bell in a pithy sketch of its resources. And **Editor Joe Mitchell Chapple,** who personally visited drainage projects, rice farms and peach orchards, carries the reader on an intimate excursion into every section of Arkansas. From these carefully written and conclusive articles you will be able to accurately judge for yourself of the opportunity for profit that exists in Arkansas today for the farmer, the business man, the manufacturer and the horticulturist. WHAT ARKANSAS TRUCK FARMS PAY will interest you. Get the facts and sound conclusions reached in these authoritative articles on where opportunity lies—**"The Awakening of Arkansas"** will tell you.

Send 15 two-cent stamps for 3 months' subscription, which includes all above, together with a correct 3-color map of Arkansas. Copy of "Dear Old Songs," eighty selections, given FREE with this offer.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Massachusetts

Be a DOCTOR of Mechano-Therapy

The Recognized Method of Drugless Healing



$3000 to $5000 a Year

WE TEACH YOU BY MAIL

In a few months you can begin practicing Mechano-Therapy—an elevating and highly paid profession for men and women. Simpler and more comprehensive than Osteopathy. Endorsed by physicians. A fascinating study, easy to learn. We teach you by mail or in class and guarantee success—an ordinary education and our course of instruction fits you for a professional life. Authorized diplomas to graduates. Work absorbingly interesting. Vast opportunities for social and financial betterment. Special terms now. Write today for our 84-page illustrated prospectus—**free.**

American College of Mechano-Therapy, Dept. 170, 120-122 Randolph St., Chicago

WANTED:—Wide-awake solicitors and capable general agents to sell new and winning invention for bath, shampoo and massage. Takes the place of expensive over-head showers costing $45.00 to $100.00 to install, yet sells for only $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00. Transforms any bath room and has complete attachments for country homes without bath-rooms. Absolutely no competition. We protect territory. Sales-compelling samples furnished. Write today for new and successful selling plan.

E. H. SELECMAN, Sales Mgr.
609 Monroe St., Chicago

FOR SALE:—One 25 Vol. Set of Wanamaker Edition of the Historian's History of the World. Illustrations of photogravеurs and from hand paintings. Positively the greatest work ever published. This set is handsomely bound in buckram and sells the world over for $58. This set entirely new, volumes never opened. Can be had for $35 cash. Greatest snap ever offered.

Address Dept. K, Kansas Magazine, Wichita, Kan.

We Want the Following Back Numbers of the Kansas Magazine

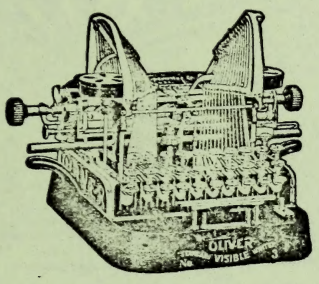
January, 1909
October, 1909
February, 1910
April, - 1910

We will forward your subscription 3 issues for single issues of the above.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE COMPANY
Wichita, Kansas

This Perfect Oliver Typewriter at Half Price and Ten Months to Pay

Think of it! A high-grade, $100.00 visible writer—*The Regular Standard Model No. 3 Oliver*, complete with metal case, base board, tools, etc.—not a shop worn or damaged machine, but each and every one *guaranteed to be perfect*—as perfect as any one ever sold—for $50.00.



Every Office Should Have This Typewriter. Every professional or business man should have one whether he employs a stenographer or not. If you are now renting a machine it will pay you to replace it with one of these.

Every Home Should Have This Typewriter. In this day a typewriter is really a necessary piece of household furniture.

The **Oliver** is the most highly perfected machine on the market, the most substantial, and will stand roughest treatment—the kind that would make junk of any other machine. It is a visible writing machine.

We Will Send You This Machine on 5 Days Trial—$5 Down, $5 a Month

Remember you take absolutely no chance in ordering one. *If for any reason you do not wish to keep it—send it back at our expense.* If you wish to keep it, send us $5 then, and $5 each month thereafter for nine months; then the typewriter is yours.

By making you the sole judge whether you wish to keep the machine after you have seen and tested it, we save the heavy expense of sending a salesman to see you. It is only by saving this expense that we are able to sell you one of these machines at *half price.* You benefit by ordering of us *direct.*

We have only a limited number of these machines to dispose of, so don't wait until they are all gone, but fill out the coupon, give us three references, and send it in TODAY. This advertisement may never appear again.

NOTE—If you desire any other make of Typewriter, it will pay you to write us about it. We probably will be able to sell you one at a lower price and on better terms than you could obtain elsewhere. We also furnish supplies for all makes of typewriters, at low prices.

TYPEWRITER SALES CO.
42 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I accept your special offer of a Model No. 3 OLIVER Standard Typewriter for $50.00. Send me one of these typewriters f. o. b., Chicago. It is understood that I may try the machine for five days. If entirely satisfactory, I agree to remit $5 within five days of receipt, and pay the balance in nine monthly installments of $5 each. If the typewriter does not come up to my expectation in every way, I reserve the right to return it immediately without incurring any obligation on my part. Title of the machine to remain in your name until the machine is fully paid for.

Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

State .....

To be shipped by .....Express

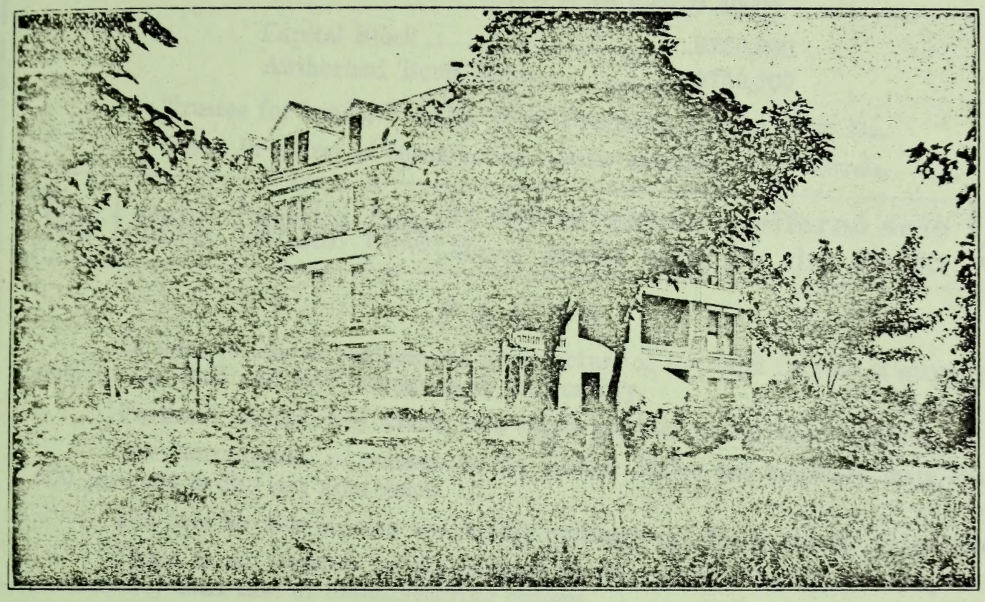
References .....
Two color ribbon attachment $1.50 extra

Mark Your Envelope—

The Typewriter Sales Co.
42 Dearborn St., Oliver Desk, Chicago

THE KANSAS SANITARIUM

A Restful Retreat for Both Medical and Surgical Cases



A Home of Health, Lighted by Electricity and Steam Heated

¶ Among the remedial agents employed are Hydratics in many forms Electric light Baths, Electricity, The X-Ray, Massage, Manuel Sweedish Movements, and a liberal and carefully regulated dietary. 25 trained male and female nurses administer the Hydrotheraputic measures under direction of medical superintendent and a special one furnished if desired. Are you seeking Health or Rest. If so, write for our booklet. It will tell you how and where to find it. Address **KANSAS SANITARIUM. Wichita, Kansas.**

We Have Scholarships for Sale

¶ In two of the best Business Colleges in the entire Middlewest. Young man, or young woman, if you want a thorough business education, write us at once. We can save you some money on your tuition, besides giving you the advantage of the best available institutions. Write to-day. :::: :::: :::: ::::

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Wichita, Kansas

THE ARKANSAS CITY PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF KANSAS

Capital Stock $750,000
Authorized Bond Issue.....$750,000

Trustee for bonds, Fidelity Trust Company, Kansas City, Mo.

Plant in course of construction—Daily capacity, 2500 barrels.

The Careful Investor Asks { Is the investment offered safe ? / How great will be the Profit ?

FACTS

In total volume of business the manufacture of Portland Cement is surpassed only by the steel and fuel industries of the country.

Portland cement, like wheat, is a staple product in universal demand.

The consumption of cement in the United States has increased more than 600 per cent in the last nine years.

The uses for this product are rapidly multiplying; this is the age of concrete.

There is no business in the country having more elements of safety and permanency than that of manufacturing cement.

This business is stable and very profitable; failures are almost unknown.

The Arkansas City Portland Cement Company offers its 7 per cent Twenty Year Sinking Fund Gold Bonds at par with a stock bonus. The company, while building its cement plant, has an income through its crushed rock business sufficient to pay all *fixed charges including interest on its outstanding bonds.* Its properties are unsurpassed by any other in quantity, quality and location of materials. Its capitalization is very conservative considering the size and character of its plant. The investment offered is both safe and profitable.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

W. H. HUME.....Vice-President Security State Bank, Arkansas City, Kansas
GEO. T. WALKER.....of the Jackson-Walker Coal & Material Co., Wichita, Kan.
WM. BARBER.....Capitalist, Anthony, Kansas
F. TRIMPER.....Director Security State Bank, Arkansas City, Kansas
GEO. H. PARKER.....of the Jackson-Walker Coal & Material Co., Wichita, Kan.
V. E. CREIGHTON.....Secretary and Treasurer The Savings Investment Co., Arkansas City, Kansas
VANTON O. FOULK .....Secretary

It will pay to investigate. Write for prospectus and full particulars.

THE ARKANSAS CITY PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

111 West Fifth Avenue Arkansas City, Kansas



A Soft sponge,
A little water, and

The Zona Face Pomade

Will give YOUR complexion that clear, healthy tone that refinement of appearance, so much desired, so difficult to obtain by other means

You will be delighted with the results. **It is not obtrusive,** gives no hint of its presence, no suggestion of the artificial. **It is economical,** requires but little, cannot spill or muss. **Its effects are lasting.** Applied before leaving home, there's no need to worry as to your appearance during the most trying evening.

Why not give the **POMADE** a trial? If it does not fulfil every claim, if it does not please you so well that you will continue to use it, your money will be promptly refunded.

Made in three shades, to suit all complexions

Flesh, White and Brunette

If shade is not specified we send Flesh

THE ZONA TOILET CO., Wichita, Kans. Date.....

Gentlemen—Enclosed find 50c for which send me one jar of **Zona Face Pomade** .....color. If for any reason I am not pleased with the goods after thorough trial, you agree to refund my money on request.

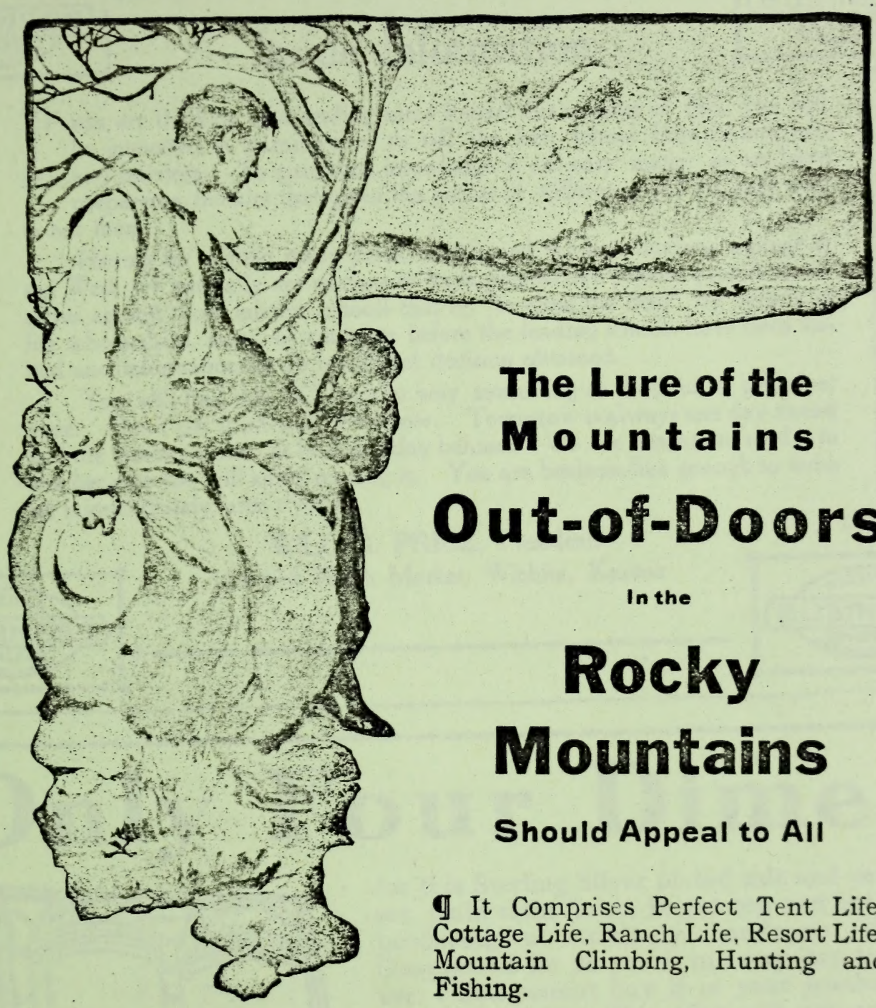
Name.....

Address.....

The Zona Toilet Company

Makers

Wichita, - - - Kansas



The Lure of the Mountains

Out-of-Doors

In the

Rocky Mountains

Should Appeal to All

¶ It Comprises Perfect Tent Life, Cottage Life, Ranch Life, Resort Life, Mountain Climbing, Hunting and Fishing.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad

"The Scenic Line of the World"

Reaches all the Resorts of COLORADO
UTAH *and* NEW MEXICO

Of All Transcontinental Routes the Most Attractive

Write S. K. HOOPER, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo., for Illustrated Books

WICHITA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Inside Information

IF you are thinking of attending some school this summer or fall, you will be interested in learning how to tell the best school from its imitators and inferiors. To gain such knowledge is an easy matter as we have prepared a booklet that gives the points of difference and an easy way to test them.

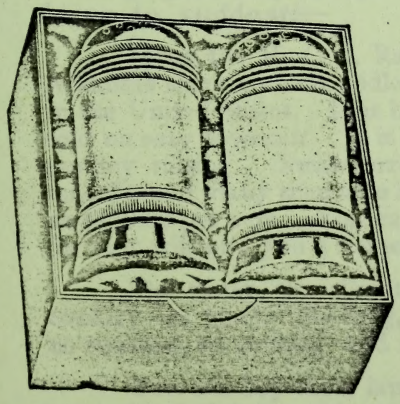
Having for a great many years, maintained the best business college in the West, we naturally are anxious to have prospective patrons protect themselves against those inferior schools that try "to close the deal" by means of life scholarships, notes, or contracts before the leading schools have been visited and information for an intelligent decision obtained.

You will find this "K" booklet very interesting so drop us a postal at once. Don't put it off until tomorrow. Tomorrow is always one day ahead and the tomorrow-man at least one day behind. We are anxious to send it to you because you will enjoy reading it. You are business-like enough to write for it immediately, aren't you?

WILL G. PRICE, President.
114-116 North Market, Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Only Four Dimes

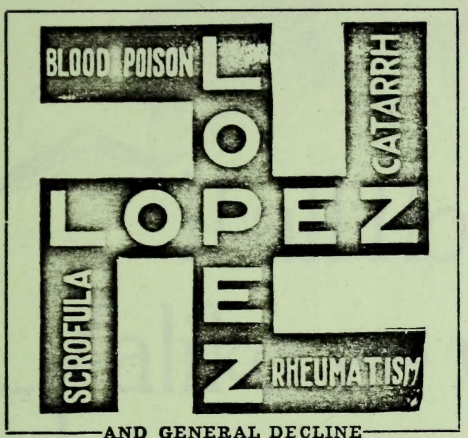


for this Sterling Silver plated salt and pepper set, plain satin finish, bright top and bottom, producing a strikingly handsome effect. Guaranteed for 20 years, in every day family use. You cannot buy it of your jeweler for less than $1.25. This offer will not appear again. We make this offer to convince you that we can and do furnish silverware for one half what you would pay a jeweler. If you don't say this is the biggest bargain you ever saw we will refund your money, together with postage you pay in writing us. If you do not have the four dimes at hand, send 42c in stamps. The set will be sent you, charges prepaid, together with our large illustrated catalogue, showing a large assortment of silverware, and quotes wholesale prices. AGENTS Wanted. An agent of ordinary ability can make $18.00 to $25.00 per week selling our ware. Write for prices and terms.

INDIANA SILVER COMPANY
8-14 State Street - - MARION, INDIANA, U. S. A.

SICK PEOPLE

I Will Bring You Good Luck



AND GENERAL DECLINE

AND CURES WHAT AILS YOU. TRY IT.

30 Days Course **$5.00** For Booklet Call or Write

LOPEZ REMEDY COMYANY

DEP'T "K"

313 East Douglas WICHITA, KANSAS

Ind. Phone 634
115-117 South Topeka

RATES: $1.00 and $1.50 Per Day

Hotel Acacia

A New Modern Hotel
Exclusively for Transients

Elegantly Equipped With Private and Public Baths Hot and Cold Water Electric Light and Telephone in Every Room

42 ROOMS

S. J. SMALLEY
Proprietor

WICHITA, KANSAS

Married? Going To Be?

Then YOU need the scientific knowledge and valuable in formation contained in **The Biology of Sex,** by Gideo Dietrich. It will make **Your** marriage a life-long hone moon. Sent prepaid, 50c (cash or stamps). Send for copy **TODAY—Now. WE sell the books YOU wan**

THE EDUCATIONAL PRESS, Inc.

15 Wentworth Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL

Do You Want a Home?

If you do, let us help you find it. Here is what we have to suggest:—

Along the K. C. S. Railway in southwest Missouri and Northwest Arkansas there are many idle acres of the most fertile and productive land in the United States. It is being divided into 5, 10 and 20 acre farms and sold on *easy payments*. It is exceptionally well adapted to fruit truck and poultry raising. Strawberries, apples and poultry are the big money makers, and many men who have located on these lands have made as high as $450.00 per acre. You can do the same. The money you are paying for rent will buy you a home.

The water, the climate and the general health conditions of the country are ideal. No long, cold winters; no extreme heat in summer; no swamps; no malaria, and no mosquitoes.

You can buy these lands at from $15 to $25 per acre. Write us for more detailed information and your letter will receive careful attention.

☞Write me today.

S. G. WARNER,
G. P. A., K. C. S. Ry.,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

If all flours were alike we would be foolish to advertise

But there is a difference

If you want a flour with the true baking qualities you have no choice it must be

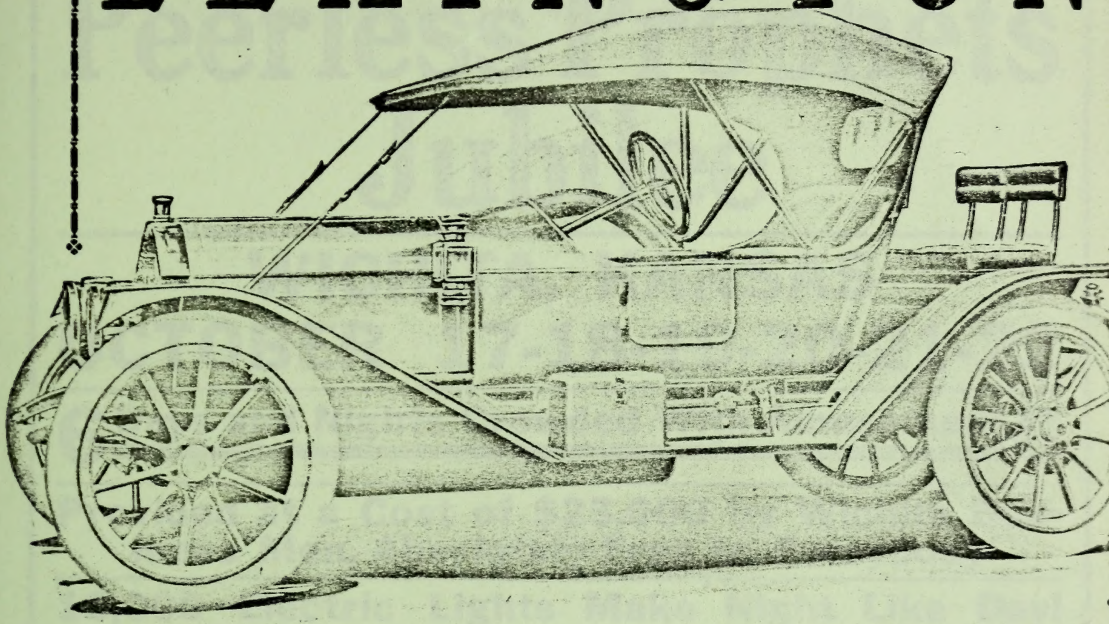
Wichita's Best



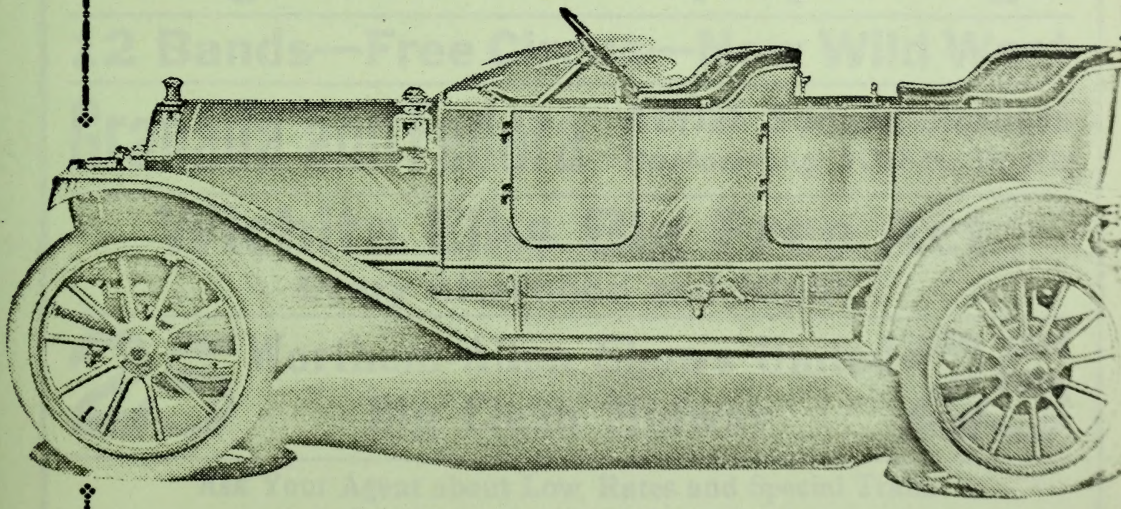
Kansas Mill Co
Wichita, U.S.A


KANSAS
MAGAZINE
September 15c October

LEXINGTON



Roadster Complete - - - - - - -	$1850
Torpedo Touring Car Complete - - - -	$2000
Touring Car, 120-inch Wheel Base Complete -	$1850



R. G. KIRKWOOD
DISTRIBUTER
Kansas and Oklahoma
137 N. Market St. WICHITA, KANSAS

Wichita's Big Free Show!

Peerless Prophets Jubilee

WICHITA, KANSAS
OCTOBER 17-18-19-20-21-22

6 Days and Nights Crowded With Amusement 6

Provided at a Cost of $25,000 by Wichita Business Men, Absolutely Free to Everybody

10,000 Electric Lights Make Night Like Day!

10 Magnificent Parades, Day and Night

12 Bands—Free Circus—New Wild West

Granada and Fedora Aerial Sensationalists Performing 100 ft. in Air

Wichita Elks Big Free Act
Every Afternoon and Night

25 Worthem-Allen Shows United Big Clean Midway **25**

Ask Your Agent about Low Rates and Special Trains
Get ready to Come and Stay all Week

Ask the Traveling Men—They Know!

PEERLESS PROPHETS JUBILEE

WICHITA, KANSAS, OCTOBER 17-18-19-20-21-22

WICHITA'S BIG FREE SHOW

6---Whirlwind Days and Nights---6

12 Bands---10,000 electric bulbs turn night into day

MONDAY---Jubilee Day---Sensational dedication of week to King Mirth. Prominent speakers. Grand illumination. Lots of music.

TUESDAY---Firemen's Day---Morning; the Zoo parade. Night; sensational fire run.

WEDNESDAY---Fraternal Day---Afternoon; regally magnificent Fraternal pagent. Night; free circus at fair grounds.

THURSDAY---Wichita Day---Morning; 2500 school children in fancy drills and marches. Afternoon; free circus at fair ground. Night; Fiery Fiesta Floats Pageant, most sensational ever shown on streets.

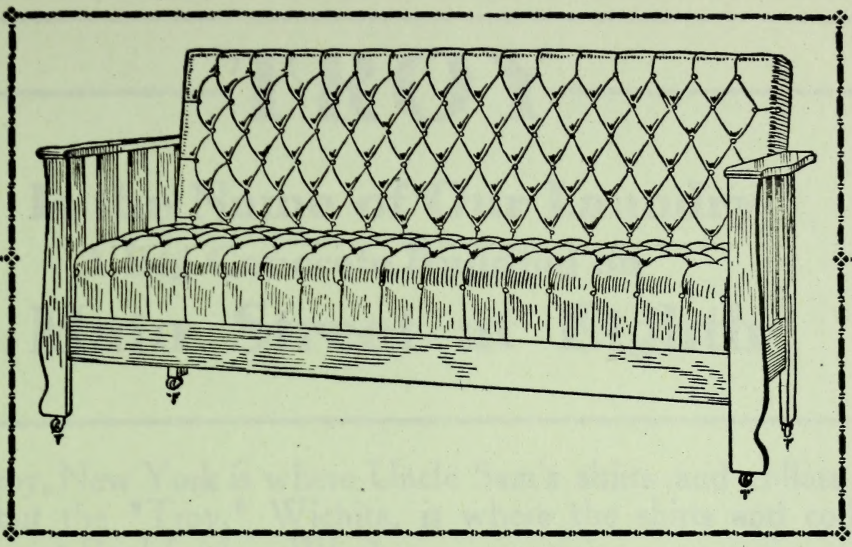
FRIDAY---Circus Day---Morning; monster industrial parade. Afternoon; Moore-Paugh wild west show at fair grounds. Night; Wichita Lodge Loyal Order of Moose "Bum-Hug" circus parade.

SATURDAY---Traveling Men's Day---Kansas traveling men have devised the hottest finish ever planned for a week of festivity; ask any of them about it. Afternoon; Moore-Paugh wild-west show at fair grounds. Night; Masquerade Ball on street, free to all.

WICHITA ELKS SENSATIONAL FREE ACT---Granada and Fedora---Human Elephant performing 100 feet in air; every afternoon and night.

WORTHEM-ALLEN SHOWS UNITED will furnish carnival attractions; 25 big new clean midway shows and riding devices.

PEERLESS PROPHETS FREE INFORMATION BUREAU at your disposal, locates roomers, etc.



STOP! READ! ACT!

The Biggest Value ever shown in an Absolutely Guaranteed Automatic Bed Davenport

THE FRAME is solid oak, 7-inch front and 5-inch ends, and solid.

THE UPHOLSTERING is Genuine Morocolene—will not crack, split nor peel, under positive guarantee.

THE BED is full 4x6 feet, fitted with best grade springs and felt mattress.

THE CONSTRUCTION is the strongest, simplest, most durable and most easily operated ever shown. So simple a child can easily operate. A handsome piece of furniture with a comfortable bed concealed, and sells the world over for $50.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE $35.00

NO CHARGE FOR PACKING. FREIGHT PREPAID

J. O. GILBERT

Phone 683 **225-229 N. Main Street**

17 Years on North Main

TROY

Is the Name of Our Laundry

A Big Concrete Building on

Main Street at Eighth

Troy, New York is where Uncle Sam's shirts and collars are made, but the "Troy," Wichita, is where the shirts and collars come to get Real finish. Why?

¶ Because Our Laundry is the most fully equipped laundry in, around or about Wichita.

¶ Because our equipment consists of the best, latest and most modern machinery money can buy.

¶ Because our employees are thoroughly skilled in "Knowing How."

¶ Because Our Work is excelled by none.

¶ Because Our Prices are as cheap as the cheapest.

¶ Because Our Wagons go everywhere; no distance is too great; no bundle too small.

¶ Merely give us a Trial, and if Good work will keep you, then you'll be with us always.

Shirts 10 cents; Collars 2 cents
Family Washing 5 cents a pound

Call Market 1940

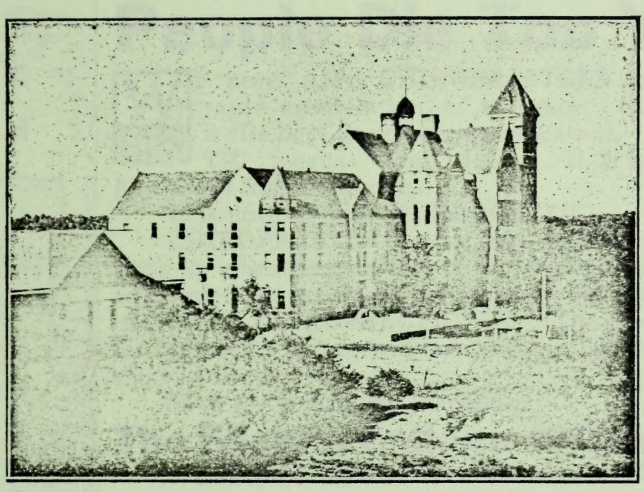
Troy Laundry

C. E. BURK, Manager

Main and Eighth Streets **WICHITA, KANSAS**

St. John's Military School

Salina, Kansas



THIS institution, founded in 1887, has adequate facilities for supplying the most complete training for boys, up to college age. It undertakes not only their mental development but physical culture and advancement in the qualities of character which belong to a good citizen. To this end it supplies an environment, whose influence is strong enough to impress the average boy with permanent results.

Only suitable boys are desired. St. John's does not undertake to deal with boys who need harsh discipline. Its method relies upon the honor and responsiveness of the boy.

Some military schools use machine methods. St. John's does not. While organized on military lines, and cultivating the ideals which are represented West Point, it nevertheless has the atmosphere of a family, and home-like fe tures which are much appreciated by the cadets.

The Officers of St. John's are as follows:

Rector, THE RT. REV. S. M. GRISWOLD, D. D.
Headmaster, THE REV. WM. N. COLTON, B. A.
Commandant, MAJOR PAUL A. BARRY, Second Infantry, N (U. S. A., retired)

For information apply to the Headmaster

REV. W. N. COLTON, Salina, Kansas

Superfluous Hair permanently removed by electricity. Hair Goods of every description.

MRS. KEITH, Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors

Phone 2824 157 North Main Street WICHITA, KANSAS



People Die Too Young

WE need more **CHIROPRACTORS** to prevent this rapid annihilation of the race. **CHIROPRACTIC** is the best drugless system extant. **CHIROPRACTIC** means "hand done." It is not Osteopathy, Faith, nor Magnetic cures.

It is nothing but **CHIROPRACTIC**.

CHIROPRACTIC removes the cause of abnormal functions by correcting defects of the nervous system through adjustment of the vertebrae of the spinal column. An education in **CHIROPRACTIC** will make you independent for life beside giving you one of the most dignified professions in the world.

Send for descriptive literature.

The Wichita College of Chiropractic
206 N. Main St. Wichita, Kansas

To Investors—In Mortgages or Land

DURING the last 5 years I have loaned over $200,000.00 in Comanche county, Kansas, and adjoining counties. Of these loans only 20% will be renewed. The loans in most cases being taken up before maturity. Titles are absolutely good and abstracts are furnished to date with reliable attorneys' certificates attached. Loans are based on 25% to 40% of assessed valuation with affidavit of County Clerk attached. I guarantee interest and principal and I have not a delinquent borrower on my books. I shall be pleased to represent Individuals or Corporations who wish to place money. Loans closed through any bank desired or through Peoples State Bank, Coldwater, Kansas, from whom you may get references. I also have bargains in farms and ranches from 160 acres to 6000 acres and up.

WRITE OR SEE

MARSHALL BARLOW, Coldwater, Kans.

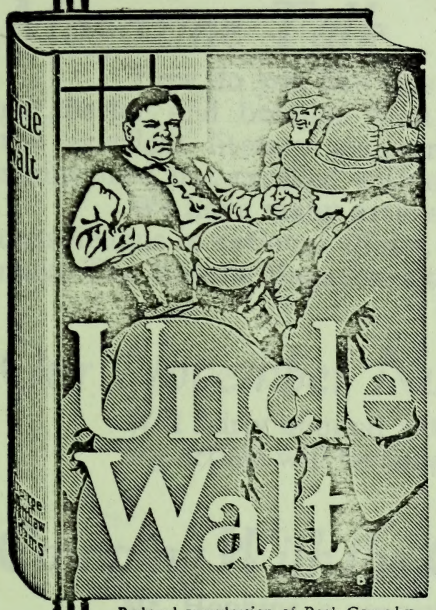
Right Up-to-Date

You will note that we have published a double number with this issue of the Kansas Magazine. This is done in order to get the subsequent issues upon the news stands at the same time other monthly publications appear. In other words, we are going to be right up-to date with the Kansas Magazine from this time forward. If you do not receive your copy by the first of the month bearing the date of issue notify us promptly.

If any subscriber is dissatisfied with our arrangement of combining the September and October numbers, we shall be glad to extend his subscription one month forward at the time of expiration.

The Kansas Magazine Co.

The Greatest Homeopathic Gloom Chaser of the Century



Reduced reproduction of Book Cover by Will Bradley, in 3 colors, 12mo. cloth

"Uncle Walt"

"The Poet Laureate of the American Democracy"
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE "Uncle Walt" book, for which a nation has been waiting for months and months, is ready. This is the first and only volume containing any of the original, inimitable Prose-Poems of Walt Mason in book form. Not for a hundred years has there arisen among us one whose "right-from-the-soil" lyre songs are so representative of the spirit of democracy — and each one done up in tin foil smile capsules, sugar-coated, and wholly according to the Pure Food Laws vouched for by one Wiley. In the next twelve-month the home without its "Uncle Walt" book will be a home in gloom indeed.

What Fra Elbertus Says:

"Walt shows you things in right proportion, corrects your perspective, and lends a right focus. His prose rhymes exercise your liver by making you laugh. Walt is full of wise saws, modern instances and prunes, and his wit burbles and gurgles like a Kansas creek where the bullheads gambol."

How to Earn Long Life and a Happy Hereafter

Ten million people a day read "Uncle Walt" as he sings his quaint prose rhymes in the press of the country. If you have never known him, know him now. See the nearest book seller without fail. Ask for the beautiful "Uncle Walt" book containing nearly 200 of Walt's most famous rhymes.

This book is a beautiful work, with cover in several colors by Will Bradley, frontispiece by the famous McCutcheon, and illustrated by William Stevens. The body is printed on high grade paper, deckle-edge and gilt top — 200 pages of humor, pathos, and side-widening what not. *Price, $1.25 net.*

If your book seller does not have "Uncle Walt," send check or money order to the address below, and it will be delivered to you, carriage prepaid, by the quickest transportation.

George Matthew Adams, Publisher
Peoples Gas Building **CHICAGO**

November Number

Magazine Talk

How do you like this issue of the Kansas Magazine? Bigger, better, and broader than ever, isn't it? We assure you that the excellent literary standard of this number will not only be maintained but excelled with every subsequent issue.

We have many articles of live interest promised from men conspicuous in national affairs. In fact it is our aim and purpose to make The Kansas Magazine a telling factor both in state and nation.

Our November Number

Will fairly abound with live, up-to-the-hour reading. Every article will be timely and full of human interest.

Camping With the Citizen Soldier

By Z. G. Hopkins

Mr. Hopkins, a newspaper correspondent of national reputation, will write about the "inside" life of our citizen soldiers during their great annual encampment and maneuvers at Ft. Riley. This excellent sketch will be profusely illustrated with photographs taken especially and solely for The Kansas Magazine. But few of our citizens realize the magnitude and importance of our own state encampment. Mr. Hopkins will tell all about it.

The Valley of Vision

By Myra Williams Jarrell

An interesting, but pathetic incident in the family life of Simon Morgan. As a writer of short stories, Mrs. Jarrell has few equals among western authors.

The Real Victor Murdock

By F. Dumont Smith

A remarkable delineation of one of the most conspicuous figures in national politics.

Kansas Magazine

Autoing in France

Senator F. Dumont Smith will continue his very interesting description of the "Chateau Towns" in South France as seen by a real Kansan en auto. The elaborate illustrations in Senator Smith's article in this issue forecast what is to follow.

The Cement Industry in Kansas

Mr. Vanton O. Foulk, a magazine writer and man of affairs, will contribute a very valuable article upon this important industry, showing the immense wealth represented by the great cement concerns of the Sunflower State.

Dr. S. J. Crumbine and His Work

By William R. Kercher

Mr. Kercher will tell our readers about the great work of the Kansas State Board of Health under the efficient direction of Dr. Samuel Jay Crumbine. This sketch is full of mighty interesting reading and valuable information.

A Day's Outing in Alaska

Mrs. A. L. Spaeth, a Kansan in Alaska, will tell of a delightful day's outing in far-away Alaska. This sketch will be illustrated with some realistic views of camp life.

A Music Department

Beginning with our November number Mr. Rafael Navas will conduct a Music Department for our readers. Mr. Navas is a teacher and concert pianist of deserved eminence. Although pre-eminently a musician he is a successful lecturer and a forceful writer as well. His department will be of great value and interest to students and teachers. Extensive announcement of this department is made elsewhere in this issue.

Boston Store

"Peerless Prophet Visitors"---
Welcome! Thrice Welcome!!

Tell Your Friends --We'll Meet You at the BOSTON STORE Wichita's Shopping Center

¶ Out-of-town visitors during the "Peerless Prophets" Festivities (Oct. 17-22) are invited to make this store their headquarters. The most easily accessible place in all Wichita, as cars from all parts of the city stop at our doors. Welcome to this city, and to our store. The conveniences of this store are yours---use our telephone---our Rest Room for the Ladies---City Directory---Bundle Checking Station---and a convenient place to meet your friends---and for those who wish to combine business with pleasure, the complete readiness of Autumn Stocks presents a merchandise gathering of the highest order from which to make you selections. The outside of this great store will be handsome in its decorations; but the inside will be even more attractive, the broad roomy aisles, the rapid electric elevators allow easy access to every floor. Welcome! Thrice Welcome!! ¶ **Plan to visit "Wichita" and this store during "Peerless Prophets Week" (October 17th to 22nd.)**

"We Pay Freight or Express" on All Purchases Made by Out-of-Town Patrons.

IT PAYS TO TO FIGURE WITH

GILKESON---"THE BRICK MAN"

50,000,000 Brick Handled Annually

Can furnish ANYTHING in the line of BRICK

WRITE

THE LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLY CO.

217 E. First Street **WICHITA, KANSAS**

MARPLE THEATER
THE HOME OF THE ALUMINUM SCREEN

High Class Motion Pictures

No Pictures Shown that have ever been Shown in Wichita. ::-::

THE ALUMINUM SCREEN

makes the figures appear as if they were alive before you. None of the old time flicker and glare ::-::

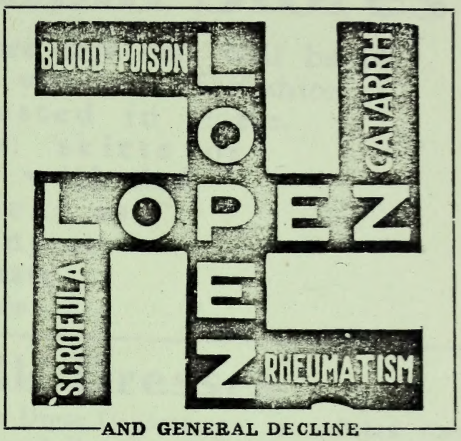
THE FAMILY THEATRE

We cater to Ladies and Children. No immoral or suggestive pictures shown. Meet Your Friends at the "Marple."

5c | Admission | 5c

SICK PEOPLE

I Will Bring You Good Luck



AND GENERAL DECLINE

AND CURES WHAT AILS YOU. TRY IT.

30 Days Course $5.00 For Booklet Call or Write

LOPEZ REMEDY COMYANY

313 1-2 East Douglas WICHITA, KANSAS

ESTABLISHED IN WICHITA 1884

Edward Vail & Co.

Jewelers

221 East Douglas Avenue
Wichita, Kansas

For over a quarter of a century the Leading Jewelers in Kansas

We carry most complete stock of

Diamonds Watches
Jewelry Silver
Cut Glass and
Ornamental Art Goods

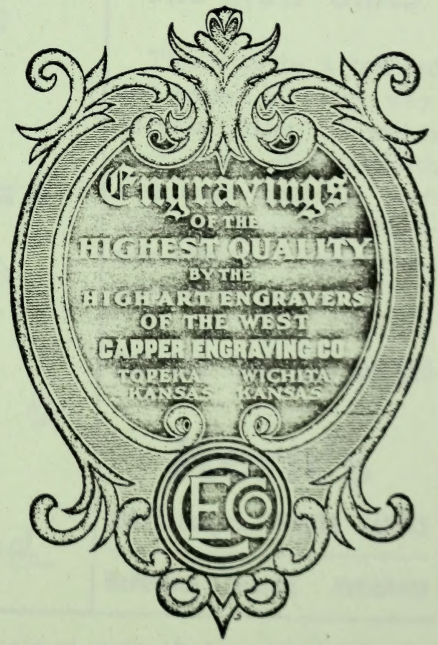
All kinds of Expert Repairing
Artistic Engraving

Scientific Opticians Eyes Examined Without Charge

We supplied the Silver Service to the State for the U. S. Battleship Kansas.

We are supplying the Trophy Cups for the Kansas Magazing Auto Run.

Edward Vail & Company



McPHERSON MARION HUTCHINSON WICHITA

Kern's Garment Stores

A visit to any Kern store this Fall will be of special interest to all women of Fashion. If you are interested in cloaks, suits, dresses, skirts or waists, you will find an excellent assortment at moderate prices

Beautiful Silk Dresses

A big showing of dresses can be seen in our Dress Department, in taffetas, messaline, and brocaded effects also in serges and Panamas. They are made in the very newest styles and by first-class tailors in the best way.

Prices: $15 $17.50 $19.75 $25 and $35

We do the Biggest Skirt business in Kansas because we have the Best Skirts

The New Coats

Fashion decrees this to be a coat season and just a look at the coats will convince you of its truth. Beautiful coats made of mannish mixtures and plaid back effects, also serges and broadcloth at very reasonable prices.

$10 $15 $20 $25 $35

Kern's

308 E. Douglas, WICHITA, KANSAS

McPherson Marion Hutchinson



The New Suits

This is to be a tailored suit season in every way. Jackets about 34 inches long made of broadcloth and rough materials, such as basket weave and sharkskin effects. Prices most reasonable.

$15 $20 $25 $35 and $50

Kern's

308 E. Douglas, WICHITA, KANSAS

McPherson Marion Hutchinson

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

The Kansas Magazine

Vol. 4 Nos. 4 and 5

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1910

THE CALL OF KANSAS (Verse)	Esther M. Clark	Back of Frontispiece
GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHINON		Frontispiece
MOTORING IN FRANCE Illustrations from Photographs.	F. Dumont Smith	3
KANSAS MAGAZINE SCENERY CONTEST		13
THE GOOD FIGHT (Story)	Jay E. House	15
STORY OF THE WILDERNESS (Verse)	J. L. Simpson	18
THE THRESHERMAN Illustrations from Photographs.	Henry Harbecke	19
COMPENSATION (Verse)	Mary Hall Davison	22
MAMMY (Story)	Harriet L. Ricards	23
ARIZONA RETURNS	Myra McDermott Stevenson	29
THE DROUGHT (Verse)	Clarence J. Martin	30
WHEN THE FLOOD CAME (Story)	Laura Alton Payne	31
I WISH (Verse)	Bruce MacLelland	34
TO COSTA RICA (Verse)	George Warburton Lewis	35
WESSIE LIVERS (Continued Story)	J. E. Torrance	36
FAIR WEATHER (Verse)	Ruth Huntoon	43
EARNING AN EDUCATION	A Co-Ed.	44
MEN AND THINGS	Nemo	49
MIDSEASON MAGIC (Verse)	F. L. Pinet	51
JOHN BROWN AND BORDER WARFARE	R. H. Sherar	52
SOME PRICKLY PEARS	Mack Cretcher	64
A STORY OF THE OLD DAYS	Walt Mason	65
GRANDMOTHERS DREAM (Verse)	M. D. Elledge	67
ROOSEVELT IN KANSAS Illustrations from Photographs.	Henry J. Allen	68
BOOK REVIEWS		72
IN THE WOODS (Verse)	Madison Cawein	73
OUR POINT OF VIEW	The Editor	74
PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT		75
AT DAWN (Verse)	George Francis Crary	76
TWICE TOLD TALES		77
INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART		79
MOTOR NEWS	James A Whitty	80
DODGE CITY	D. M. Morris	89

¶ Yearly subscription $1.50. Single copy 15c. We will not accept questionable advertising and we will thank our readers to furnish proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. Advertising rates on application. Forms close on tenth day of month prior to date of issue. New York office, 350 Broadway; James Ridge, Manager. W. W. Reed, Chicago Representative, Room 45, La Salle St. James Whitty, Southwestern Representative, Topeka, Kansas, and Kansas City, Mo. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts submitted. Entered at the Wichita postoffice as second class mail matter.

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD, President
W. Y. MORGAN, Vice President
CHAS. L. DAVIDSON, 2nd Vice-Pres.
D. A. GEIL, Secretary-Treasurer
F. DUMONT SMITH, Editor
LOUIS ALLEN, Manager

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
The Kansas Magazine Company
301-2-3 WINNE BLDG.
WICHITA, KANSAS

The Toggery

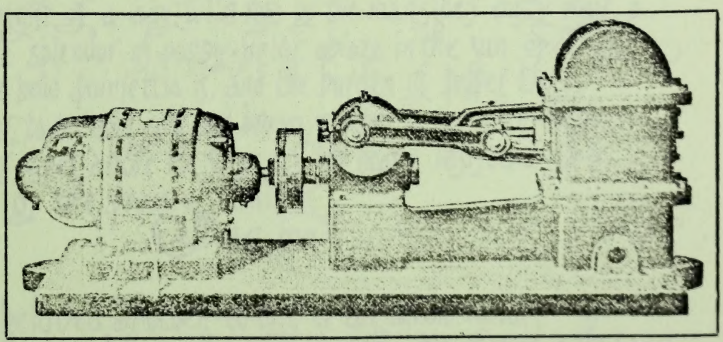
The Finest Exclusive Store in the West

Suits, Skirts, Coats, Jackets and Waists

Excellence without extravagance is expressed in these Garments

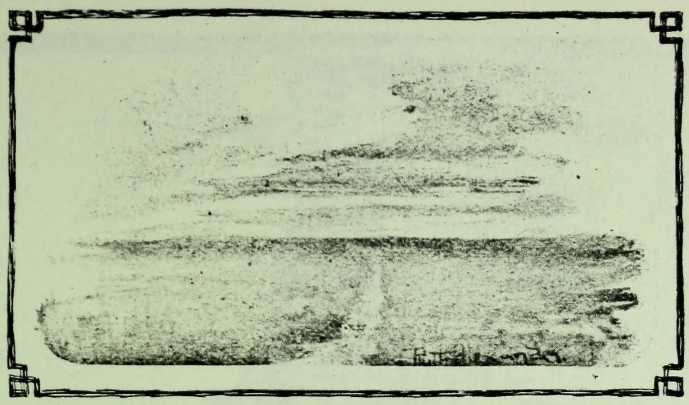
224 East Douglas Avenue

¶ An Electric Pump is an ideal system of providing individual and reliable water supply for the residence. It is simple and requires no attention. With the Electric Pump the cost of a plentiful supply of water is less than with any other system in use today. We install these pumps complete for our customers. Phone for our representative and he will explain the proposition in detail. :-: :-: :-: :-: :-: :-:



KANSAS GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

235 South Main Street :-: :-: :-: WICHITA, KANSAS



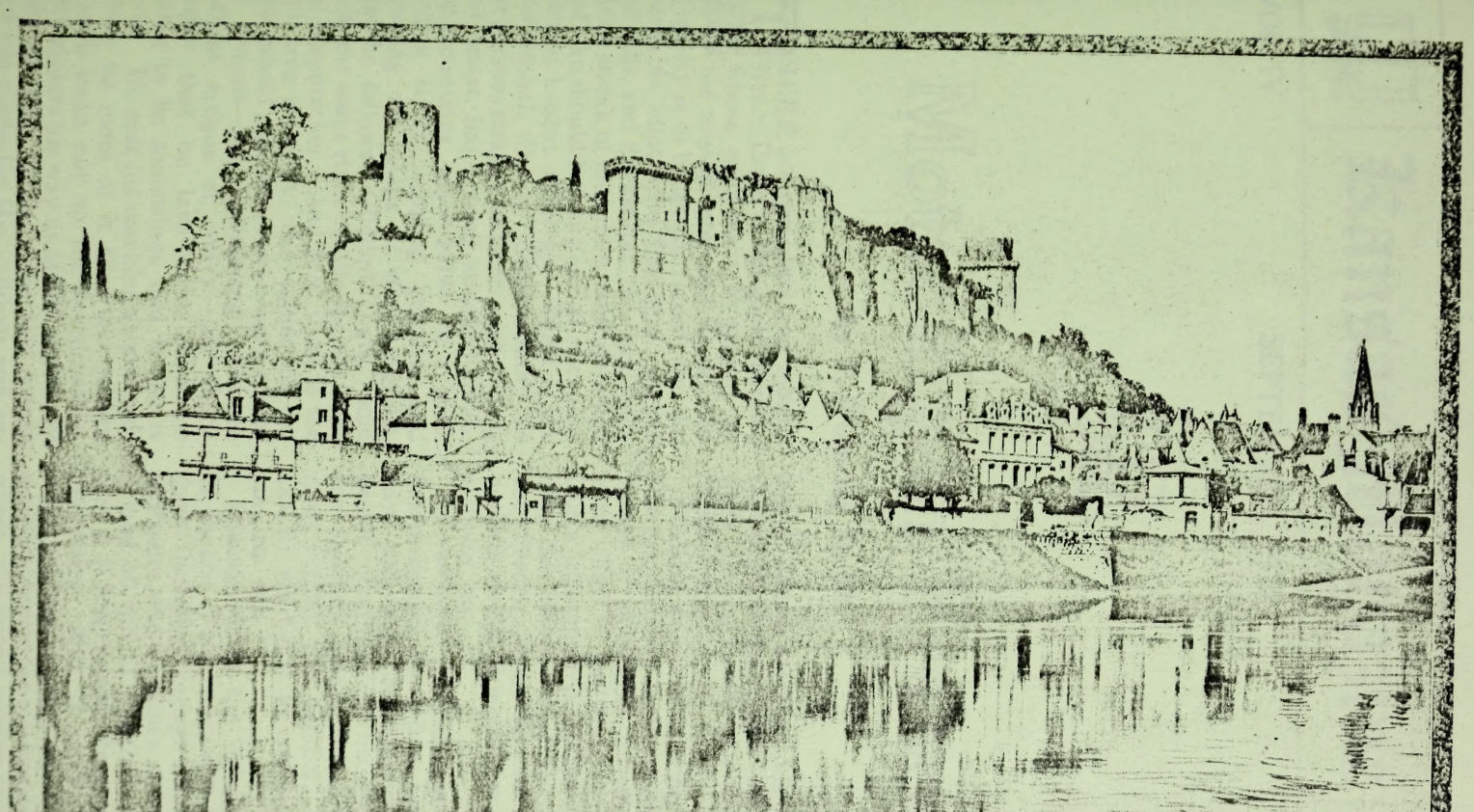
The Call of Kansas

By Esther M Clark

Surfeited here with beauty, and the sensuous-sweet perfume
Borne in from a thousand gardens and orchards of orange bloom;
Awed by the silent Mountains, stunned by the Breakers' roar—
The restless Ocean pounding and tugging away at the shore—
I lie on the warm sand beach and hear, above the cry of the sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me!

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, the fragrance of summer rains;
Nearer my heart than these mighty hills are the wind-swept Kansas plains;
Dearer the sight of a shy, wild rose by the roadside's dusty way
Than all the splendor of poppy-fields, ablaze in the sun of May.
Gay as the bold poinsettia is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown, is richer, to me, than these
And rising ever above the song of the hoarse, insistent sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me!

Kansas, beloved Mother, to-day in an alien land,
Yours is the name I have idly traced with a bit of wood in the sand.
The name that, sprung from a scornful lip, will make the hot blood start;
The name that is graven, hard and deep, on the core of my loyal heart.
Oh higher, clearer and stronger yet, than the boom of the savage sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me!



General View of the Chinon

Kansas Magazine

VOL. IV SEPTEMBER, 1910 NO. 3

Motoring in France

By F. Dumont Smith

THERE are motorists and motorists. There is the speed maniac whose enjoyment is gauged by the speedometer and whose idea of felicity is to break the record; the unspeakable idiot who frightens, maims and kills, and devastates the landscape with a streak of red and a noisome smell and who should be hung as fast as caught without benefit of clergy. There is the professional, who to "demonstrate" his car pursues strange ways through swamp and desert, has himself kodaked climbing mountains inaccessible to a goat, fording rivers, crossing glaciers, and climbing the steps of state capitols. Also he follows "Glidden Tours," and in divers ways risks his life for the bubble. Reputation. And then there is the real, true motorist, who values his car as he would a favorite horse—as a means of transit—for annihilating distance without fatigue or worry—the Magic Carpet that he lays down when he wishes to be somewhere and lo, he is there. He uses his machine as a friend, asking no more of it than lies within reason; looks not on the speedometer, but saunters his way at fifteen or twenty miles an hour through the fair scenes God has made for His children and returns refreshed, rested, with his memory full of Nature's beauty, his heart full of thankfulness for man's ingenuity and finds his car ready the next day for another trip.

I belong to the sane, wise, third class. The auto is not a freak to me—a handy means of suicide; it is just something with which to get over the earth's surface a little more delightfully than man ever did before. And so when I saw the French roads for the first time, nothing would do me but to try them in a motor car.

It was easy. In Paris you may hire a five-passenger up-to-date car for $27 a day and that includes everything—petrol, chauffuer and his board, and if the machine breaks down, the garage must furnish you another. You know exactly what it is to cost for every day you are out.

I decided to do the "Chateau Towns" of France, a trip southwest from Paris, down the Loire, through the storied land of France, Old Guinenne and Acquitaine, a land so full of romance and history that if it were a stony desert it would be interesting. But it holds besides the most beautiful castles in all Europe, a wealth of scenic beauty unsurpassed anywhere, the fairest garden spot in all the fair land of France.

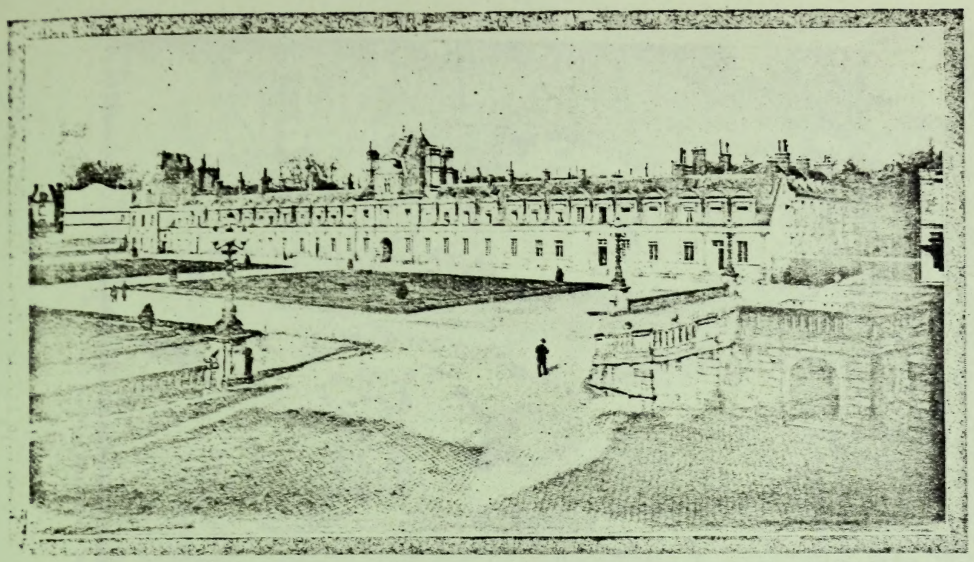


Forest of Fontainebleau

I was not wholly unprepared. F. and E. had been a year in Paris; they knew the language and the ways, the size of tips and hotel bills, and all the little tricks that embarrass the first-time tourist.

All this was in 1905, before the motor had become so common, although there is still a certain distinction in touring in your own car. But Paris could provide, and so on a Monday morning in early June we were at our Pension in the Rue dé Lubeck with the great red Panhard throbbing away, an excited crowd gathered to see us off. Madame Chevreaux with an enormous lunch basket, Louis hurling baggage into the tonneau, the fat proprietress of the Pattisserie across the street offering advice as to the route, a typical French crowd, every one good-natured, smiling, as much interested in wishing us *bon voyage* as though we had been their neighbors for a lifetime.

At last we were off, slipping noiselessly from the Rue de Lubeck down past the statute of George Washington that the Paris school children presented to the city with their centimes, into the Etoille with its wonderful vista of the Champs Elysees with the Tuilleries Gardens and the Louvre at the farther end; past the great facade of the Automobile Club, first of its kind in the world. Keeping still to the left bank we passed the Louvre, into the old "cite," at our right the great towers of Notre Dame and across the Seine the quaint facade of the Conciergerie, the old prison, built by Louis XII. This old part of Paris is like nothing else in the world. You step from modern Paris, gay, smiling, debonair into the Middle Ages. A house that is less than three hundred years old shrinks from sight ashamed of its paltry newness. The streets are narrow, winding and congested, and here we got the first test of our Chauffeur Muller. I had then not much experience with automobiles and it was marvelous to watch him thread his way through those ancient streets, stealing a foot here, slipping by a huge dray there, cutting in front of a cab, missing a pedestrian by an inch, creeping, drifting, sliding, always getting through somehow. He kept my heart in my mouth till we passed the ramparts. Here at the city gates was a queer ceremony. A gendarme stopped us and the petrol in our reservoir was carefully measured, a record made of it and a certificate given



General View of Palace of Fontainebleau

to Muller. For you must know that in addition to all the other taxes that Parisians pay, there is a heavy *octroi* or importation tax. Every cabbage and potato, every litre of wine and sack of flour that enters the gates of Paris pays a duty. Petrol is 20 cents a gallon outside the gate; 25 cents a gallon inside. The rest is *octroi*, so we start with just enough petrol to carry us beyond the ramparts and fill our tanks there.

At the city gates begins what was once the forest of Vincennes, the resort of robbers down to the very beginning of the Nineteenth Century, now a prosperous, busy suburb. Beyond Vincennes we got our first impression of French roads—the finest in the world. The good roads movement started in France in the time of Louis XIV., and there are still survivals here and there of the old "Pave" laid by his engineers, great slabs of stone—still sound but horribly rough. To-day the whole of France is covered with a thorough system of perfect roads. The Routes National, or state roads, are twenty-four feet wide, usually bordered by a double row of poplars. The Routes Departmental—what we would call county roads—equally good, but only sixteen feet wide. They are macadamized and kept in thorough repair. Every district has its steam roller and force of road-menders constantly at work. In a seven-hundred-mile trip we found hardly a defect; no dust, no mud. No city in America has finer pavements than these roads.

The first forenoon was through the Forest of Fontainebleau to the village and palace, twenty miles from Paris. This old forest has been Crown land for a thousand years, and has been strictly preserved ever since the first kings of France set it aside for a royal hunting ground. It has been preserved but not "improved." All of its original wildness has been retained. It is a real forest and parts of it are as wild as anything in America. I suppose there have been more pictures painted within its limits than any other spot in the world. It hides away here and there quaint villages, untouched by Time; sparkling little rivers, unexpected inns, and a thousand lovely spots, the hope and despair of artists. No one but a few like Millet and Rousseau, the founders of the Barbizons chool, have been able even to give an idea of its beauties.

We slipped down the long hill into



In the Forest of Fontainebleau. The most beautiful of all the Royal forests of France.

Fontainebleau just in time for *dejeuner*. The Continental meal system is all right when you get used to it. Rolls and coffee constitute the *petite dejeuner*—the little breakfast. At noon comes *grand dejeuner*—really lunch, six or seven courses, always with wine. Dinner at seven completes the day.

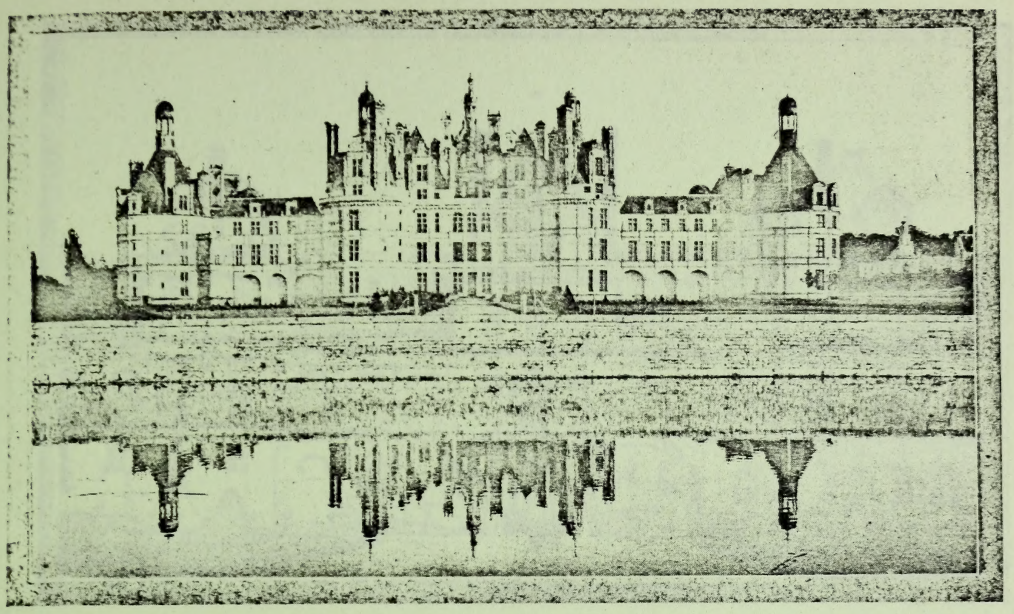
We breakfasted at the Hotel de Cardon Bleu, table d'hote, one long table with twenty or thirty guests. Here is the bill of fare; I give it because it is typical:

Delicious little country sausages, boiled crayfish, calf's head a la vinaigrette, stew of mutton and vegetables, beefsteak and potatoes, water-cress salad, clotted Normandy cream with sugar and wild strawberries; all for three francs fifty—70 cents—wine included. A quart bottle of red wine is set on one side of each plate and a quart of white wine on the other side and you may drink it all if you wish. We are in the wine country now and no one drinks water.

At the head of the table was a fine looking old Frenchman with a white moustache and imperial, the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button hole. He had evidently looked upon the wine cup that morning. He drank his quart of red wine and nearly all of his white wine. Toward the last he would go to sleep between courses and the waiter would set the next one before him and waken him to eat it quite as a matter of course. Breakfast finished, he made is way out of the dining-room, with the help of the wall and the chairs and went tranquilly to sleep with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. Outside of Paris the French are a temperate people; you rarely see any one drunk, but they consume enormous quantities of wine. The characteristic feature of a Paris cabman is his bulbous, warty, wine-red nose.

We spent an hour in the Palace, the favorite residence of the First Napoleon. His library is still preserved there intact, with an ancient globe showing Louisiana in 1803 over which the great Emperor must have pored before he sold that vast territory to Jefferson. We saw the table on which he signed his abdication and the grand staircase of Francis I. from which he took leave of his troops, the faithful remnant that had followed him in his last hopeless dash to Paris.

We had just come from Malmaison, the home of Josephine, and the contrast



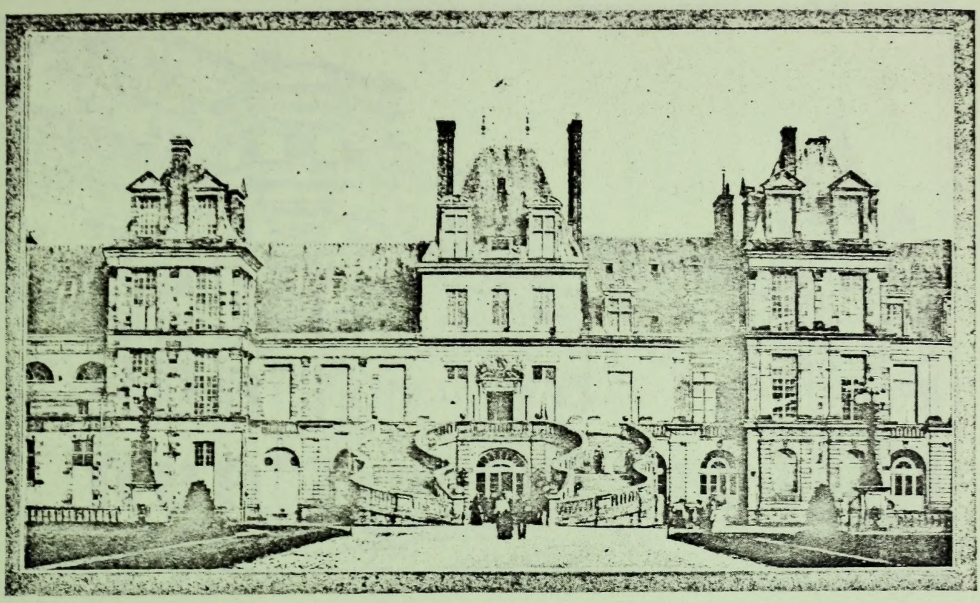
Chateau of Chambord. It contains 545 rooms and sixty stairways. Now owned by the Duke of Parma.

of its quiet, homelike rooms with these vast apartments was very marked.

Fontainebleau belongs as distinctively to Napoleon as Versailles does to Louis XIV. His coach, his camp chest and eating utensils, his iron bedstead, his uniforms and other relics of his daily life, are all preserved here. The grounds about it are beautiful, and we left its loveliness with regret; but we were due at Orleans that evening.

From Fontainebleau to Orleans by way of Montargis is eighty miles, and we made it in three hours and a half without hurrying. We carried with us one of those magnificent road maps of France prepared by the Automobile Club of Paris, showing every road, its character, streams and hills, the towns and distances. But even without that one could hardly go astray. On the first house of every village one enters, is a steel plate showing in white letters on a blue ground, the name of the village, the name and distance from the one you have left and the name and distance of the next. At every turn and fork is another plate with the same directions. Every night Muller and I with the aid of the map laid out the next day's route and we were never in doubt a moment, though Muller had never been over the road. Muller was a German, born in Italy, some years resident in France, and spoke German, Italian, French and English. He was simply the prince of chauffeurs. Every night the moment we stopped, off came his uniform and before he ate his dinner he had gone thoroughly over every part of his machine. We were never stopped on the road once, nor was there a single mishap.

At Orleans begins the South. Palms and oranges were growing in the open air. We had crossed the Loire and were in that region that has given France more great men, more history, more stories and legends than all others. Above all we are in the land of Joan of Arc. It was here that she won her first great success against the English when she raised the seige of Orleans, and all about here is where she marched and fought, and from here she went forward to that campaign unexampled in all history. The English held two-thirds of France, including Paris. Henry VI. of England had been crowned king of France, and the Dauphin held a few



Palace of Containebleau

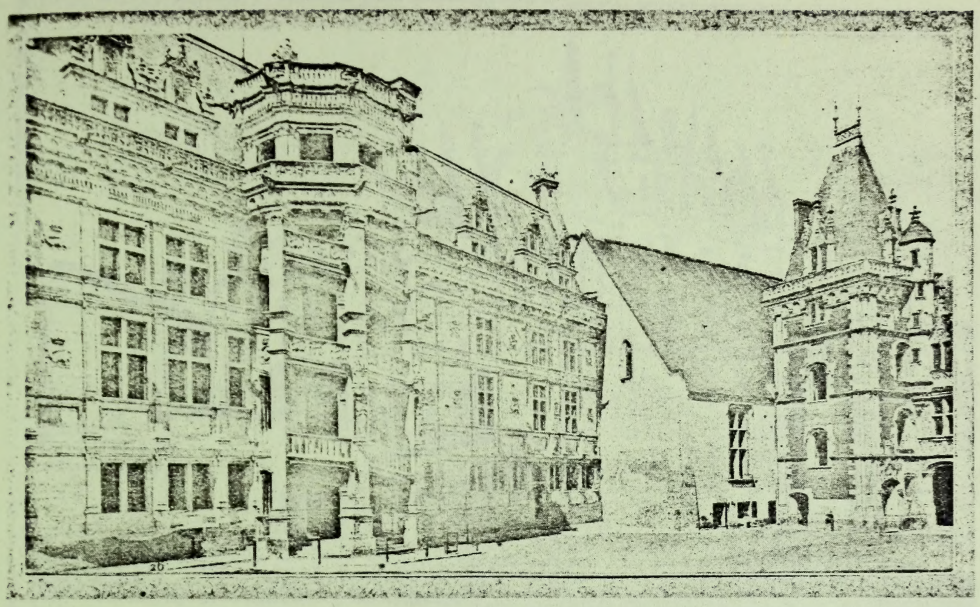
From this stairway Napoleon took an affecting leave of the remnant of his troops just before his abdication.

towns and castles south of the Loire with a pitifully small army, broken, dispirited and ready to run at the sight of an Englishman. Orleans was ready to surrender. It was the key to the South and with that gone, the English would have conquered all France. There is nothing in history like her story, and whatever else may be said of France, she has produced the most remarkable man, Napoleon, and the most remarkable woman, Joan of Arc, that the ages have ever seen. There is a magnificent statue of her in the principal square with bas reliefs of her victories, and the pediment is nearly always covered with flowers. She is the one national figure of France that all factions worship, and her recent canonization by the Church was hardly more than an official recognition of her popular saintship.

We visited the famous house of Diane de Poiters, a very interesting but somewhat frail lady, who was the mistress of two kings, father and son, Francis I and Henry II, and the ruler of France for twenty years. After the death of Henry II, Catherine de Medici took the beautiful castle of Chenonceau from her and drove her into exile where she died in poverty. The house in Orleans built for her by her first kingly lover Francis, is now a museum. There you will see, among old armor, instruments of torture and relics of twenty centuries, the veritable banner that Joan bore at Orleans, the very one she held and told her soldiers that when the wind caused its folds to touch the walls they should conquer—and they did. Among the relics is a magnificent bronze horse of the time of Caesar, dug up in a near-by field. It is very common for the peasants plowing to come across relics of the Roman occupation for these very fields were tilled and this was a prosperousa gricultural country in Caesar's time.

We spent the night at the Hotel St. Aignan, the only poor hotel we found in all France, and the only place where any attempt was made to rob us. The attempt failed and E. was able to translate to an elaborately blondined proprietress my exact opinion of her and her hotel, much to my satisfaction. I felt repaid right there for his French education by her expression.

Orleans has a magnificent cathedral for which I did not care very much, but its Hotel de Ville dating from the



Blois. Stairway of Francis I.

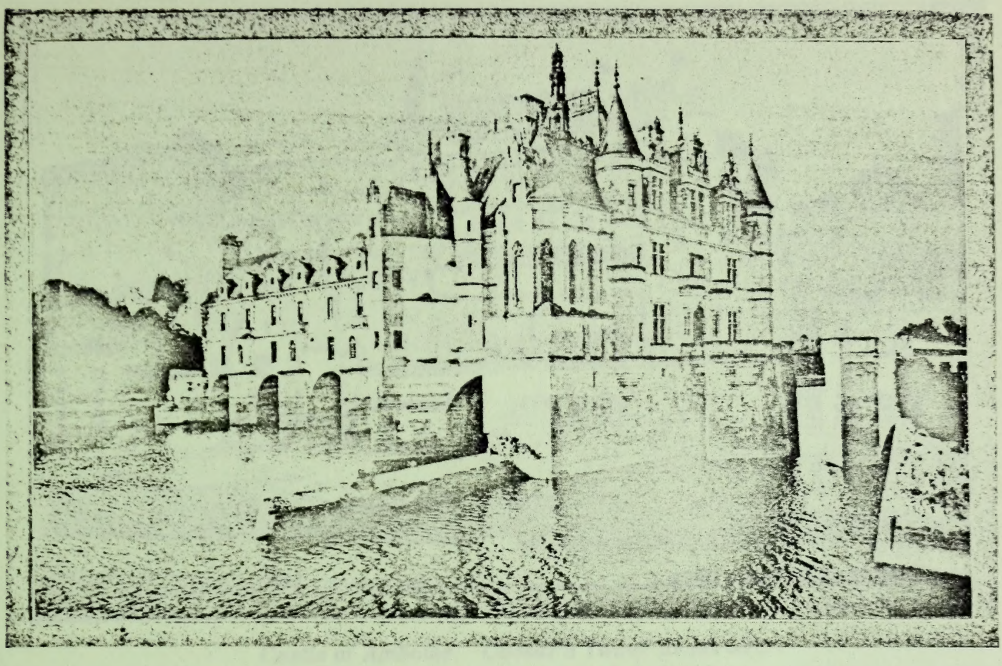
Fifteenth Century is one of the finest in Europe and has a few paintings of great merit.

We left Orleans in the morning for Chambord, twenty miles distant, which we reached in time for lunch. On the way we crossed the Loire to visit Clery, where Lois XI, his wife and child are buried. Clery is just a squalid village of peasantry, but the church was built in the fifteenth century by Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, one of the most ardent supporters of Joan of Arc. The village street smelled vilely and a manure-cart was backed up against the church. But the *cure* was one of those beautiful figures the church produces at its best —dignified, kindly, ascetic yet human, a man one loved at first sight. It is a poor parish, but the *tresor d' l'eglise* is one of the most famous in France, comprising a complete set of vessels of solid gold for the celebration of the Mass. Dunois is buried there and above the altar hangs his shield with its many quarterings and strange heraldry as well as many others of the same period. In a little vault beneath the altar are the bones of Louis XI, once the most powerful prince in Europe and one of the most strangely subtle, wicked and unscrupulous characters that ever lived. The cure took out his skull, and showed us the prognathous under-jaw, articulated with a bit of wire and snapped the jaw back and forth as he talked to us of its base, illustrious owner. I had read my Quentin Durward, and Philip de Comines and it gave me a thrill to hold in my hands the head-piece of that old scoundrel who made all Europe tremble with his intriuges and cruelties.

> "Caesar dead and passed away, may stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Time was when that under-hung jaw would have brought terror to the proudest prince in Europe and now it furnishes amusement to wandering tourists who pay a franc to rattle its toothless ugliness.

Our lunch at Chambord was a dream. Pardon me if there is too much eating in this, but really, to one used to country hotels in America, France is a revelation. They are the only people who truly know how to cook. The tiniest inn in the smallest village in France will furnish a meal as good as the best our great city hotels can offer. We were in the



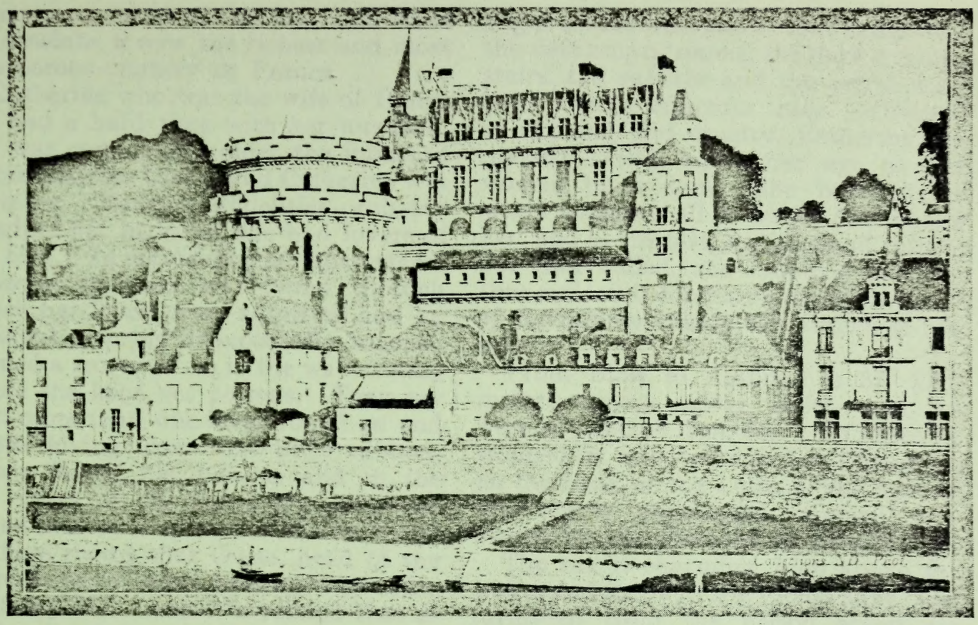
Chenonceau. East front.

heart of the wine country now and had our first taste of Vouvray, the most delicious wine, I think, in the world. It is a sparkling white wine, very mild, and as much better than champagne as that is better than cider. I think it is all drank in France—I have never seen it anywhere else. We tried the ordinary white wine of the country here for the first time, a wine that is sold for six cents a quart, and found it excellent. The finest Sauterne, a wine that retails in this country for two dollars a bottle is thirty cents there and champagne sixty cents a quart.

Chambord is the finest chateau in France, outside of those built by royalty. To give you an idea of it, it contains five hundred and forty-five rooms, reached by sixty-five different staircases, each splendid. One of these is a curious concentric double affair—really two staircases, one above the other, all of solid stone. The view from the roof is superb, and there is a perfect forest there of towers, lanterns minarets and gargoyles. The estate is sixteen miles square, containing about fifty separate farms. The rent roll is thirty thousand dollars a year, but it takes twenty thousand a year to keep this vast pile in repair. The present owner, the Duke of Parma, who inherited it from the Count of Chambord, has spent two hundred thousand dollars in restoring it. However, Chambord is mainly interesting from its size. It has no history to speak of, and the country about it is not particularly picturesque. From Chambord it is a short run to Blois and we spent the most of the afternoon there.

Blois was for centuries the seat of the kings of France when Paris was a squalid village, and its royal castle crowning a hill above the Loire is one of the most interesting in Europe. Within were worked out those hideous intrigues that led to the war between the Huguenots and the Catholics. It was the favorite residence of the Valois Kings and here Henry II, Catherine de Medici, Francis II, Charles IX and Henry III, last of their house, spent the most of their infamous lives. The town itself is interesting, very ancient, untouched by Time or modern improvements, but it was the castle that we came to see.

The House of Valois which ruled France for two hundred years, came to



Castle of Amboise. Caesar's Tower at the left.

the throne because the Salic Law was held to forbid a woman from inheriting the throne. So when the House of Capet ran out of male heirs, Philip of Valois became king. This long line furnished scarcely one able king and certainly not one good one in all its history. They were playthings of mistresses and favorites, weak, licentious, cruel, ambitious yet feeble, and France suffered every horror that could afflict a land under their pernicious rule. Toward the last, the civil war between the Catholics and the Huguenots divided the nation into two hostile camps. The Catholic League headed by the Guises held Paris and Northern France. The Huguenots under of Henry of Navarre and Admiral Coligny held the South. Catherine de Medici ruled through her ineffectual children, who died one after the other, Francis, Charles and Henry, and held her seat at Blois half way between the factions and intrigued first with one and then the other. When at last the death of Charles he, who gave the order for the massacre of St. Bartholemew, made Henry the heir, the latter then king of Poland, fled from his northern kingdom in the night and became king of distracted France.

No historian has ever been able to clearly unravel all that labyrinth of deception, intrigue and crime that constitutes the history of these three sons of Catherine. Alternately siding with the Catholics and the Huguenots--resorting to assassination by poison and sword, and even to general massacre, France suffered till at last the assassination of Henry made the gallant Bourbon, Henry of Navarre, king, and a real king he became. I fancy him greatly for one thing: he once expressed the wish that he might so rule that every peasant in France "might have a fowl in his pot o' Sundays." Up to that time probably no monarch of France had ever cared what poor Jaques had in his pot or whether he had anything. Henry and his great minister Sully found a land so desolated by religious wars that it was said that one might ride from the Loire to the Somme and not see a tilled field. But the French have greater powers of recuperation than any other people in the word. It took but a few years of French thrift under decent government

to recover. And all this fair land, then so desolate, is now the richest and most prosperous country in France.

Catherine who was the wife of Henry II, had a hard time with her husband. He was completely under the influence of his mistress Diane, and Catherine was a cipher. Henry's infidelities probably troubled her little, for she had lovers of her own. In remodeling her apartments a secret staircase was found through which her lovers were admitted and by accident a spring unexpectedly touched opened a secret recess in the wainscoting where she kept her poisons. They say that more than one lover found an end to his loving from that little cabinet. Henry feared her poisons and in the last years of his life every dish was tasted first by a servant. It was in one of these rooms that Guise, head of the Catholic party, was assasinated by order of Henry III. And it is related that as he lay dying the king came out to look at him, and kicking him in the side said, "Good God, how long he is!"

This crime alienated the Catholics from Henry and drove him into the arms of Navarre, and because of that coalition Henry was in turn assassinated by a Catholic fanatic. The brother of Guise, the Cardinal of Lorraine was arrested the day Guise was killed, and while being taken to a cell was himself assassinated at a turn in the staircase, and his body thrown into the *oubliette*. This was a contrivance for forgetting unpleasant matters. It was a narrow well cut through the solid rock to the Loire, and the bodies of undesirables were dropped into this to be lost in the stream.

The castle itself is a composite, built a wing at a time by different kings. Thus the wing of Francis shows the characteristic salamander, his emblem, that we see in so many chateaux here, for Francis was fond of building. Among other things he built a stairway that is still a marvel of beauty. But it is not the architecture of that old pile that strikes one, it is its history. The black shadow of crime and treachery, of intrigue and licentiousness that hangs over the vast empty rooms, the dark winding stairs, the *oubilette* and the secret ways built by that infamous race. Oriental in cunning and cruelty, Catherine impressed herself upon her age as few women have done. She bore twelve sickly children, all of whom died before her, and at the last, her plans all ruined, her race ended, she followed her victims and left behind her a name unequalled for infamy among the women of history.

From Blois to Amboise is 37 kilometers—about thirty miles—and we were to sleep at Amboise. En route we stopped for a few moments at Chaumont on the bank of the Loire, a fine type of the purely residential chateau now owned by the Princess de Broglie.

The site is charming, high above the Loire, and many of the rooms have been furnished from the period about we have just been writing. Beds once occupied by those famous enemies, Diane and Catherine, and furniture of Francis and Henry are scattered through the beautiful rooms, and the grounds about it are superbly kept.

The road from Blois to Amboise follows the windings of the Loire mostly on a high embankment or levee, for the Loire while a placid peaceful stream in June, has a fashion of rising suddenly with terrible damage.

Some of the illustrations may give you an idea of the scenery, but no one can adequately paint the joy of automobiling on such roads and through such a landscape. The country though intensely cultivated, mainly to the vine, is sufficiently wooded and it is a very garden of flowers. Nowhere grow such roses as overhang those old stone walls and peep out from every peasant's cottage and corner. The wild strawberries were ripe in the woods; the sun shone just warmly enough, the air was like wine and to float through such scenes on pneumatic tires with none of the ordinary discomforts of travel is the very summit and capsheaf of earthly enjoyment.

CONTINUED IN OCTOBER ISSUE

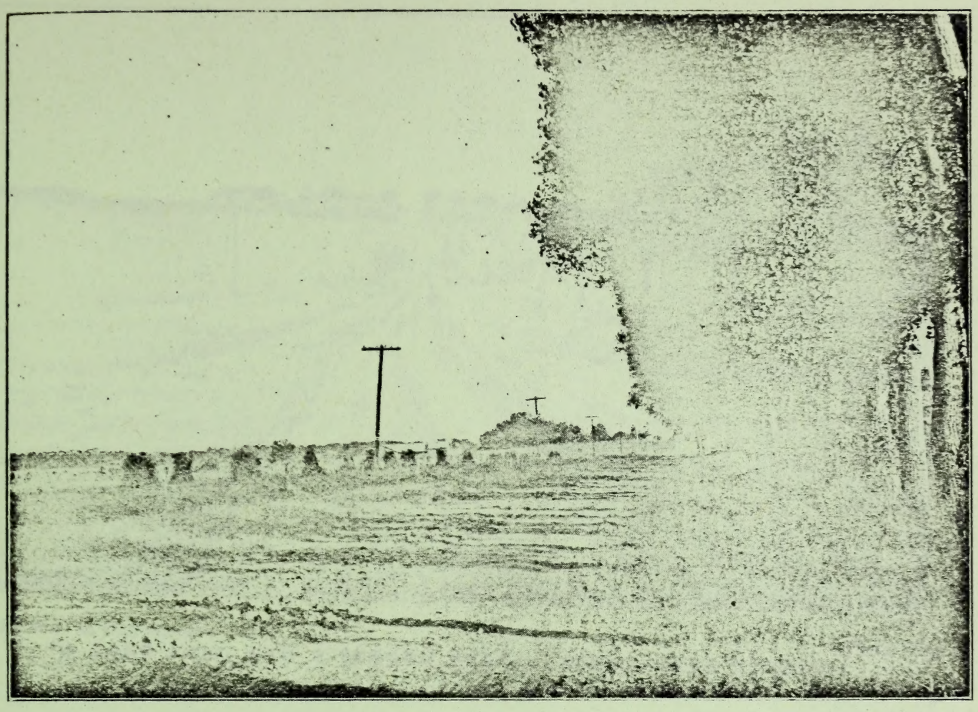


Photo by C. O. Boston First Prize

THE SHADY LANE TO THE HOUSE ON THE HILL. SCENE NEAR EL DORADO



Photo by Elmer Jones Second Prize

NEAR THE MOUTH OF "TURKEY CREEK," EAST OF CEDARPOINT

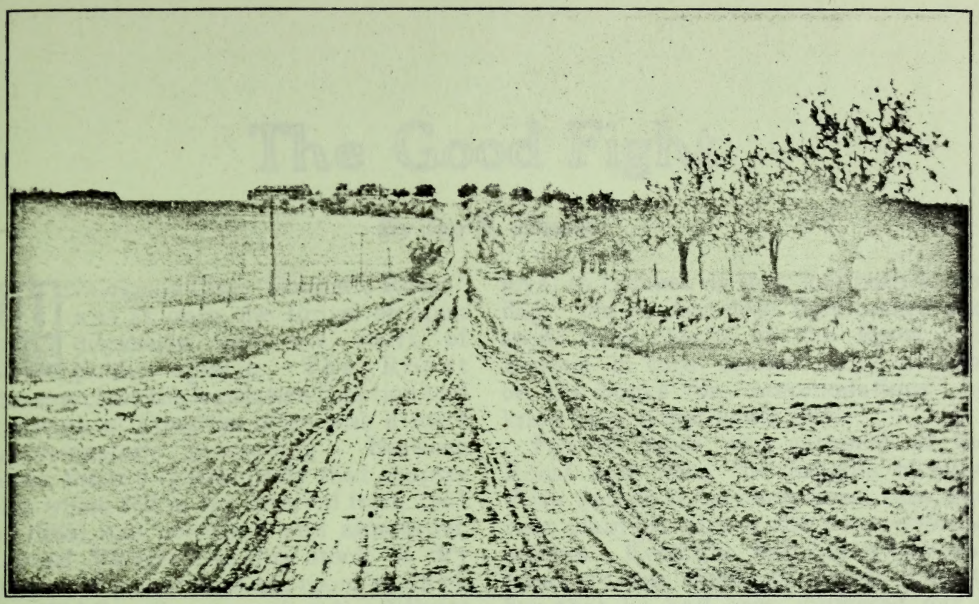


Photo by Wm. A. Daugherty — Third Prize

"A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL." SCENE NEAR TOPEKA.



Photo by Bridwell — Fourth Prize

THE BIG HILL VIEW.

Taken from the hill two miles north of Baldwin, Kansas. The little town of Vinland is in the distance. Blue Mound was a signal station during the Border War between Lawrence and Palmyra, Franklin and other settlements

The Good Fight

By Jay E. House

IN Grigsby City, "Soldier's Roost" was at once the forum of open discussion and the court of public opinion. The Roost also exercised the legislative function and the work of Congress often was a mere supplementary proceeding. Between times, history (particularly that chapter of it which fell in the interval from 1861 to 1865) was corrected and annotated. Lemuel Vickers had his stock of dry goods and groceries in the room in which the "Old Boys" met to adjust the delicate political and economic mechanism of government. He also paid the rent on the building. But his business was incidental to the daily meetings of the veterans who gathered there. The place was seldom if ever referred to as Vickers' store. To everybody in Grigsby City it was the "Roost." And Lemuel, who had carried a musket through three years of the trouble, regarded the title, one which an irreverent younger generation had given his place of business, as a compliment rather than as an affront.

Most of Lemuel's trade, which was meager enough at best, came from the Old Boys themselves. It could not be said that he was averse to dealing with those who had no personal connection with the putting down of the Rebellion, but he did little to encourage their custom. Unless Lemuel and Uncle Giles Hostetler were again fighting the battle of Lookout Mountain, or except in the event that the daily engagement along the Chickahominy had become general, the chance customer was waited upon with reasonable promptness. But if the customer interrupted the advance of the serried columns of Blue up the side of Lookout, or interfered in any way with "Old Grant's" movements, he had to wait until the rebels had been put to flight and the wounded properly cared for. The Old Boys, however, were loyal to Lemuel, as they had been to the flag. On pension days they cashed and spent their checks at the Roost and Lemuel, in turn, carried many of them on his books for "accomodations" he knew they never could pay.

Few of those who gathered at the Roost had worn the insignia of rank. With two or three exceptions, they had been plain privates or non-commissioned officers. Even Col. Bob Lipe's title was honorary, his discharge papers indicating that he had been mustered out a corporal. But Col. Lipe, having for thirty years after the close of the war served his country faithfully as an auctioneer, had been accorded a promotion. And yet, each man wore his epaulet. In the memory of each there lived some moment of valor, some dreary day of suffering or deprivation, which ranked the gilt and tinselled braid a government might have bestowed. Thus, Judson Follansbee, who sat habitually upon the cranberry barrel at the left of the stove, was curiously malformed of jaw, the result of the impact of a "minie" ball and hasty or careless surgery at Resaca; Pliny Tate had lain all day in the rifle pits before Vicksburg with a grapeshot through his lung; Uncle Giles Hostettler, whose right to the empty soap box at the end of the notion counter was never challenged, had been with those who tunneled out of Libby; Israel Giddings' right arm lay behind him on the field of Seven Pines; Brice Watson, a silent man whose voice was heard but seldom in discussion, had served four years, eleven months and twenty-eight days, responding to the first call for volunteers and coming home only after Appomattox had passed into history.

Of all the men who loitered at the Roost, only one, "Old Jimmy" Marrs, seemed to have no definite place in the

picture. Old Jimmy was of the type of human derelict which strands upon the beach of every small town. He was an odd-looking old chap with scraggly white whiskers and faded blue eyes that were perennially red and watery. His face was that of one struggling through life mentally agitated by a doubt as to whether he should plead for mercy or merely apologize. And his hands, chapped even in the fairest weather and discolored by the shoemaker's wax with which he strove to staunch the gaping cracks, seemed always at the point of bleeding.

Old Jimmy had not carried a musket in the great struggle. He had not even gone to the front, but had spent the years of conflict on an Indiana farm. This, in itself, was a grave offense to those who frequented the Roost. He also was a Democrat and an atheist, the one a misdemeanor and the other a felony in the jurisprudence of Grigsby City. There was, to be sure, after the Populist uprising of the early nineties when the Populists and Democrats effected a fusion which defeated the Republican ticket, a disposition to condone Old Jimmy's offense in the misdemeanor case. As was often pointed out, he had not only refused to "swallow" the ticket nominated by the Fusion forces, but had actually voted for the Republican candidates. Those who were against clemency submitted, however, the well known fact that he still was a Free Trader and had never irrevocably accepted the gold standard, and the sentiment which sought to prevent either commutation or parole prevailed.

The Old Boys showed no open hostility to Old Jimmy. They only ignored him. But their unspoken contempt was less kindly, perhaps, than open hostility would have been. Always a silent man, he ventured, toward the last, so infrequently upon the conversational sea that the few commonplaces which fell from his lips were often swamped in utterance. He might have found congenial company elsewhere. At Jake Koehler's shoe-shop, where the few men in Grigsby City who did not believe the Bible congregated, he would have received a cordial welcome. The political Insurgents who met three times daily at Marion Twidwell's grocery to lay bare the corruption of the existing order would have admitted him to full fellowship. But Old Jimmy went to Koehler's only when his shoes needed half soling and he bought no groceries at Twidwell's, Lemuel Vickers receiving such custom in that line as he had to give.

And so, as the short years that mark the time of those who have turned the brow of the hill toward the twilight, came and went, Old Jimmy continued to loiter at the Roost. He often came before the morning sweeping and garnishing of Lemuel's emporium had been completed. It was only rarely that he missed an afternoon or evening meeting. No one knew how he lived. He was such an insignificant incident in the narrow life of Grigsby City that, perhaps, no one cared. A little painting and paper hanging, patronage of the few who ignored the partisan lines which religion and politics had fixed in Grigsby City, or a chance job from newcomers who had not learned the town's prejudices, engaged his brush. But Old Jimmy was seldom busy, and for the greater part of his idle days he hung like a starved dog awaiting a bone on the edge of the crowd at Vickers'. Curiously enough, the political discussions that waged there never seemed to arouse his interest. He was equally listless in the face of religious controversy. But when they talked of Shiloh or Chickamauga, or Gettysburg, his faded eyes gleamed, a pink flush came into his weather-beaten cheeks, and he stood erect beside the counter against which at other times he lounged apathetically.

It was the October the Twentieth Kansas came home from the Philippines that Old Jimmy declared himself. The Twentieth sweeping eastward accompanied by a full corps of newspaper correspondents, had crossed the western border of the State. From every way station the correspondents were wiring the detail of its movements. Grigsby City, although far removed from the line of march, was in full regalia. From every doorway a flag hung. Laban Cain, who because of a certain intimate association with sign

painting in his youth had achieved expertness in color effects, had swathed the Cain Hotel in a warm, almost tropical, expression of his art. In Grigsby City they claim to this day that Laban's exhibit of bunting was the finest ever made between Chicago and Denver. At the Roost, Lemuel Vickers read the report of the Twentieth's progress aloud from the morning paper while the Old Boys, stirred by the spirit of '61 recalled that other home-coming of the long ago.

Lemuel read the last press dispatch, which was dated at Dodge City, and, removing his glasses, began leisurely to wipe them. Old Jimmy as was his wont, slouched against the notion case just outside the circle of veterans, into which he never by any chance obtruded himself. He had not spoken and the habitues of the Roost had, beyond bidding him the time of day, given no sign that they were aware of his presence.

"Well," said Judson Follansbee, "us old coffee-coolers know how the boys feels."

"Yes," said Pliny Tate, whose old wound still bothered him and who, after a sleepless night was apt to be peevish and irascible, "We've all been there, that is all of us except Old Jimmy. I reckon Jimmy couldn't stand the smell of gunpowder."

"I mind when I come home from Seven Pines—"

But Israel Giddings got no farther. Upon the circle of veterans there was suddenly borne the consciousness that a soul writhed in agony upon its cross. Instinctively every eye turned toward Old Jimmy. He was standing erect beside the counter, his face drawn as if in pain, his articulation choked, such words as came to him falling incoherently from his quivering lips. Finally he found voice, strained and unnatural though it was.

" 'Taint right, 'taint fair!" he screamed, "I wa'nt no coward. I wanted to go; God, how I wanted to go! But somebody jest had to stay with Mother. She hadn't turned herse'f in bed for twenty years and she wouldn't let anybody tech her but me. I jest couldn't leave her. And when John and Ike went I thought maybe that justified me in stayin' at home. And then they brought John home from Shiloh in a box and his widder and children come home to live with us—five mouths to feed and nothin' scarcely to put in 'em. When Ike follered him back from Vicksburg with his right arm all shattered to pieces I give it up, fer they all had to be fed and there wa'nt nobody to do nothin' but me. Don't tant me with that, don't tant me! I wa'nt no coward and wa'nt no traitor to the old flag"—and here Old Jimmy's voice broke again and turning with such dignity as a weary, beaten man can muster, he stalked out of the room on his unutterably lonely and desolate way to the bare cottage he called home.

"God!" said Col. Lipe as the door swung behind his retreating figure, and then he added. "We've been too hard on Jimmy."

Thad Jenkins, seeking Old Jimmy and intent upon his services for some puttering job about his place, found him, the next afternoon, stretched upon his bed, stricken and flighty. A fever scorched his veins, his mind had bridged the forty years that lay immediately behind him, and he babbled incoherently of things beyond Jenkins' ken. "Doc" Handy, who came down in an hour or two in response to Jenkins' call, stopped on his return to talk to Mrs. Tug Watts, who noting his visit to Old Jimmy's place, had run out to inquire the cause. "He'll never get up," said Doc. "His machine has run down and no doctor can wind it."

Now, Grigsby City ever buries its petty prejudices, its partisan convictions and its controversial unkindliness when it approaches the bedside of suffering, or crosses the pathway of sorrow. The last sands of Old Jimmy's life ran out to the accompaniment of such care and comfort as willing, solicitous hands can bestow. They buried him from his cottage, and while it was not deemed appropriate that any minister should lend himself to the service, the old Judge, Grigsby City's most prominent veteran, spoke briefly and a long procession followed the body to the cemetery on the hill. And so, and in such manner, the earth closed over the tired body and the stared heart forever.

It was a year or two later that George Travis came back from the city to spend Decoration Day with his mother in the old town. That afternoon he walked about the cemetery, noting with the indifference of youth the fresh mounds, and pausing now and then to read the lines graven upon memorials to the dead raised since he had last set foot within the inclosure. Upon one mound marked by a granite boulder a deluge of flowers had fallen. Loving hands had drawn a mantle of roses, peonies and lilies over it. He drew nearer and upon the stone read this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES MARRS
b. 1835; d. 1899.
ERECTED BY ABE LINCOLN POST NO. 204, G. A. R.
"He Fought the Good Fight."

Song of the Wilderness

Heed not the story of Babylon's blundering;
Heed not the message the earthly-born bring—
Mine is the song of the cataract's thundering,
Mine is the song that the hurricanes sing.

List to the song of the Forests that cover me,
Canyon's and mountains and arms of the sea—
Virile and pure, as the God who reigns over me
Planned that His handiwork always should be.

Even the sound of the wild pigeon's fluttering
Chords to the cry of the gander in flight;
While, all attuned to the far thunder's muttering,
Answers the roar of the lion at night.

Alike in the tempest and sunshine I glory;
The rose of the sunset, the deluge of rain,
The crash of the oak that is ancient and hoary
And resonant notes to the mighty refrain.

Free from your civilization's dominion,
I scoff at the bondage that fetters the soul;
I smile at the name of convention's opinion—
I heed but to pity; I seek to console.

J L Simpson

The Thresherman

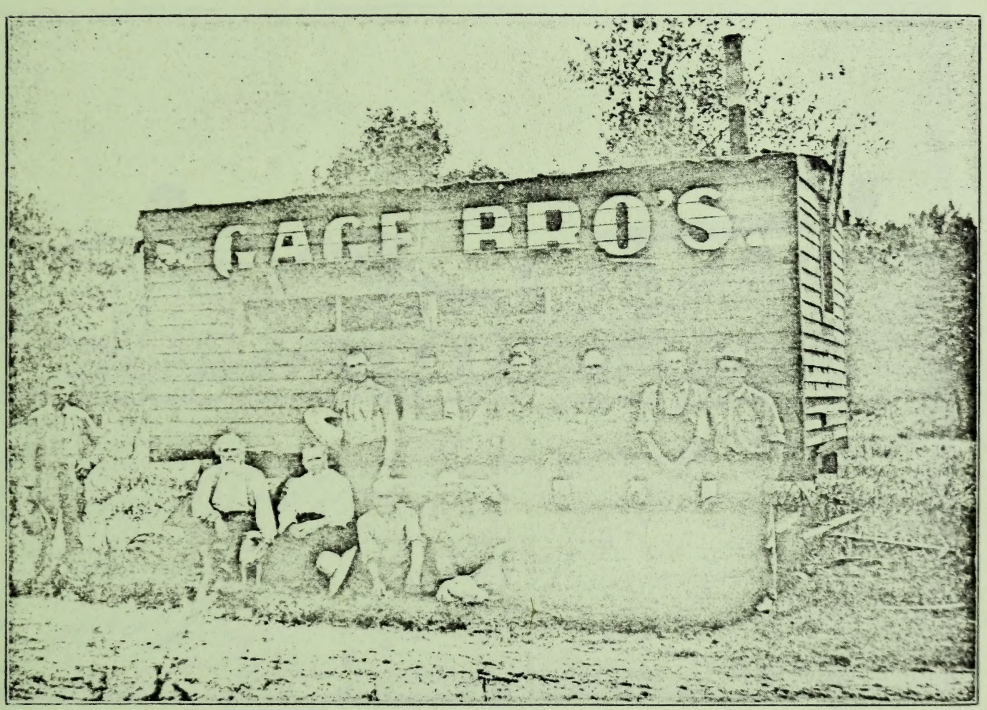
By Henry Harbecke

BY the word "thresherman," I do not mean the naughty boy's father, nor the schoolmaster who daily pounds the dust out of his pupils' clothing, but one of the men of whom the city poet speaks as being among the fortunate that see the dew sparkle in the beams of the rising sun and see the golden grain sway gracefully back and forth like the waves on the ocean; that hear the animating song of the birds and the busy hum of the bees; that breathe air that is pure and sweet with the fragrance of the flowers; in short, that are surrounded on all sides by the magnificence of Nature. The men that are by many people considered the hardest workers, the loudest swearers and among the toughest, both physically and morally. The men whose coming the farmer hails with delight and whose departure he always endeavors to bring about as soon as possible. The men that feed the Avery bull-dog, the Garr-Scott tiger, the Aultman & Taylor straved rooster, the Wood Bros. humming-bird, or whatever the make of the separator may be.

In their ranks are found men from all walks of life; from the so-called hobo down to the senior college student; from the city laborer, who wants to strike it rich, to the country boy who wants to earn enough to buy a horse and buggy. A certain class of hoboes usually get tired of counting the railroad ties during the threshing season and in order to get a little change in their mode of living, as well as in their pockets, enlist in a threshing crew. The hobo is, as a rule, a very uncertain hand. He may be the best pitcher in a threshing crew in Kansas one day and the next day ask for a hand-out in Illinois. The college students, or book-worms,as they are called, that are found in threshing crews are usually those that look too able-bodied to arouse sympathy on the part of their victims to make a success of peddling views, cook-books, guide-books and other bric-a-brac. As pitchers in a crew they soon see that it is easier to sit on a separator or rock on the engine than to lug rations to the hungry separator and they soon make it a point to get all the information necessary to enable them to take charge of an engine or separator themselves. The city laborer is usually lured out by newspaper articles that describe harvesting and threshing as being a kind of picnic where they work a little while and then sit down behind piles of fresh boiled and fried country eggs, and buckets of nice sweet milk and stacks of fruit and slabs of porkchops and beefsteaks and ham, and barrels of sweet cider and wine, and there drink and drink, and eat and eat, and then work a little while again. Arriving on the scene, however, he soon finds that he has to work two eight-hour days every twenty-four hours. The country boy, on the other hand, knows the game from start to finish. His chief aim is to earn enough money to buy a real fast broncho, and a buggy from a mail-order house and take his best girl out for a spin on a fine moonlight evening.

The thresherman, as a rule, is satisfied with fewer luxuries than any other laboring man; he leads, indeed, a very simple life. The wide and airy outside is his bedroom; a little sloping ground is his bedstead; a few bundles of wheat serve as his mattress; a quilt performs the three-fold office of bedsheet, pillow and cover. To this he retires without fear of burglars or thieves, save the wind, which might spring up and carry off his hat; but after placing a rock in his hat he feels secure from Mr. Wind. A dog might consider his shoes a tempting morsel to chew on, but should he take one he would soon drop it and walk off with a sneeze and a whimper.

There are two factors that often mar a thresherman's rest at night. The one keeps him from going to dreamland and the other one disturbs him when he is there. The one factor is the mosquito. If the afore-mentioned sloping ground is in a bottom close to a creek and the night is warm and sultry, the mosquitoes are out in large numbers trying to enterain the tired thresherman and the moment they notice that he does not applaud erasers striking the wall. The separator man is on the machine. He hears the wheat go clattering through the blower and at once gets busy cleaning the riddles. The hobo thinks he is not in dreamland but in a box-car on a through freight. He plainly hears the cinders thrown out by the engine beat against the sides of the car. The country boy is giving his best girl a ride in his new red-wheeled buggy and as he glides



Posing for a picture at the "Cook Shack."

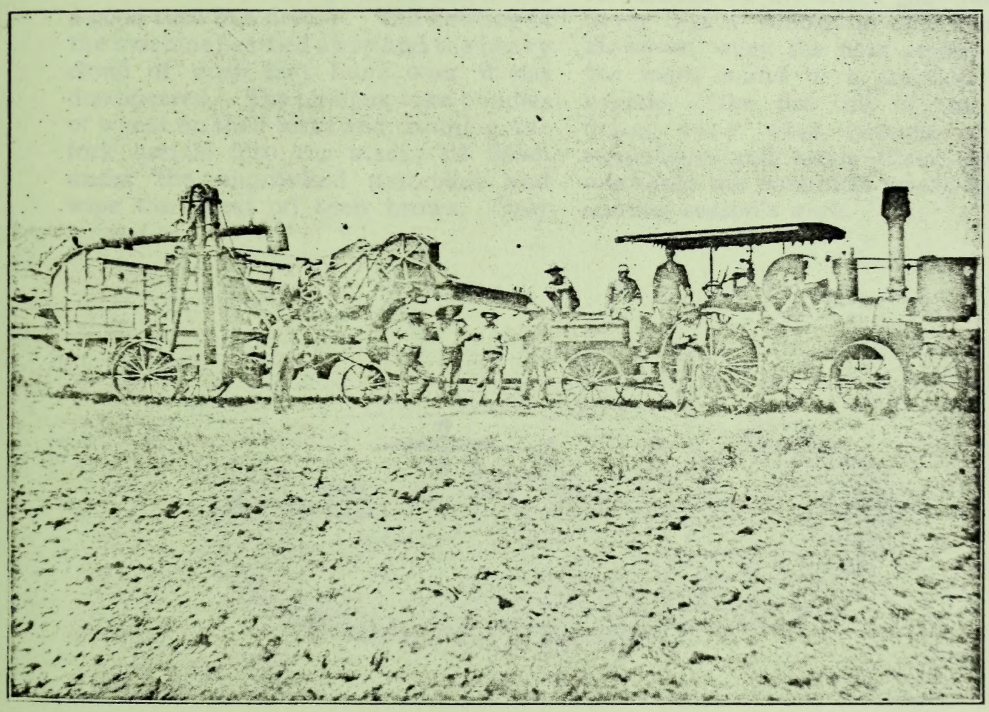
their furious humming by slapping and kicking around they at once land on him by the thousands and spur him on to renewed efforts. About the only thing that will persuade them to hold their concert elsewhere is a smoke-fire.

The other factor is rain. Slowly and softly it steals over the slumberer. Its pattering on the ground for the first minute or so wafts them into a new scene in their dreams. The college student in his dream enters the class room and in the absence of the professor plainly hears the click of chalk and along distinctly hears the wind flutter the sails on her fourth dimension hat. A blinding streak of lightning, a terrible peal of thunder and the slumberer is brought from negative to positive reality. For a moment he stares into the inky blackness of the night, and then quickly picking up his quilt, guided by the lightning, he seeks shelter under a grain wagon. He hangs his quilt on the coupling-pole of the wagon and, standing on all fours, waits for the rain to stop after which he resumes his night's rest.

In the morning he is not awakened by the cornsheller-like racket of an alarm clock, but by the hammering of a woodpecker, the whistling of a bob-white, and the crowing and cackling that issues from the neighboring barnyard. For a minute he yawns and rubs his aching arms and shoulders and wonders if the sun did not take a short cut in getting back to the east. The scream of the engine whistle, however, soon tells him that breakfast is ready, and putting his quilt in a gunny sack, he heads for the cook-shack where he does justice to a plain but wholesome breakfast that is served in a set of dishes composed mostly of preserve cans.

Having eaten his breakfast he goes out to the machine where he finds the separator man already through oiling and inspecting the machine, and the engineer sitting on the right driver of the engine waiting for the signal. The farmer backs his wagon under the grain spout of the machine, the separator man gives the signal and in a few minutes the machine is howling for wheat. The pitchers—usually four to six in number—work hard trying to satisfy the machine.

The sun slowly rises higher and higher until about eleven o'clock when it apparently stands still. The pitchers, as a result of hard work and frequent visits to the water barrel, feel weak and tired, and long for a moment's rest. As they look around and see the water-boy lying in the shade of the engine and the engineer sitting under the cab, apparently doing nothing except staring at the separator man on the machine, they make up their minds that they'll get at least a minute's rest. So while the engineer is entertaining some girls on horseback that are paying a visit to the machine, and the separator man is talking with the grain hauler, they give each other a hint and pile the feeder full of the wettest bundles they can find. One of them with his fork holds the



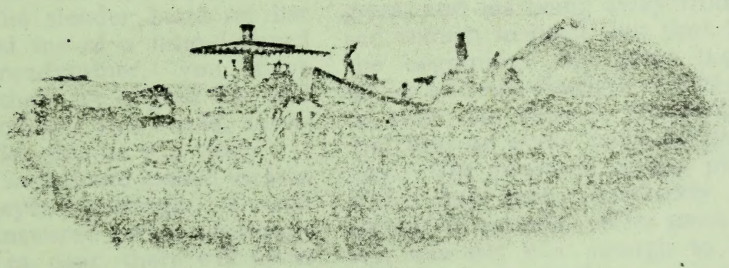
"The Crew" that attends to separating Kansas wheat from its golden husk.

governor of the feeder open. The machine cries

"More!
"More!
"More!
"More!
" 'Nough!"

The machine is slugged. The engineer jumps to the throttle but too late. The engine has jumped out of the belt. The separator man at once gets busy pulling out the big bite on which the machine has choked. To the pitchers this is like a good turn in a dream. The howling of the machine has died away and the heavy cloud of dust that hung over it has disappeared. The pitchers take bundles of wheat on their forks and, running the fork handle into the stack, sit down under the improvised umbrellas and wipe the sweat off their brows. Only two or three minutes are they permitted to enjoy the so-much-longed-for rest. The separator man soon has the machine in running order and gives the signal, the engineer backs his engine into the belt and the machine resumes its howl for more wheat.

Thus almost without variation one day slowly follows another until the season is over; but long before the last bundle is thrown into the hungry jaws of the machine the pitchers make solemn resolutions to the effect that they will never again follow a threshing rig. However, when the next season opens, the mere sound of a traction engine whistle, "like the call of the wild," drives away what remains of these resolutions and sends them out once more into the boundless wheat fields for another season's work.



Compensation

For every plant that lives a thousand seeds are sown,
Yet each seed has its place, and tho it is not grown
It fills a destined end. And were all known,
One perfect plant repays the thousand lost.

So every joy we know has cost its thousand tears,
In bitter strife and pain, throughout the weary years
We count the price. But when the joy appears,
A thousand times it doth repay its cost.

MARY HALL DAVISON.

"Mammy"

By Harriet L. Ricards

IT was the last night of my Christmas visit at dear old Ingleside. What a noisy, jolly time we had had, and now they were all gone but me, and, as we were grouped about the open fire—Grandfather and Grandmother in their chairs side by side, as one might find them always—and I on a hassock at Grandmother's feet—a silence, half sad, half joyful, had fallen upon us. Sad because of the "Good-byes" that must come with the morning, joyful for me, because of my home-going and for these two blessed old lovers, because no change of conditions could ever bring loneliness to them so long as they had each other.

Grandmother's small white hand closed over mine with a loving pat, and the sight of the slender band on her finger reminded me of a long-deferred promise. "Grandmother, you have never told me the story of your life, and you always promised you would, sometime. Please let this be the time," I pleaded. She smiled and looked up into Grandfather's eyes inquiringly. Grandfather's eyes answered hers reassuringly as he said, "Yes, dear, there will never be a better time than just now." After a moment's pause he added, "Tell it all." Her dark eyes grew luminous as she began in low tones, but clear, sweet and vibrant with tenderness.

"I cannot remember a time when I did not know and love George Randolph. The earliest picture on Memory's walls is of a boy in kilts, with eyes that would, like Byron's, 'win the birds from the bushes.' We were together every day. Our plantations joined and I was taken over to Fairview every morning to study with George. His mother was our teacher, and I thought her then, and still think of her as the cheeriest, daintiest bit of womanhood I have ever seen. I have no memory of a winter in those days. It seems to me the days were always golden; the roses always in bloom; the hands always singing at their work, or dancing in their well-kept quarters; and the pickaninnies always rolling on the grass under the green trees, like so many fat puppies. But all that was before they sent Father to Washington; when he was only a gentleman-planter, known and esteemed the length and breadth of the valley, chivalrous, honorable to the heart's core, the idol of his family and our people; when my mother was one of the handsomest and happiest women in all Virginia, and Mammy the proudest, jolliest negress that ever wore blue home-spun, white aprons and brilliant turbans.

"Then came Father's election to Congress, and his being away from us was sad enough in itself, but that was only the beginning. My great big-hearted father had not strength of will sufficient to stem the time of temptations that met him on every hand in the Capitol city. The proceeds of the plantation, which had been abundantly sufficient for our own needs and for most hospitality, was not now enough to keep the absent one in funds.

"Orders for the sale of our people began to come so frequently, that the dread of it hung like a nightmare over the whole plantation, and my mother was worn to a mere shadow with the burden of it all. Then came that awful morning when Mammy's husband, Wash, was sold. I was taking my usual morning walk around the quarters, and, stopping at Mammy's door, I was struck dumb at the strange scene in that cabin. Wash was holding the baby with his face hidden in the bright folds of its cotton gown, silent save for a sight that told of a sorrow too deep for words; Sam, the oldest boy, lay on the floor, his head buried in a huge pillow, while those peculiar gutteral groans, that only a ten-

year-old negro knows how to produce, were coming up from its feathery depths; while Mammy with dry eyes was trying to still the cries of the smaller children as she turned the cakes for the morning meal. When I at last found voice to ask the meaning of all this, Wash looked up, wiped his streaming eyes on the baby's dress and exclaimed: 'Why Miss Nell, doan you know? I's dun sol'!' 'O, Uncle Wash!' I cried as I sank down on the worn doorstep. 'Yas, Miss Nell, I's sol'. De man what's got me's a eatin' breakfast along wiv de oberseer now. Dis am de las' meal I'll eat long wiv Jule and de chilens,' and he drew the baby closer, until its little woolly head hid his face; Mammy sank into the rocker, and covering her face with her apron began rocking violently, her great fat shoulders shaking with pent-up sorrow, while Sam from his pillow was giving vent to unearthly howls.

"I was too angry to attempt any comforting. Springing to my feet I cried: 'This shall be stopped!' Mammy came quickly and catching my arm as I was striding off, held me back. 'No, honey chile, no, dar's nuffin' can be done, an' O chile, keep it from de Missus; she's stood dis 'bout all she can bar, de pore bruised lamb!' The thought of Mother quieted me. Wash, coming to the door, the tears streaming down his black cheeks, added his plea that the Missus be kept from hearing this last wretched news. 'I's de mastah's property, Miss Nell, an if he sees fit to sell me off, dar's none as can hindah. We's prayed obeh it, Jule an' me, an'—an' O Lord! O Lord!' I broke away from Mammy's detaining hand to rush down to the overseer's cottage, all my young blood afire with the awful cruelty and injustice of it all. Mr. Brown's eyes were moist as he replied to my torrent of words. 'My dear Miss Nell, no one regrets this more than I, but, I nor anyone can do anything to save poor old Wash. I have looked over this man's papers, and, without doubt, there is no flaw in them. The only thing we can do it to keep it from Mrs. Churchill as long as possible. She has not been strong these last weeks. I dread the consequence if she finds out this sad affair now.'

"Yes, poor Mother must not know, not now,—never if it could be kept from her, so I went back to my room, carefully avoiding a meeting with Mother. Once in my room and the door locked, I gave way to my feelings. How could Father do it? Why, Wash was born on the place and had been Father's caretaker from their boyhood. By and by I came to myself enough to understand there was a commotion of some kind on the piazza below. So I hastily bathed my face, I could hear an unusual murmur of voices, Mother's, Mammy's then another, a strange voice, clear, defiant, cutting like a knife, and as I opened the door to listen, every word reached me distinctly. "I beg your pardon, madam, I do not want to tell the nature of the indebtedness that got me this fine fellow. Gentlemen often contract debts whose nature they would like to keep from their wives.' Clearing two steps at a bound, I was soon at Mother's side, facing the bold black eyes of the stranger scornfully. I shall never forget the picture my mother made standing there in the sunlight, surrounded by her faithful people, fair and frail as a lily, but with firm-set lips and flashing eyes, her voice sounded as I never had heard it. 'I demand sir, to be told how you got possession of the most faithful servant we ever had.' The stranger bowed low in mock courtesy as he replied: "'Tis what we call a debt of honor. I won the black fellow at a game of cards.' Mother reeled as if struck by a sudden blow, I saw her clasp her hand to her throat and then she fell forward in poor old Wash's arm and a tiny stream of blood stained her marble lips, and trickled down upon her white morning gown.

"It was Mammy who kept me from killing that man where he stood. 'Come honey chile, you jes' leb dat man ofer de Lord to deal wiv, you an' me'll heb all we kin do to sabe this blessed lamb dis time. Come, listen to your Mammy now, ain't de life of de sweetest woman on dis green earth, an' you own mother, more to you than the blood of dat low niggah buyah?' How Mammy worked that day. Not one word of her own sorrow escaped her; just low orders to the 'girls,' who were tearful and obedient;

and now and then a word of encouragement to me. At last the dear brown eyes opened and we knew the idol of our hearts was restored to us, and Mammy with streaming eyes said, 'Tank de Lawd, Miss Nell, git right down on yer knees an' tank the blessed Lawd!' But I did not get right down and 'tank the Lawd.' I was fighting a battle and chose to fight it alone. I went out into the hall and as I walked up and down each emotion, anger, humiliation, contempt, pity, thankfulness, swept over me until I was almost insane. It was Mammy who remembered me and called me in, 'Come, honey chile, you must hab sumfin' to eat.' As I looked in her face I knew Wash was gone. Not a word did she say but such a look of hopeless grief I never saw on any other face, white or black. Mother saw it, too, and reaching out both little white hands, with all her woman's sympathy, and heartache, looking out of her great dark eyes. 'Poor Mammy,' she whispered, and then Mammy caught those trembling hands in her brown palms and throwing herself on her knees by her couch, her head pillowed by Mother's side the flood gates opened, and those two, comforting one the other wept and prayed together.

"Mother never got up again. She lingered for weeks. Father came home, so changed, so repentant, and though he begged broken-hearted, forgiveness and knew that Mother granted it fully, freely, yet he never forgave himself, he never was the same. Mother's last words were: 'Charlie, Nelly, meet me, —take care of Mammy—always' and the beautiful brown eyes closed forever, and I was motherless. And again it was Mammy that saved me. I could not cry, my heart rebelled; my brain seemed on fire; she led me up into my own room, got me on my bed, and while she bathed my burning temples, she talked of our loved one, told incidents of her life from the time when her dear head was first pillowed on Mammy's faithful breast until death claimed her. At last the tears came and she comforted me and prayed over me until I fell asleep.

"Father never went back to Washington. The war came on just then, and he entered the army of the Southland, sending me North. An old college friend had asked that I might be sent to him as a companion for his only daughter. Mammy and her children stayed on the plantation and lived as best they could. A scant living it was many times, as both armies made the place their camping-ground, each in its turn, leaving it bare as the proverbial cupboard of our childhood rhyme. In less than a year, Father died, thankful for the wound that carried him out of an existence that was only a burden. George was with him when he was wounded; cared for him until the last and carried his poor wasted body back to 'The Pines' and laid it to rest beside Mother. Then as soon as it was possible, he secured a passport and came to me. I can never find words to express just what his coming meant to me. He and his mother were in Europe at the time of our trouble, but had hastened home and George had answered the first call of the South. I had not seen him for more than four years. His letters had been the only crumbs of comfort that came to me since Mammy had called down her last 'De good Lawd bless you, honey chile,' upon my ungrateful head. He was the only link that bound me to the old happy Past, and yet when he asked that I go back with him as his wife I hesitated. 'It will be nothing like we have planned, sweetheart,' he said; 'but you belong to me, you belong to the South; go back with me and we will do our part toward helping the dear old State build up again. Say yes, sweetheart. I cannot go back without you.' But I could not decide that night. I did not know why, only there seemed a shadowy evasive change in George. I half thought it only imaginary, but something held me back. 'I must have until the next evening to think it over.'"

Grandmother sat silent for a moment looking thoughtfully into the fire, while Grandfather leaning over the arm of her chair, took her dainty little hand, carried it to his lips reverently and then held it close clasped in both his own. Grandmother looked up in his face, smiled bravely, though I was sure her lips quivered, and she went on with her story.

"I said to my reflection in the mirror, Of course he is changed; you are changed yourself, poor forlorn-looking creature!

Who would not change in four years of such life as we have lived? And so with flushed cheeks and quickened pulse I went down to meet my lover that night. How handsome he was as he hurried across the room to meet me, his luminous eyes searching my own, and his voice thrilling me with its pleading. 'Give me your answer, Nell—little sweetheart,' and as he would have taken me in his arms, his breath, hot, wine-laden, swept full in my face, and I knew why I had hesitated; knew what was the change, and covering my face with my hands, I cried, 'Merciful Father, have pity!' and sank almost fainting on a near-by couch. I am old and grey, and many, many years have been given me, and yet I do not let my thoughts dwell on that night. My boy lover, the only one left in all the world to really care for me, a victim of that awful thing that had brought all the sorrow of my life. I doubt if I should have withstood his pleading, my heart was so lonely and homesick,—but for the promise made my mother before she went to rest, to never, God being my helper, marry any man who so much as tastes the accursed drink, and so through it all I said 'No, I cannot, George, I dare not.' At last taking both my hands firmly in his and looking earnestly in my eyes he said, 'Well, do you truly love me?' 'Better than my own life,' I answered. 'Then, when one day I shall come back to you, with this accursed habit everlastingly overcome, you will be my wife?' 'Yes.' He drew me close, held me for a moment as if making a solemn vow over my bowed head, and kissing me tenderly, was gone.

"Eight years passed. New people and new methods had drifted into my beloved South with the closing of the war, and so one September day, I found myself the recipient of a most interesting letter from an enterprising Yankee who wanted to lease the old plantation. It had been cared for in a desultory way by one of the neighboring planters, yielding me next to nothing, but I could not think of its sale, and besides, I knew Mammy still had a home there. So as I read this man's story of the ravages which War, and Time had made on this spot, once fair as the Eden of the Lord, an intense longing to see it once more came over me, and as there was no reason in the world why I should not answer that letter in person, I decided to do so. To arrange my pitiful little wealth, subject to my order, to pack my trunk and say good-bye to my few staunch friends, took but little time, and the last evening of that week, I stepped on the landing from which the trees, the dear old home itself and even 'the quarters' loomed up, a beautiful vision before my misty eyes, while my heart held more of youth and thankfulness than I had known since I last stood on that landing.

"As I walked down the old familiar road I saw but little change. Some trees were missing, some dead,—battle-scarred,—but as I neared the house the signs of the 'hand of the Destroyer' became more marked. I did not go directly to the house but took a by-path leading to the quarters. I knew Mammy would be there, but I was not prepared for the perfect, unchanged picture of Mammy's cabin. The same vines at the windows, the same clean-swept walks and carefully-kept flower-beds, and, wonder of wonders, the same number of woolly heads crowded on the slab seat beside the door, and Mammy herself, dear, old faithful Mammy, coming out to meet me, and the next moment I was in her arms, my tired head pillowed on her great soft shoulder, while she laughed, cried and 'Bressed de Lawd' all in one breath. The first outbursts of joy subsiding she led me into the cabin and turned upon the open-mouthed pickaninnies with a string of orders which sent their black legs flying in every direction. It all seems so like the old days that I laughed heartily. 'Now, honey, chile, you doan know how much good dat a' laugh does me. You looked so solemcholy dat I was afeard you'd never laugh no mo.'

"Supper over, we sat out on the vine-covered porch, I had looked wistfully up at the house, but Mammy said, 'I wouldn't go up to-night, honey, chile; jest hab a good night's sleep in Mammy's cabin, an' we'll go up in de mo'nin',' and I was glad to consent, for I shrank from the changes I knew I must find, and from awakening of half-buried memories.

At my request that she tell me all about everything, she told the story of the years of suffering and sorrow. Her two older boys had died in the army and the two younger ones of fever. 'You see da' wan't no med'cine nowha' an' I couldn't hab got it if dah had been. We buried 'em out in de o'cha'd. Jane went right way after dat to cook for de men in camp down at de landin' an' de Lawd only knows wha' she is now. Yes, it wah awful lonesome but afteh Mr. Baker took charge of de plantation he let me hev my truck patch an' we got 'long bettah.' 'But these children, where under the sun do they belong?' 'Oh, dey's pore orfins dat de good Lawd sent me. Dey cum one at a time, 'cept Lize and Jake, I foun' dem bof at once. I heard 'em a cryin' one night up on the beranda of de house. It wah col' dat night an' de pore things wus most froze. De pore little pickaninnies jist kept a comin' frum de Lawd knows wha' until I had my number again. How good de dear Lawd is, an' now youse cum back to your own, I'll bless Him fo'eber.' 'You have been happier since the children came?' I asked. 'La yes, honey chile; you see dey keep me frum finkin' o' my troubles. I mus' heb my mine on dem; how I shall feed an' clothe 'em, an' how I shall bring 'em up right. I doan hab no solemcholy spells since de chilerns come,—I jist work an' 'Bress de good Lawd all day.' That set me to thinking. If Mammy had found a cure for der 'solemcholy,' why would not the same remedy—taken in smaller doses, prove a panacea for mine? Mammy was enthusiastic over the idea. 'De house aint tore up much. I hed more dan one battle wid dem cogers, but things aint so bad up thah. Tha'll be no trouble 'bout gettin' the orfins; de hull State's full of 'em, white an black. Me an' de chilerns'll help you, honey chile, an we'll all be happy agin. You'se not happy; dah's sumfin' what hurts my chile, Mammy knows. I'll neveh die in peace till I see the ole happy look on your face,' and I felt warm tears drop on my head as it rested on her knee.

"The morning found me so enthusiastic over my new plan that I walked to the landing early to send my letter of inquiry on the first boat out. My walking broke Mammy's heart. Bitterly she lamented her poverty that could not 'hire so much as a mule to tote the las' of the fambly.' But when I came back hungry and cheerful and brought the news of a new man coming to lease the place, and that I was ready for a thorough overhauling of the house, she wiped the perspiration from her shining face and 'bressed de Lawd!'

"The weeks that followed were busy ones. There was the whole plantation to tramp over with my enterprising Yankee, who proved to be a veritable mind of practical plans, the old home to renovate from garret to cellar and the trip to the city for the 'orfins.' I found them—a brother and sister. 'I must have the boy,' I had said at first sight of his blue eyes. 'But they cannot be separated. Our orders are strict about that,' the matron had replied. The boy's eyes won. I took them both. When their names were given, Ernest and Edith Randolph. I marveled much but could get nothing of their history. They called me 'Mamma' from the first. Edith had argued that, as I was 'no elses body's mama,' and they had 'no one at all,—only papa, and he's been gone the longest time,' I could be their 'own Mama;' to this, Ernest had acquiesced a little doubtfully, adding, in his slow dreamy way, 'If you were only our sure 'nuff mama.'

"That was a year of the hardest work I ever knew, but what rich rewards the work brought to us all. Mammy sang Psalms and 'bressed de good Lawd,' the old plantation blossomed anew under the skilful, management of Mr. Moore; the 'chilens' vied with one another in anticipating my every want, and 'the babies' and I were fast forgetting that I was not their 'sure 'nuff.'

"It was early summer again. The roses were in bloom and the air heavy with their fragrance. I, tired by a hard day's work, had crept into a hammock with the late magazine. The hum of the bees in the honey-suckle and faint sounds of the children's voices at play on the veranda, soon sent me to the land of dreams. I was awakened by Edith's hand on my cheek and her baby voice almost screaming in my ears, 'Mama, Mama, Papa's come!' Spring-

ing to my feet I saw George Randolph, clear-eyed, strong, handsome; one look into his face told me he had come as he said he would come, free from the curse. Mammy's joy over 'Massa George's' return was unbounded. She served tea for us in the old-time sitting-room with its made-over furniture, but everybody was too happy to remember present poverty or past wealth. Putting the babies to bed was one sweet task I had never delegated to another, so seeing their eyes growing heavy I bade them kiss everybody good-night 'and let's go catch the sand man.' 'But surely you do not do this always,' George remonstrated, as he opened the door.

'Why, Papa,' answered Edith, 'who could put us to bed like Mama?' The babies tucked away for the night, I found George waiting for me at the foot of the stairs, and together we walked out under the pines where the sweet briars climbed in riotous fragrance. The glamour of th old days over it all and neither of us spoke until we reached the gate where I had said good-night to him so many times before.

"Nell, sweetheart, it is scarce necessary to tell you the accursed habit holds me in its power no longer. You knew that as soon as you looked into my eyes, and, now'— 'But you loved another,' I answered, moving away from his entreating arms. 'Not as I loved,—still love—you. Agnes was a good woman, who married me with all my faults; I felt for her the deepest gratitude, I revere her memory, but, I love, always have loved you only.' 'Then you did a cruelly wrong thing when you married another.' 'No, sweetheart; I wronged no one, I made the few years of her life happy. Surely you will not let a dead woman—one who never had an unkind thought of one of God's creatures—come between us.' And again he held out his arms and I crept into their shelter, and all the unrest of the years dropped away. We said good-night under the pines where we had so often parted in the old days, and when I went back to Mammy she looked searchingly in my face for a moment, then said: 'Honey chile, you's keepin' sumthin' frum your ol' Mammy. You looks like when you wus a gal in your 'teens an' Massa George cum' a courtin'.' I told the dear old faithful soul all about it then, and as on that day so many years before she said, 'T'ank de Lawd, Miss Nell, git right down an' t'ank de Lawd.' This time I obeyed her.

"Our wedding was very quiet with only our own about us. Mother's pictured face seemed to smile down upon us in silent approval and Father's looked on with kindly eyes; Edith ran from one to the other, wild with delight—and when Ernest came softly to my side and clasping his arms about my neck, whispered, 'My sure 'nuff Mama,' I just gathered him into my arms and cried for pure joy; and Mammy, faithful old friend, wiped her streaming eyes on her apron and said, 'Bress de Lawd!'

There was a long silence. A log that had burned brightly all evening suddenly snapped in two, scattering its glowing coals over the hearth, and breaking the hush that had fallen on us all.

"Grandfather," I asked "if we were writing this story what should we call it?" "I think, little girl," he replied, as he gathered up the coals, "yes, I'm sure, its title must be 'Mammy.'"

Arizona Returns

By Myra E. McDermott Stevenson

DEAR BILL:—I met the steers here yesterday, and they're sure top-notchers, but, say, on the dead, doesn't it seem kinda foolish to raise such a rumpus over forty steers, even if they are thoroughbreds? In the old days a cow-puncher would have gone locoed at being asked to make such a delivery, that was just chore hands, or horse wrangler's work.

Just for fun, I rode across from the Panhandle country, to see how the old range looked and get a line on things,—and, gee, it did make me lonesome! There's houses and fields and lanes every where, as thick as ticks on a Texas steer, and the old trails are all fenced up, and the people raise broom-corn and cantaloupes where we used to have the big round-ups, and they lock their houses up when they go to town, and the old ranches are all gone, or so mixed up with white-faced houses and thoroughbred barns and blooded alfalfa fields, you can't cut them out without a sheriff's posse of old heads; and I didn't see one coyote, but I saw thirty-nine automobiles. I did manage to locate the old McQuillan school house on the Beaver—say, do you remember the time we had a dance there, and voted a cake to the most popular girl and took in a hundred and twenty-five bucks in forty-nine minutes, and the 3C boys and the Texas crowd nearly came to blows, and the cakes finally went to "the only girl in Sherman county, Texas," and how we whooped it up? And that reminds me, that Sherman county now has as many people as it used to have, dogie cattle, and a big town, Stratford, and a railroad, and there are a hundred or so girls to divide the honors with the one we used to think was the queen of the Texas bunch.

I also went to Liberal. Say, Bill, it made me sick! Wasn't that old burg the finest in the old days, though? But now! They've got concrete walks and plate glass fronts and "bridge clubs," and you can't shoot off a gun or rope a friend in the streets without getting run in and put in a silk-lined "jail" at that. Honestly, I couldn't get up a decent poker game in the camp. Everyone had cold feet, and the best you could do was a dollar limit. Now wouldn't that give you the willies? Didn't we old line riders like to see the water tank of Liberal show up over the hill as we rode in on the old Buffalo trail? And didn't we eat—and drink, though, when we got there? I went to the old Rock Island Eating House for old times sake, but its no use. They have silver-plated furniture too, and you can't put your feet on the table nor sing "Last Night as I Lay on the Prairies" after midnight, and there's no good old bunch talking about the K. C. market and the last round-up, and the chuck—say, I guess it's all right, but they put a kind of loco on the meat plate and give you a napkin as big as a sheet, and there are seven kinds of grub hooks to eat it all with, and as I didn't know which was which, I just dealt from the top of the deck and came out even.

I went north from Liberal to Garden City, and found the same lanes and farms everywhere, enough to make a coyote lonesome just to look over it. And old Springfield, where they had the county seat war and used to kill a man before breakfast, *is fenced up and in wheat!*

Garden is as bad as the rest of them. No comfort nor peace for a fellow in any of them. All you can do is to smoke ten-cent cigars and play some fool game of cards where they say "pray do" instead of "ante" or "I call," and talk politics. No more round-ups, no cow camps, no ranch dances, no roping on

the open prairies, no forty-mile rides without seeing a house nor a fence, no life anywhere. Nothing but horses and people and streets and lanes and farms —and such derned good order it makes a feller itch to shoot things up just once to see if the people *are* alive after all. I feel like a maverick that's broke out of the Kansas City stock yards and got mixed up with the policemen and trolley cars. I wonder what the fare is to Wyoming? No more of this for me. It's too darned lonesome! Yours for the Real West. ARIZONA.

The Drought

(A Reminiscence)

The hot sun poured his livid fire
Upon the parched plain;
The prostrate hills in mute appeal
Begged the skies for rain.
The dusty road writhed in the heat,
The steaming creeks ran dry;
The red lips of the gullies cracked
Beneath the moulten sky.

The corn blades rattled in the wind,
That tossed the dust cloud high,
The ground-bird panted in the heat
And watched her fledglings die.
The starving bees in withered flowers
Searched for sweets in vain;
The spider clung with empty hands
Unto his ragged skein.

The cattle tramped with heated hoofs
Around the sunken springs;
The vulture watched with craven eye
Low poised on balanced wings.
The thirsty coyote sought the stream
Hot-tongued upon the way;
The famished serpent charmed the hare
But could not take his prey.

The locust's song faltered and died
In the burning hush of noon;
The light-bug fanned his faded torch
Beneath the yellow moon.
And hill and plain and field and wood
Travailed and groaned in pain,
And day and night beneath the scourge,
Cried out to God for rain.

CLARENCE J. MARTIN.

When The Flood Came

By Laura Alton Payne

O JACK, please do not say any more. Of course, I—I like you —oh, much better than any one else, but—I—just can't marry a common every-day-sort of man."

The tall, lithe young fellow leaning against the porch-post gazed down upon provoking Jessica with an expression in which amusement, vexation, and pain were about evenly blended.

It was a very pretty, piquant face to gaze upon, with its big brown eyes shaded by a big fluffy pompadour of sunny brown hair, a firm, dominant little chin in constant warfare with a rebellious mouth and nose. The amusement and vexation faded out of Jacks Lindas' gray eyes, leaving only the pain.

The embarassing silence was broken by a shrill boyish treble. "Hi, there!" it called, "you two quit spoonin an' come up to the Hermit's Abode, an' see the river. It's great, I tell you! Bully view from the Abode. Come on, Jess; Jack'll boost you up."

A few minutes later, they stood in the Hermit's Abode. The Hermit's Abode wa Billy's latest, and Billy was Jessica's twelve-year-old brother. The fascinations of wild Indian, bold ·igh-wayman, and bloody pirate having in time palled upon him, Billy's fertile brain had conceived the Abode--an ingeniously and strongly constructed platform in the crotches of a giant cotton-wood that stood near the house. The Hermit's Abode perched fully a foot above the second story window-sill, the ascent thereto being by ladder, which Billy invariably drew up after him and hung out of reach on the stout stub of a limb, so that none might intrude upon his meditations. It must be confessed that Billy's "meditations" deviated shockingly from the well·established hermitic standard, highly improbable feats of daring embellished by lurid pictures being the chief characteristics.

Truly, the river was "great" and there was a "bully·view" from the Abode. The erstwhile peaceable Kaw was now a raging torrent of great breadth, threatening to break every bound and sweep the city. It had already overflowed "Little Russia" down in the lowlands; but that was an annual event to be expected.

"Hello there!" called a voice from the street, as Jack assisted Jessica off the last rung of the ladder. "A five-foot rise coming down the river—will reach here some time to-day. Mayor's sending men around to warn the people. Better move out immediately."

"Oh, I guess there's not much danger," Jack called back. "They tried to scare us out last year."

"Well, if it does come, you'll be caught between the river and Soldier Creek like rats in a trap. Better heed the warning." And he hastened on.

But they, like many others in the doomed city of North Topeka, smiled at the warning and went their way. And the floods came, and beat upon houses founded upon sand, and many of them fell. And some that smiled at the warning, smiled their last.

Billy, aroused from an absorbing "meditation" by a confusion down the street, announced its approach.

"Gee!" he shouted, "the river's busted its banks all to pieces. It's comin' down the street now! Just see."

Billy's outcry brought Mrs. Hunt and Dollie to the door in time to see a thin stream of water spread across the street at the foot of the lawn. It deepened rapidly, and soon surrounded the lawn, then begin to slip silently and with alarming swiftness up the slope. Billy deserted the Abode for the porch.

"Don't you think that we'd better be getting out of this while we can, Mrs. Hunt?" Jack inquired somewhat anxiously.

"Nonsense," returned Mrs. Hunt, "it

can't rise very high, and I won't desert my home. Lots of people stayed in their houses for nearly a week, last year, while surrounded by water. Some lived upstairs."

The water had now reached the porch, and was slipping up the foundation, inch by inch. It was fully halfway up before Mrs. Hunt gave way to alarm.

"I guess we'd better take the carpets up," she admitted at last, "and move everything upstairs."

Five willing workers can do a great deal in a half hour. Billy and Dollie fairly flew up and down the stairs saving small articles, while their elders hastily tore up carpets nnd bore heavier articles above. But the flood was as industrious as they. When at the end of the half-hour they paused to take observations, the water was creeping over the floor of the porch. Another rush of work, and everything possible was perched upon tables and cupboards and dressers, surely above high-water mark.

The water slipped up to the threshold —over it—across the floor, then, silent and insidious, began the ascent of the walls.

Jack hurried them all upstairs, and a few minutes later followed with an armful of provisions and carrying a pail of water. He made several such trips, each time marking with growing alarm the progress of the flood. Step by step, it crept up the stairway. It fascinated them with its implacable advance.

Night came on, and a cold, drizzling rain set in, adding to the gloom. From stairway to window, from window to stairway they paced, now watching the sea of water without, now marking the advance of the foe within. Lamplight revealed only more clearly their danger. The slow hours crept by, and the waters crept up—ever up. When it covered the middle step, panic seized upon Mrs. Hunt, consequently upon Dollie.

"Oh, this is terrible," she wailed. "We shall all be drowned, and it's all my fault. We might have left in time."

Jack tried to reassure her with the hope of the tide turning soon, but, gathering Dollie in her arms, she huddled down into a large chair and began to pray.

Jack and Jessica sat at the head of the stairs with Billy crouched near them. Just before dawn, Jessica, who had fallen into a light doze with her head against Jack's arm, was awakened by a slight shake.

"The water has stopped rising," was the joyful explanation—"within about a foot of the floor. It hasn't risen any for a half-hour. Thank God for His mercy."

The chill gray mornng revealed a great waste of waters that had apparently reached their limit, and would probably begin to recede soon. This hope sharpened their appetites for the breakfast that Jessica prepared. They now began to wonder about the fate of their neighbors. So swiftly had the catastrophe come, so absorbed had they been in saving themselves, they had given no thought to others. But treetops obstructed the view so that they could see very little. Occasionally they could hear a shout or a signal shot ring out.

But their hope was short-lived. Early in the day Jack stood so long at the head of the stairs that Jessica joined him apprehensively. Her fears were realized. The water was again rising. They could not know what the outside world knew, that there was another rise of two feet coming. They watched it with blanched faces till it crept up steadily to within an inch of the top; then it stopped again. However, their fears were not so easily allayed this time—another rise might come. But the day wore on without any change, the water neither rising nor receding.

Late in the afternoon of that dark Memorial Day long to be remembered by all Topekans, Jack Lindas felt a faint, almost imperceptible thrill in the structure beneath his feet, and for the first time, fear entered his soul—not for himself but for others. Jessica glanced up apprehensively, but the others had not noticed the ominous sign. He passed quickly to the window to study the situation. The house stood in the path of a strong, swift current. It might be days before resuce would come. He crossed to another window, and suddenly his face lighted up with hope.

"The Hermit's Abode!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't I think of it sooner?"

A second and more decided thrill start-

led all of them. Jack thought it best for them to know, and he explained the situation briefly. If they could reach the Abode, they would be safe. The question was, how to reach the tree, with the waters swirling in a death-trap beneath it? Not a plank was to be found in the house. Jack returned to the window with the hope of rescuing one from the flood. Various kinds of *debris* drifted by, but nothing that could be used. Something was beating the water beneath the tree—something out of reach He looked more closely. The ladder! In the excitement, Billy had clambered down from the Abode without using the ladder. Now rising and falling with the mad waters, it still hung there unbroken though Heaven alone knows how it escaped destruction. It defied every effort to reach it from the window. Finally he gave up. There was still one other chance.

"If I can get to the tree," he explained, "I can make a bridge of the ladder to the window. I believe I can spring to that nearest limb."

"O Jack," think of your peril should you fall," pleaded Jessica, her eyes dim with fear. "We'd better die together here."

There seemed a likelihood of this unless haste was made, for again the house quivered in the grasp of the flood. Jack quickly removed the window-sash, then his coat and shoes, and stepped lightly to the sill.

Poising an instant, his long, lithe body shot forward. They watched him breathlessly. He caught the limb and hung in safety for a second, submerged to his neck. But the mad, swirling waters tore at him savagely. Snap! snap the limb was breaking! He had caught too far out. Branch after branch broke in his grasp as the waters tossed and beat him. Suddenly he was swept far out of the reach of the limb. He struggled manfully toward the tree, but treacherous under-currents dragged at his feet, whirlpools caught him in their dizzy clutch, while the swift surface current strove fiercely to bear him on to destruction. Once he went under, but only for a moment. Drifting *debris* added to his danger. A huge log, caught in the swirl, between the tree and the house, missed him but a hair's breadth. Inch by inch, he fought his way back toward the tree. He had the limb almost within his graps again, when a tumultuous surge bore him swiftly sidewise many feet, but, thank God! to safety; for he found himself within easy reach of another huge limb of the cotton-wood. Drawing himself up on the limb with a desperate effort, he paused a moment for breath, then climbed to the Abode.

It was no light task to wrest the long ladder from the grasp of the flood, and extend it across to the window. Billy and Jessica caught it as soon as it came in reach, and placed it on a stout trunk on a level with the Abode. A bridge was soon built with the side guards of the Abode, and a moment later Jack crossed it. A sheet was torn into strips and stretched on each side for guards. One by one, they crossed to safety, guided by Jack. Next, Jack carried over a supply of wraps and blankets and the remainder of their food and water: then the planks and ladder were withdrawn to strengthen the Abode.

It was well that Jack had taken thought for their comfort, for the night was raw and chill. He stretched a blanket roof and another on the windward side. But there was little sleep for any of them. A glare in the sky and a cry of "Fire!" made this the most terrible night of the flood.

Sunday dawned on a scene of desolation, but it brought renewed hope. Cries for help were incessant. And help came at lest. One by one, they were gathered in from roofs of submerged houses, from trees, and even from telephone poles. The work of rescue was extremely slow and hazardous. The inhabitants of the Abode awaited their turn patiently;there were so many others more unfortunate. Jack turned rescuer. A man drifted by on a log that threatened momentarily to dislodge him.

"For heaven's sake, help me; I'm nearly exhausted," he called imploringly, as he caught sight of Jack. "Hurry or—"

The log struck the corner of the house, and the next instant the man was struggling for his life. Jack flung off his outer garments in a flash, and sprang to the rescue. He reached the man, and

together they swept around the corner out of sight.

The spectators in the Abode sat stricken dumb with the suddenness of it. Five—ten minutes passed.

"Jessica?" called a weak voice.

White and faint, rescuer and rescued stood at the window next the tree. It was all Jessica and Billy could do to extend the ladder within reach of the two men, but once again it bridged the way to safety.

"After a terrible struggle we managed to get on the kitchen roof," Jack began weakly. They would not let him explain further then, but made him lie down and covered him with blankets. Shortly after, there was a great surge, and the house careened with a crash into the cellar on the opposite side.

The day wore on without relief, and, but for the discovery of Billy's hermit store—a box of crackers and a jug of water—they would have suffered from hunger and thirst.

Rescue came early Monday morning. Jack found a house for them, sent up a supply of provisions and household goods, then joined the rescue crew.

With hardly a glimpse of Jack, who was toiling day and night, Jessica alternated between hope and fear for the next three days. Late in the evening of the third day, Jack came in, haggard and soil-stained and worn out. He lay down on the couch and fell asleep almost before his head touched the pillow. When he awoke two hours later a tempting supper awaited him.

"Jessica," began Jack, when at last they were alone, "that man I rescued is Mr. Brent, a wealthy and influential business man. He has secured me a position at a hundred dollars a month, enough to provide for all of us, but—I am still just a common every-day-sort of man, just like the other boys."

"You are as true a knight as ever wore helmet," protested Jessica, half laughing, half crying, "and all the boys are heroes—there's not a common one among them, not one. And, Jack," the firm little chin quivering, "if—if—you don't ask me again, I—shall wish that I—had never—been rescued. I shall wish—"

But the wish was smothered on Jack's shoulder, and Jack doesn't know to this day what it was.

I Wish

I wish I'd been old Pluto's boy,
For then they say I'd had
All kinds of fun and wicked joy
That comes to those who're bad.

But now I have to miss the sport
That's on this earth, I know,
And wait until I get the fun
Of Heaven where I'll go.

I wish they'd turned the thing around
And blessed the good while here;
Then made the wicked wait for theirs,
'Till they get over there.

BRUCE MACLELLAND.

To Costa Rica

Oh! galleon captains of a time long dead---
Who guessed the golden way thy conquests led?
Blest be thy dreams this El Dorado won;
Twice blest the fragrance of this summer sun.
The blue soft beauty of these kindly skies
Vies with the glory of the maiden's eyes,
Who, coffee-gleaning, basket poised on arm,
Hints at the picture of her homeland's charm.
O, Costa Rica! Land of dower divine;
Graced of the gods thy every plant and vine;
Touched by the magic of abundant yields;
Sprung from the chaos of embattled fields,
Whereon now dream-eyed oxen fatly browse
And Love's young twain exchange their sacred vows.
Oh would 'twere fate that I should here remain,
Nor be more favored than yon artless swain,
Who, goad-stick wielding, guides his oxen on
Sans dreams of greed or empires lost or won!

Alas! for hopes that fire our hearts with zeal
And drive us hence to grope 'twixt woe and weal!
Yet, backward on this Eden oft I'll smile,
Where Fortune pampered me a little while.

George Warburton Lewis.

Wessie Livers

By J. E. Torrance

CHAPTER X

ONE Friday late in November, Wessie received a letter from Billy Osgood when she called at the postoffice after school had adjourned for the day, and tarried to answer it before setting out on her homeward ride. When she had written and mailed her reply, it was becoming quite dark. She felt no misgivings on account of the approaching darkness, however, for it would take Jeanette but a brief time to traverse the timber and when once upon the open prairie the starlight would be quite sufficient to enable her to find the way. Jeanette bounded nimbly homeward and Wessie's heart was in its chief delight as she felt the undulating movements of her cantering steed. Billy Osgood had said many pleasant things in his letter, of which not the least gratifying among them was that he would start for home with a number of fine horses on Christmas day, which, as he calculated, would enable him to eat dinner with her on New Year's day. He also hinted that he would be able to present her, as a New Year's gift, a filly even more fleet-footed and beautiful than Jeanette. While this train of happy thought was running through the girl's mind, Jeanette was whittling off distance with a steady swinging gallop that added to her other delights. The road was narrow and rough and great trees with overhanging boughs seemed to be pressing down the fast thickening gloom upon the lone traveler, when a familiar howl floated out upon the night wind, which was answered by another and still another away off in the dark woodland.

Jeanette uttered an uneasy little neigh and quickened her pace as if she understood.

"Wolves!" exclaimed Wessie, with a slight tremor. "Steady, Jeanette; steady, my girl. Don't make a false step for our lives. We'll show the beasts how to run."

Jeanette seemed to understand perfectly; for she at once began to pierce the darkness with long, graceful bounds which would have proclaimed her a thoroughbred upon any race course. Yelps were heard in the rear and there was no doubt that several hungry timber wolves were on the trail. Both rider and steed realized that a sudden fierce dash was not the way to beat the hungry beasts; that there were so many miles to go and neither felt it prudent to strike the swiftest gait in the beginning. A mile was covered at a steady, even swing, and the yelps were evidently coming nearer. It was Wessie's plan to keep an even pace until the creek was reached and crossed and the prairie gained, and then to let Jeanette out and leave the wolves behind. It was extremely dangerous to put her down to a dead run in the creek bottom timber. The road was rough and obstructed here

and there by windfalls which had to be leaped and in the dark Jeanette might miss her footing and fall or throw her rider. Again, there were low-hanging boughs easily enough avoided in day time,but likely to sweep a rider from his horse in the darkness. With these thoughts in mind, Wessie held Jeanette in with both hands and it required all of her strength, for the wolves were within a few rods of them, and Jeanette not only heard their fierce, sharp yelps, but evidently scented them.

"Steady, Jeanette! That's a good girl. Steady!" she coaxed. "Whoa-up here, honey; here is the creek. Steady —girl––"

The banks of the creek were steep on each side and the stream was somewhat swollen but not too deep to ford. Jeanette scarcely slackened her pace as she approached the bank, and Wessie knew it would be useless to try to hold her in. She felt the brave filly take a deep breath and in an instant she leaped from the ground and sailed in air it seemed to Wessie. Then there was a loud splash, a brief struggle with the swift current and the noble animal bounded up the steep incline on the opposite side. The leap was none too soon for the steady effort of the rider to hold her in had enabled the foremost wolf of the pack to approach dangerously near the filly's heels. The wolf hesitated to follow imimediately, and when his fellows came up and the pack made the plunge, the swift current bore their lank forms down stream so that they were obliged to clamber up the perpendicular bank some rods below. This gave the fugitives a fresh start and the wolves did not again come very near until the edge of the timber was reached. Wessie looked back and counted five, the leader being a powerful fellow of unusual size, whose white teeth glistened within a rod of Jeanette's heels with the pack at his tail.

"Gee-whip!" muttered Wessie. "Here they come already! Courage, honey,—steady—now show the brutes your pretty heels; fly, fly, my sweetheart!"

And, as if she understood the kindly sentiment of her little rider, Jeanette lengthened and quickened the swing of her leaps until the earth seemed to rush past in the opposite direction. The frost had killed the luxuriant growth of blue-stem in the early part of October, and a prairie fire had afterwards swept it from the smooth, level ground, leaving an ideal surface for a race against fleet death. The moon was just peeping over the eastern horizon in front of her and the timber along the Kaskaskia looked like a dark fringe in the distance. The rider's wraps had been snatched from her person by drooping limbs as she rode swiftly through the Mitchell Creek timber, and her hair had come loose and was streaming behind upon the wind. Wild and weird and beautiful must have been the scene upon the prairie of Illinois as the race progressed, had there been an artist or lover of nature present to have sketched it. Words cannot paint it. No one but a master who saw and felt it all could convey to one's faculty any just conception of that scene. Jeanette, with foaming flank and nostril distent, her long, sweeping, rythmic bounds carrying her and her gallant rider swift as the wind before those grim, gaunt, fleet-footed beasts of blood and death, eager to rend and devour horse and rider, seemed more spirit than substance. Wessie sat in the saddle firmly, her beautiful, luxuriant, black hair floating and snapping in the riven wind as she encouraged with soft, sweet voice, her favorite Jeanette—her only hope. A quick glance to the rear and her heart grew sick.

"Gee-whip! honey, can it be possible that you are fagging? It must be several miles yet. For the Lord's sake, Jeanette, honey, don't fail me. Sure—sure the beasts are gaining on us! Courage, my pretty; fast—fast—oh, they are upon us! Billy, dear, brave Billy—if—you could only come!"

The panting of the foremost beast the girl could hear at Jeanette's very haunches and she knew that he had but to make a sure leap to fasten his horrible fangs in Jeanette's fleet but exhausted limbs and drag her down, and then a few horrid moments and all would be over; for the pack was but a rod in the rear. Jeanette was straining every nerve to distance the cruel brutes.

"Try a little harder, honey! Surely you can go a little faster!" chided Wessie in despairing tones. "Surely the good

Lord didn't create this beautiful neck and those fleet limbs to be torn by the savage wolves!" she cried, as she realized that poor Jeanette was doing her best without avail.

"Oh, my God!" she cried in anguish, "there's one in front of us. Lost—lost—poor Jeanette!" There was a dark object coming swift as a meteor from the east; it paid no attention to Jeanette or her unhappy rider, but shot past them like a projectile and there was a dull impact as two heavy bodies came together; snarls and growls and savage gnashing of teeth, and Wessie understood that a deadly conflict was on. Jeanette kept her course and Wessie said pathetically:

"We're safe, but poor Dash will be torn in pieces—a noble sacrifice—poor, poor fellow!"

Since the departure of Billy Osgood some two and a half months previous, his faithful dog had spent most of his time at Wessie's home and it had been his habit to meet her at the edge of the prairie each evening on her return from school. This time he must have met her at least two miles beyond the timber line. Whether the noble animal instinctively knew—whether he learned of the deadly peril of his little friend by some occult means not within the compass of human understanding, or whether he heard the noise of the mad race or felt the vibrations of beating hoofs as he awaited her coming at the edge of the timber, it is not possible for us to know; but that the brave dog knew from some source that his mistress was in deadly peril, there can be not a doubt. Wessie alighted from the panting filly at the stoop in front of her home, with a heavy heart. It was too cruel that so faithful an animal as Dash should meet his death, as she had no doubt he had done, by the fangs of the blood-hungry pack. She ran upon the porch, reached for the latch and fell into the doorway. Her father sprang to her side and raised her up frightened almost to death.

"Gee-whip, Papa, the wolves have killed poor Dash!" she gasped. And she quickly told the story of the night's tragedy to her parents while the tears flowed freely from her eyes which were not accustomed to weeping.

"How far is it?" inquired her father. "Maybe I might save him."

"He must have met me two miles in the prairie." replied Wessie. "But, oh, do let's go back there. I cannot bear to have the wolves kill the poor, brave fellow."

"My dear child, you are too nearly exhausted to ride any more to-night," said her father kindly.

"But, Papa, poor Dash saved me and Jeanette and there is nothing that I would not do for him. Go saddle Queen for me quickly and let's be off," urged the girl as if she had not just ridden nearly a half score of miles at break-neck speed through the valley of death.

Mr. Livers quickly saddled his own horse and Wessie's other saddler, Queen, snatched a gun, and he and his remarkable daughter were soon riding fiercely toward the prairie.

As they dashed into the open, Wessie shouted, "There he is!" reined up her horse and sprang to the ground and threw her arms lovingly about the neck of poor Dash, who, lacerated and torn and bleeding, was steadily and painfully dragging himself homeward. Mr. Livers tenderly assisted the faithful animal home where his wounds were washed and dressed, and Wessie, after eating a light lunch, was glad to retire for the night.

THE WOLF HUNT

As the morning star peeped through the forks of the great elm near the home of Wessie Livers next morning after the thrilling ride which it was attempted to describe in the preceding chapter, Mr. Livers blew a few blasts on a cow's horn, which echoed and reverberated to the remotest parts of the settlement. Presently an answering blast rolled in from the Osborn farm and another from the cabin of Old Doctor Crocker. A few moments' silence intervened and then a chorus of blasts, some loud, some shrill and some melodious, arose throughout the settlement, showing that all desired to join in the sport whatever it might be. When all became silent once more, the hunters undertanding perfectly that the promoter of the hunt, whoever he might be, would announce the place of rendezvous by a series of

calls or blasts understood by the entire community. During the interval of silence Wessie Livers came out on the porch dressed in her riding habit, and, taking the horn from her father, performed an Alpine roundelay, which, among the hunters of the neighborhood, was the prevailing call to the chase; and then closed with the beautiful Tyrolean echo-call, repeating the last notes three times. For the purpose of enabling the people to assemble quickly, either to start upon a hunt or in time of threatened danger, each settler had his number which was known to all. Any given number of blasts on the horn notified the pioneers that they were promptly to assemble at the cabin or home known by that number. Simon Radcliff was number three, and therefore three blasts was the signal to meet at his house at the edge of the timber something like a mile from the Livers home.

Simon Radcliff, in addition to being a fairly good preacher, was a tireless and devoted hunter, to the detriment, it was sometimes observed, of his farming interests, and nothing suited him better than a wolf or fox chase or a bear hunt. He was one of the oldest settlers in the community and he and his neighbor on the south, Rial Bartlett, and Doctor Crocker had fought in the Black Hawk War in 1832, under General Samuel Whitesides who at this time lived in a settlement several miles distant. Radcliff was a splendid horseman and a fearless fellow in the presence of any kind of danger—a man of few words and prompt to act. His love for the chase was his excuse for always keeping a well-stocked kennel of trail hounds as did most all the settlers at that time.

Before the sun had broken over the barrier of big timber which swung around to the east with the Kaskaskia, horsemen with their packs of hounds began to arrive at the designated place, and when it became known that the object of the meet was to run down a pack of timber wolves that had chased Wessie Livers the night before, the hunters' eagerness to be off was almost beyond restraint. When Wessie rode up by the side of her father, Jeanette was prancing as if the long run of a few hours previous had merely put her in proper condition for greater feats. When she approached the men at Radcliff's door, slouch hats and coon-skin caps went up in the air and loud hurrahs proclaimed at once her popularity and the admiration of those rough men for a brave woman.

Common consent conferred upon Simon Radcliff the leadership of the hunt and he had appointed his captains and was giving them final instruction when a lone horseman was seen coming up the edge of the prairie from the southwest. He was mounted upon a snow-white pony and had just emerged from the woods, the border of which, following the general course of the river, ran in a southwesterly direction. Simon Radcliff swept his field-trained eyes over the prairie and then said:

"Men, I do believe that's General Whitesides. I thought he was down at Cahokia, but surely that is his pony, and no other man sets a horse like that."

"I believe you are right, Simon," assented Rial Bartlett, "for the Gi'.er'l frequent rides a white hoss-cretur and he's likewise a little feller sich as that'n 'pears to be."

"Of coase hit's him," said Henry Aldrich as he held on to the straps attached to two lank, bawling hounds, "of coase hit's him, becase I've seed him frequent." The question was soon settled in favor of the prevailing opinion, for General Whitesides rode up, called out pleasantly, "Howdy, men," and swung himself to the ground with the ease of a squirrel. He was, at that time, perhaps forty, of diminutive size, lithe and quick of movement, and when talking with one, pierced him with two coal-black eyes. He shook hands heartily with his old comrade, Simon Radcliff, and then greeted in turn each old settler, those whom he knew and those he had not known, with the same cordial greeting. Then, addressing the crowd, the Genera said:

"Men, I just came from old Daniel Huffman's down in the Petty Settlement yonder, and he tells me that the pesky varmints killed one of his children yesterday. The child wandered away into the woods and the grey devils got it. The body was mostly eaten up when it was found. I can't say very much fer a man who will let the wolves eat up his

children, but that's neither here nor there. The settlers down there chased them with some curs and the beasts crossed the prairie to the Mitchell Creek timber. I came up here to borrow Simon's hounds and go over there and see if I couldn't get some of the devils; but you-all seem bent on a hunt of some kind. Maybe you have seen them," concluded the General with an inquiring look towards the assembled settlers.

"Cruel beasts!" said Wessie softly to her father. "They probably had the fresh blood of the poor child on their lips when they chased me," and a shudder ran over her frame.

"Them's the very varmints, Gineral, thet chased our little posey here," explained Doctor Crocker earnestly, "and them's what we're about to go atter."

"The tarnal sneaks," said General Whitesides, "But tell me all about it."

"Miss Wessie here kin tell you, Giner'l, replied Doctor Crocker, "fer she's the brave lettle gal as was chased."

"Uh!" shuddered Wessie, "Let's catch the villians first. The story can be told any time."

"Remarkable girl!" said the General quietly. "She would make a fine Indian fighter. Most of her sex are better talkers than doers. She seems different."

But some one of the men told the General the story briefly and he insisted that Wessie should ride by his side in pursuit of the murderers. As if by force of habit as well as by virtue of natural fitness, General Whitesides assumed command of the hunt, Simon Radcliff gracefully and gladly yielding to his old comrade and commander. A moment later and, just as the sun smiled through the topmost branches of the tall Kaskaskia timber, Wessie and General Whitesides galloped side by side, followed by twenty horsemen, and twice as many dogs, toward the spot where brave old Dash had met and vanquished the blood-hungry wolves the night before. It was not difficult to follow the trail made by Jeanette over the burnt prairie, for the surface of the ground was soft and yielding, which partly accounted for the filly's inability to leave her pursuers far behind. When the party had ridden a considerable distance—some two miles, perhaps—Wessie brought Jeanette to a stand-still and said: "Here is where Dash met me, and over there is where the struggle took place."

"Keep the dogs back!" commanded General Whitesides as he dismounted to examine the impressions left on the ground by the evil beasts. "It must have been a fierce struggle," remarked the General. "There is plenty of blood here. There was one enormous fellow who seems to have done most of the fighting. The others stood off some distance and looked on. That is unusual. Ordinarily I would expect the cowardly creatures all to pile on. Perhaps the leader, Goliath-like ordered them to stand aside in order that he might claim all the victory. I have seen men—officers—do that same thing, and then get gloriously licked."

The General walked a few steps farther and examined the ground critically and continued:

"Here is where he retreated, and the blood was flowing pretty freely as the creature fled. The heroic dog had him by the ham, too, for I can see where he was dragged. Ah, here is where the monster broke away and fled down the ravine, no doubt, badly wounded. Seeing their leader vanquished, the others fled west across the prairie toward the Mitchell Creek timber; and here is where the dog turned homeward, doubtless, wounded and nearly exhausted. Now, men," continued the General, "the young lady and I and Comrade Simon will take about ten good hounds and follow the trail of the big fellow until we get his pelt. The rest of you will take the remainder of the hounds and see if you can jump up the pack. It will not take us long to find our game for he is undoubtedly wounded severely and will be stiff and sore and unable to make much of a run or put up a very strong fight when brought to bay." Ten of the best hounds selected from Radcliff's pack were shown the trail of the wounded wolf and readily took the scent. They dashed down the bed of a ravine, followed by the General and his party, while the other hounds were shown the trail of the main pack which had seemingly taken no part in the fight, and started bellowing towards the Mitchell Creek timber in the west.

The ravine down which the single trail lead was wet and swampy in its bed, and the tall grass that grew was too damp to burn when the prairie had been burned over earlier in the season. This tall, dense prairie grass, together with the matted accumulation of previous years, formed a perfect wilderness in which it was easy for wild beasts to hide. As the General and his little party rode along on the banks of the ravine keeping pace with the hounds as they slowly and with difficulty worked the cold trail through the mat and tangle, he remarked that the quarry was no doubt an old patriarch who had lead the pack to attack the Huffman child and later, on the same day, to chase Miss Livers.

"It is a very rare thing," he continued, "for wolves to attack a human being. It requires more courage than the skulking beasts usually possess. The old fellow is evidently the exception, and led the murderous pack into it against their better judgment, and they probably deserted him when the crucial moment arrived; for the wolf is almost as shy of the domestic dog as of his human master. If we can exterminate this gigantic leader, there is little to fear from the rest of the pack. Listen! The hounds are baying. They have struck a warm trail. Come on!"

Away dashed the coterie of horsemen, Jeanette leading by several yards, then the General's white pony, with Simon Radcliff not far away. As they approached the baying hounds, a wolf ran out of the ravine and started across the open prairie. He was quite stiff and sore from the battle with Dash and at first ran but slowly. It would have been easy to shoot him, but it was a violation of the sportsman's code in pioneer Illinois for anyone to carry fire arms when follwing hounds, except when hunting deer, and the party had adhered to the rule in this case, notwithstanding their earnest desire to be rid of the wolves.

"He is a monster!" yelled Simon Radcliff as he caught sight of the beast, and, noting that the hounds were not gaining on him very rapidly, he blew his hunter's horn and spurred his horse forward until he ran neck and neck with the General's pony. Wessie still lead the race. It was a beautiful sight in the eyes of an old hunter to see the long, earnest, undulating bounds of the powerful gaunt creature and the rythmic leap of pursuing hounds. At first the hounds gained steadily on the fleeing wolf, and the horsemen held in their steeds and kept in their immediate rear; but, as the wolf warmed up, his soreness seemed to trouble him less, and the stiffness of limb, apparent at first, became less perceptible. Presently he began to widen the distance between himself and his pursuers, and, blow and toot as he might, the speed of Radcliff's hounds could not be increased.

"He is making for the Mitchell Creek timber," suggested the General, "and if he gets there, he will make good his escape. If the dogs can't overtake him here in the open, they will quickly loose him in the thick timber where, with all of his cunning and superior knowledge of the woods, they will be no match for him."

"Then, he's as good as escaped," replied Simon Radcliff, "For the hounds are doing their level best and losing ground every minute."

"Gee-whip! That will never do!" cried Wessie Livers as she gathered up her reins and began to talk to Jeanette and pat her lovingly on the neck.

"What are you going to do about it, my little Miss?" asked General Whitesides, smiling.

"I am going to run Jeanette over the beast." declared Wessie as she leaned forward and said something to Jeanette who immediately quickened her pace.

"Hold on there, you little mad-cap!' yelled the General. "That's fool-hardy. It will throw your filly and kill you both!'

"Come on!" she shouted back, "it has to be done."

In a moment Jeanette's shapely limbs were reaching out in a manner to satisfy the exactions of the most critical turfman. Radcliff and the General applied the spurs to their mounts and put them out to the limit in their endeavor to overtake and dissuade the daring girl from her hazardous undertaking. On she flew at a furious gait. Soon she had passed the foremost hound and was an easy leader of hounds and horses. The race was grand, thrilling and dangerous. Enthusiasm uncontrolled and uncon-

trollable, carried everything with it and caused the participants in the wild dash to lose all semblance of fear. The General forgot his solicitude for the girl's safety, and spurred and yelled like an Indian. Radcliff forgot his piety and proverbial stoicism and cheered and hallooed and even uttered mild oaths to encourage the hounds to greater efforts; and with blast after wild blast upon his hunter's horn, added to the din and confusion and mad whirl of the chase. The hounds were putting their entire strength into the running, although they gave out deep, musical bellows at irregular intervals, which might have been heard to reverberate against the wall of timber on Mitchell Creek. It was simply a fast, furious tragedy moving upon the face of the earth; a wild whirlwind of sport, inspiring, enthusiastic, beyond description. Jeanette was ahead of the hounds. the flying beast ahead of her and the horsemen behind them all—all sweeping westward across the level prairie, producing a panorama that would be the delight of the modern man of moving pictures. The wolf is now but a few yards in advance of the filly and has apparently brought into action all his reserve powers. He looked back over his shoulder showing his white fangs defiantly without diminishing his speed.

"Ah-ha, Mr. Wolf! The tables have turned!" shouted Wessie, her eyes flashing with excitement. "Yesterday you chased us; now we are chasing you. Now Jeanette now's the time—steady—steady--"

Radcliff held his breath while the General uttered an exclamation of admiration as they saw the filly take one grand leap and light upon the back of the fleeing wolf, rolling him over and over on the ground while she passed on with undiminished speed, Wessie being unable to take her up promptly. Quickly the dazed animal got upon his feet and with an instant of hesitation seeing the hounds and horsemen coming from the east and Wessie and Jeanette between him and his goal to the west, darted off south with all the inspiration of desperate panic; while Wessie circled the filly south and east in order to approach the new line of retreat. The hounds clipped the angle and fell in behind the wolf, making a considerable gain by the tactics; while Radcliff and the General bore off to the left and were yelling and riding at a furious rate, parallel with the wolf's new course, a hundred yards to the east. When Wessie again swung in ahead of the hounds, they were perhaps two hundred yards in the rear of the beast and the distance was gradually growing. Fully a half mile was covered before Jeanette was again able to come up with the fugitive whose speed, born of desperation, was something astonishing. Radcliff and the General had gained considerable advantage by the wolf's tack and were nearly abreast of him, still some rods to the east. Again the beast threw a gleam of defiance over his shoulder at Wessie and again she accepted the challenge.

"Now, honey! Steady—run him down, my beauty! Steady—hip!" and the unhappy wolf was again for an instant struggling beneath the pounding, leaping limbs and feet of the heroic filly, and at last sent sprawling upon the ground by the terrible impact. This time the gallant little horsewoman got control of her steed at once and almost before the wolf had succeeded in righting himself, she had swung around and was dashing back towards the spot where she had upset her shaggy enemy. The wolf saw the hounds approaching from the north, the horsemen closing in from the east and his daring little tormentor bearing down upon him from the south.

There was no time to fritter away. The hounds were not a dozen yards away and Radcliff and the General were coming neck and neck at a not much greater distance. The wily, desperate fellow's innate cunning did not abandon him even in this crisis; and, as in every other instance, although he had but a moment in which to decide, he did the best and only thing he could have done and ran out at the gap directly westward. As if inspired with the spirit of the desperate game enacting, Jeanette almost without an effort of her rider, cut the angle like a flash, this time striking the bounding wolf squarely from the side, and knocking him flat on his back, leaping over his prostrate form. Before he could right himself, the foremost hound

had him by the throat, and almost simultaneously the next one caught his hind leg; and, with the wisdom scarcely expected in dumb animals, they pulled in opposite directions, thus stretching the beast and depriving him of the use of the great strengt hin action he naturally possessed. Radcliff veered to the right and General Whitesides to the left, passing on either side of the struggling beast as the remainder of the pack rushed in and speedily put an end to the great brute, almost before Wessie and her companions could take up the speed of their horses and return to the scene of conflict.

"Gee-whip! What a thrill!" exclaimed Wessie, beaming with delight.

"Bravo, little girl!" said General Whitesides, "it was the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed."

"She's already crowned queen of the chase," remarked Simon Radcliff dryly, his eyes gleaming with pleasure and excitement.

The men removed the pelt from the grim animal, and it was afterwards dressed by Doctor Crocker and thereafter adorned Wessie Livers' room as a rug and a souvenir of the two exciting chases.

When the party who had followed the trail of the other wolves made their report, it was found that they had overtaken and killed but one of them; but the destructon of the great man-eating leader was deemed of far greater importance than if all the others had been killed and he had made good his escape again to terrorize the people of the community.

TO BE CONTINUED

Fair Weather

The Four-Winds-of-Heaven blow long and loud,
Over mountain and valley and desert and crowd;
And they whisper a story to you and to me,
As they blow us both into Eternity.
The East Wind is wet with a tempest of tears.
And the Northerner shrieks of his frosty biers;
The South Wind is either too hot or too cold,
But the West Wind is steady and strong and bold.
And the Wizard-of-Winds is boasting his best
When he gives us a vigorous Wind from the West.

The Wind from the West blows rugged and true;
There is lease upon Life in his whistle for you:
There is Youth in his breath there is nerve in his sweep
And his lusty old roar sets the pulse a-leap.
The East Wind is wet with a tempest of tears,
And the Northerner shrieks of his frosty biers,
The South Wind is either too hot or too cold,
But the West Wind is steady and strong and bold.
And the Wizard-of-Winds is boasting his best
When he gives us a vigorous Wind from the West.

RUTH HUNTOON.

Earning an Education

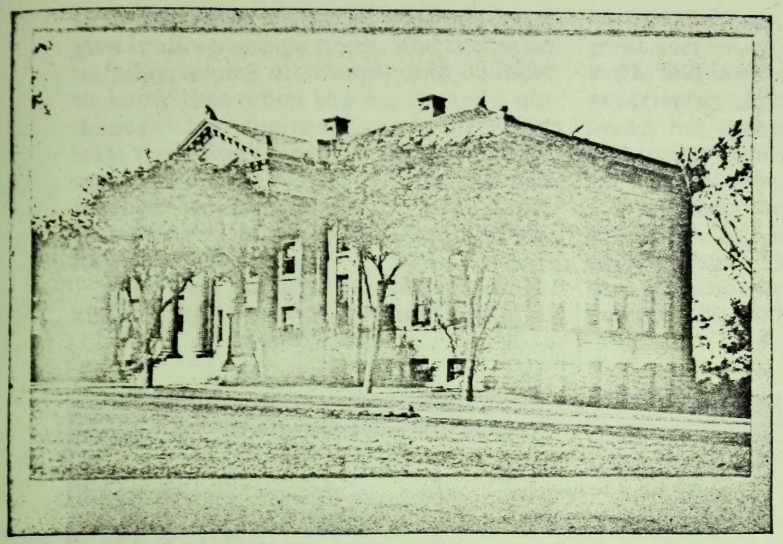
By a Co-Ed.

IN the class graduated this year from the University of Kansas, among a number of girls who had "worked their way" was one whose life is perhaps a very fair example of the life of the girl who works. The problems of the self-supporting girl at the University are much the same in each case, but the method of solving them must vary with the ingenuity and personality of the girl. Because these girls are real girls with all the sensitiveness of other girls who come from sheltering homes, they would not think of telling their own experiences abroad. They know how to prize the right of the individual, and especially the right of the girl, to be a private citizen. Often, too, the details of the story are too vital and personal, and at times, too painful, to be told to the casual hearer. This particular story is selected because probably no one of the girl's classmates knows enough of this side of her life to recognize the girl.

She came, like most of the girls who work, from a modestly wealthy Kansas home. Her parents had been among the earliest settlers of the eastern part of the state, and the land of their farm had never been occupied by any other white man. Always within the memory of the girl there had been plenty for any reasonable need, but although her parents were considered very well-to-do in their neighborhood, they were not able without a large effort to bear the expense of her university education. Moreover she was healthy and full of energy and ambition, and it did not seem to her right, now that her parents were growing old, that they should work harder and deny themselves for her. So she set herself the task of making her own way.

The established home and the financial conditions of her whole life before entering the University gave her a certain attitude toward herself and her relations with the world at large that greatly influenced her university life. The habit of a sub-consciousness of financial security projected itself over into those strenuous years at college, and gave her a certain quiet, fearless self-respect which developed into a poise that a less fortunate girl might have failed to gain. At the same time this very fact of her life up to the time of entering school, made any financial uncertainty almost unbearably painful. On the day she entered the University she began a four years' struggle to secure and maintain a balance between her expenses and her earnings.

In the summer before she entered school she wrote to the Registrar of the University asking for information about finding employment for the school year. She secured a few names of people who wanted a girl to help in the home, and with a sinking heart she came to Lawrence for the first time, coming early so as to arrange personally for her winter's work. She had never applied for work before, except for the comparatively honored position of teacher in a country school, and she shrank from starting out now. The painfulness of the experience came not from the way she was treated by those to whom she went, but from the memory of the caste ideas of her own home neighborhood. Her first sight of the campus of a great university made her feel a hopeless inadequacy for what she had undertaken. The few early arrivals of the students, fresh and stylishly dressed, and full of eager enthusiasm at their return, made her feel still more forlorn and alone. She could not know that those students were the representatives only of fraternities and sororities and not of the great student body; and moreover she could not know that many of the fraternity boys and even a few of the sorority girls were largely self-supporting; and she had not

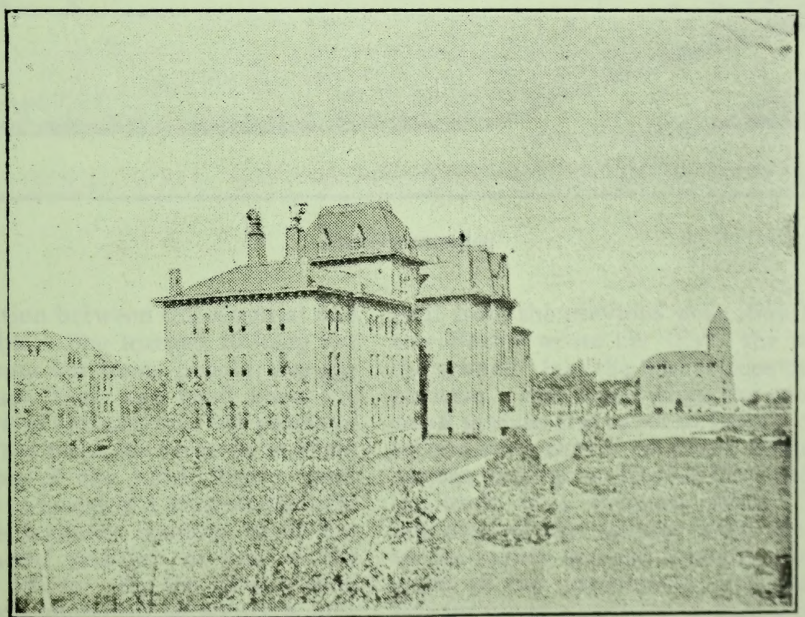


Green Hall

realized that, after all. "people" is only a more dignified term for the old word "folk."

She secured a position to work for her board in a pleasant home, caring for two small children on certain afternoons in the week, and helping somewhat with the lighter kitchen work. The people for whom she worked were very pleasant and friendly, treating her as one of the family and taking a very personal interest in her. When she wanted a word of advice or information she could go to them freely and confidently.

Her social life that first year was narrowly limited by many circumstances. In the first place the fact that she boarded with a private family isolated her; the usual meeting place of students was the boarding club. There were girls rooming in the house where she boarded, but they were all "upperclassmen," and she was shy and reticent on account of her unaccustomed position in the house. Moreover, her studies and her work together left her very little time for social interests, especially for such as would be a drain on her physical forces. Moreover she could not afford expensive pleasures, and before long the strain of the financial problem became so severe that it almost destroyed, for a time at least, her girlish spontaneity of spirit. Her fees and the cost of books and room rent mounted up distressingly. Many a

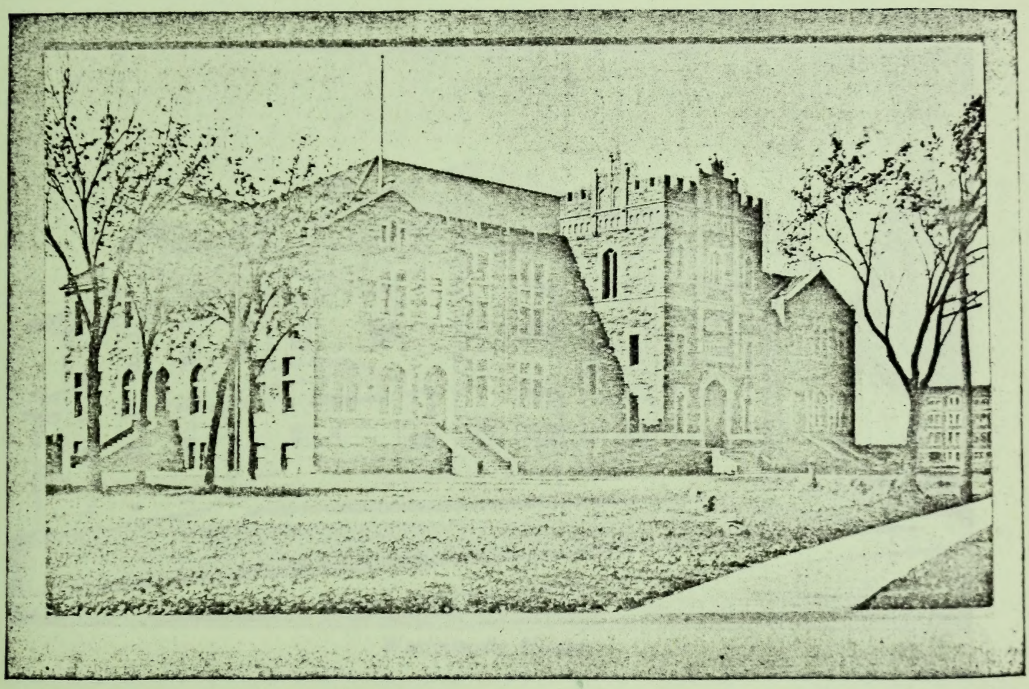


Partial view of the Campus including Fraser Hall and the Administration Building

time that year it seemed that she must give it all up and go home, and it was an unfailing source of strength and comfort to know that when she really could not manage her finances any longer at least there was a home to which she could return. But always just as she had reached what seemed her last stand, something came up to help her, and she finished the year.

That year taught her many things, and among them was the hard lesson of discrimination between the essential and the desirable. She learned to keep her troubles from her home people; she absorbed much that was good from the atmosphere of culture; and her practical sense told her what she must do to avoid a repetition of the hard, lonely year. To be able to board in a student club she must have business training to fit her for a salaried position in one of the university offices. By the most careful economy she managed to secure a nine weeks' course in stenography during the summer vacation. During the latter part of the year there had come to her a great sorrow quite outside of her school work, and face to face with her first great experience of mystery and grief, she found her measure of large and small, and losing herself, she was ready to find her real place in the life before her.

Even then the difficulties were not all overcome, but she was stronger for the overcoming. The opening of school brought another painful period of suspense. The office positions were all held from the previous year, but Registrar Foster wrote her that "the one on the ground" had the best chance to get a position. She knew when she took her small savings and came to Lawrence this second time that if no place opened for her she must go to Kansas City and take up work in a business office. Those few days of idle waiting while she lived on the money she had brought, were the worst of her experiences. At last she was promised a position in case a certain boy did not come by a set date. While she waited she read book after book that



The Gymnasium

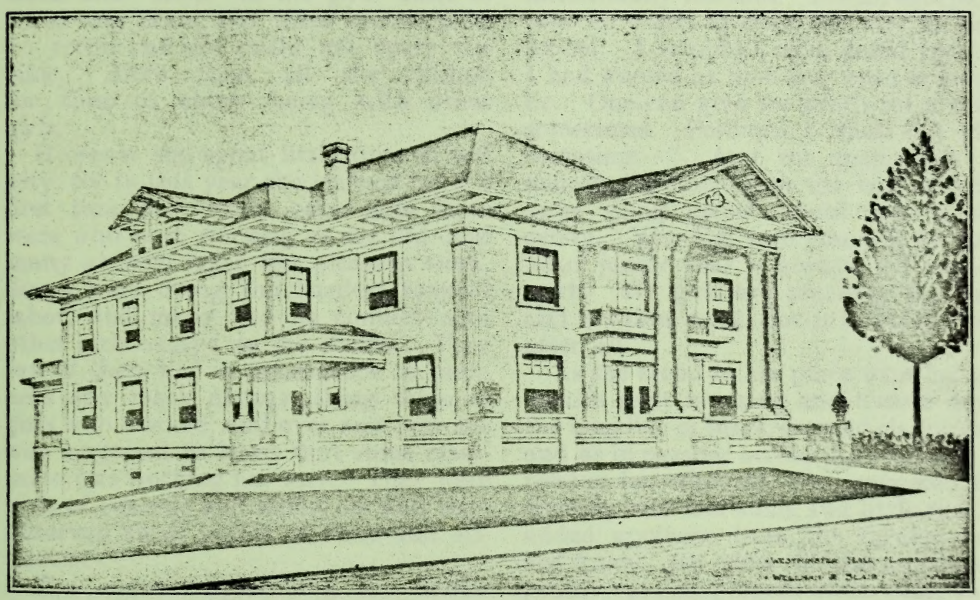
she might not have time to think. At last the day came and she was given the position, and so was fairly launched upon her office work.

After the first few weeks, when the nervous tension and wear had become less severe, and when she had learned to do many things rapidly without hurrying, she began to find the mere mechanical part of the work a relief from her school duties. Moreover the faculty men in the office where she worked were invariably courteous, considerate and cheerful. In the degree that she would throw off her reticence she was treated as one of them. Through her office work she became partially acquainted with the greater number of the members of the faculty, and how much of inspiration and confidence their friendly good will and personal interest gave her, she realized fully only when she had reached a point where she could look back at her whole course impersonally.

The summer that followed her sophomore year she stayed for the summer session. Those weeks were a radiant spot in her time at the University. She spent them in the home of one of the faculty members, reading aloud or acting as amanuensis for an hour morning and evening, and living with the family as one of them. The main requirement was that she should be in the house as company for the two women left alone for those few weeks. The remaining time before the opening of school she divided between acting as relief bookkeeper for an uncle and as seamstress for an older sister.

Besides such sources of income there was one that aided her materially. She being the smallest of a large family of whom the older girls were married, there were many good garments outgrown or misfit by the dressmaker, which, when passed on to her, could be re-made and used. Her ability to work over these garments came to be a maxim in the family.

Her junior year was easier from the financial standpoint, while at the same time it was most exacting from the side of the classroom. Her position with a better salary was ready for her when she came back in September. Moreover as she was more able to organize her work, her social interests broadened. How complete this organization had to be, however, but few realized. All her themes for the English class she plotted out as she came and went to luncheon or



Westminster House

class. If she came home ten minutes before dinner she took up a bit of mending. She acquired the highest degree of concentration, and once having planned clearly, she executed absolutely.

Her steadily-growing sense of power in all her work was a great compensation, but there were many things of which she felt the lack. She wished for time to take part in school and class interests outside of class work, such as dramatic performances. She would have liked to help at the college settlement house, or take work in the Y. W. C. A. classes; she longed to take extra gymnasium work and "shop" in the girls' class in wood and brass, but these classes gave no credit and she could not spare the time. More than all she wished for time to enjoy being with other girls.

However she spent little time in self pity, for in this year she learned for the first time how many other girls there were who were working as she did, and many at very much less pleasant work. Some were doing the hardest manual labor, and many had no contact with other girls except in the classes. Very few of them had in appearance or manners any mark distinguishing them as girls who worked, and over and over she was surprised to learn that some classmate was working her way. They were girls of courage and ambition, and they observed small points of taste and etiquette.

The summer preceding her senior year she worked in the office all summer. In company with four other girls she rented the home of a faculty member away for the summer, and they boarded themselves. One of the girls acted as cook and general manager, and the others divided the whole expense among themselves.

There was nothing new or eventful in her senior year, unless it was a new joy in her sense of achievement. She had the added duties of chairman of her district of the Woman's Student Government Association, and it brought her into touch with many girls. On the day before Commencement day a girl caught step with her as she walked home to luncheon. It was a colored girl of brilliant mind who was making her way through school, inspired with a deep missionary zeal for her race. Almost immediately she said, "It's an enormous task for a girl to work her way through school. I wouldn't have dared try it if I had known at first how hard it would be. One can give too much for a thing sometimes. Perhaps I shall be glad sometime—" And the senior girl remembering how often she had said the same thing herself, could answer sincerely, "Yes, I'm sure you will be glad. Your junior year is always the hardest work. We girls are breaking the way, and it's slow work, but it is worth while after all."

As she stood in her place with her girl friends next morning and looked down the long line of black-gowned classmates, and as in passing across the platform to receive her diploma she answered the friendly nod and smile and little rush of added applause from the faculty men she knew; the glow of the realization that it was richly worth while, came back to her, and she would not have exchanged her experience with its depth and reality of human sympathy and its sense of power and achievement and understanding of many people, for the best life that might have been offered her.



Men and Things

BY NEMO

THE PRIMARY The primary election just held in which the Insurgents overwhelmingly defeated the Regulars, was intensely interesting at the time and its results, now ready for analysis, are even more interesting to the student of political affairs.

It was the first real test of the Primary Law in Kansas and reading by the light of that election we are able to say pretty well what the Primary Law will do, where it is successful and wherein it fails.

It will be said—is being said—by those who were defeated, that the Primary Law practically gives the control of the State to two or three big newspapers, that, in combination, can nominate or defeat almost any candidate. Maybe so; I doubt it. The big newspapers have a great influence when they are running with popular sentiment. When they go against it they get licked. This has been demonstrated in New York, Chicago, Kansas City and elsewhere too many times. That they can measurably mould and direct a popular wave is undoubtedly true. They can give speed, direction and organization to it, but they can't stop or turn it. They have tried it and failed.

The clear fact is that ever since 1890 there has been an insurgent element in Kansas, big enough to hold the balance of power between the two old parties. It came back to the Republican party when Free Silver failed, when prosperity returned and above all when Roosevelt began personally to typify their insurgency. It voted the Republican ticket but it did not change its views as to public affairs. Under the surface that movement has been there all the time. The last tariff bill give it a battle ground and a war cry. This primary was won almost wholly on national issues—that is on the tariff. Before national issues were injected, the campaign was lukewarm, lifeless; no one took an interest in it but the principals.

The moment Congress adjourned and the congressional fight was fairly on, people began to wake up and an analysis of the vote will show that the biggest vote was where the congressional fight was the hottest. In the Seventh and Eighth districts where there was no congressional fight the vote was comparatively small.

Stubbs, with the prescience of a born politician, tied up the national issue with his own fight, got behind the Insurgent Congressmen and used them to win his fight. On a straight fight on State issues he would have had a close shave.

It was the National issue that won, and on that issue the people already prepared were stirred and brought to the polls by the newspapers.

Much of the Payne tariff was absolutely indefensible, every one knew it, and the man who stood on it and spoke for it was foredoomed in Kansas.

But when we get outside of Congressmen and Governor it is only fair to say that the rest of the election was a mere lottery. The candidates might as well have drawn straws or shaken dice for the result. Not one man in ten knew the candidates by name or any thing about them. The Stubbs crowd picked two men, Plumb and White, for railroad commissioners, and they were chosen. The rest was just guess work. In most cases the man at the top of the ticket got the biggest vote.

No man, without a wide acquaintance with state affairs, and hardly then, could tell anything about the forty or fifty candidates that made up the ticket. So far as the rest of the ticket below the heads was concerned, the election was a farce.

THE SHORT BALLOT If, then, the Primary Law is to continue as a means of selecting candidates, it must be simplified. Unless the friends of the law go seriously about it to remedy these defects, the law will suffer in public estimation, to the extent that a demand may arise for its repeal.

The process of simplification is plain enough: We are electing too many officers. We are compelling men who fill positions purely administrative, requiring the same kind of ability as expert accountants, to go into politics, make a three-month campaign costing them hundreds of dollars, to secure for two or four years a position paying little more than the cashier of a country bank. The President of the United States appoints his Secretary of State, the guardian of the public funds, the head of the Bureau of Education, in short, all those administrative posts that are filled in Kansas by election. Why should these officers be elected?

They have nothing to do with governmental policies, or politics. They are accountants, cashiers. and the like.

Why should we elect the Superintendent of Public Instruction and appoint the Tax Commission? Why should we elect Auditor and appoint the Board of Control? It is simply a hodge podge without sense or system.

In the state government as in the national, the Governor is held solely responsible for the success or failure of his administration. Why, then, should he not appoint the instruments by which that administration is to succeed or fail?

If there had been a Primary on the State Tax Commission this year, would the people have been apt, among the many candidates for the many officers, to select a better Commission than we have now? And yet, whether elective or appointive, the Governor will be held responsible for the manner in which they do their work.

The tendency of modern government is altogether toward the centering of responsibility so that it can be fixed without evasion among a large number of officers. That is the reason for the Commission form of Government in cities, a form far more satisfactory than the old numerous Council system. Under the direct Primary, people realize that it is impossible for the mass of the people intelligently to select such a great mass of officers. So in the cities they are doing the wise thing by reducing the number to three or five responsible heads, leaving to them the selection of all administrative officers, and holding them to strict account for the success of the administration so selected. The principle applies with even more force to the wide field of the state. There are really but three state officers who should be elective: Governor, Lieutenant Governor (because he might succeed the Governor in the event of the latter's death,) and possiby Attorney General, though as to that office there is room for argument. The rest of the state officers are purely administrative, as much so as the President's cabinet and should be appointed by the Governor.

◆ ◆ ◆

THE OBJECTION I am aware that there is a certain jealousy of appointive officers, a certain feeling that it is more democratic to elect rather than appoint. Part of this feeling is due to a fear of a *Boss*, the idea that we must be chary of the patronage we confer on the Governor. There might have been reason in this under the convention system when a chance to trade in these great offices would have been a considerable asset in the hands of a shrewd politician, but with the direct Primary this fear disappears. There can be no long-continued boss, for he must go directly back to the people every two years.

Under the shorter ballot, a Governor would naturally choose the best men he could get for these offices, and that would mean the men best fitted, not for politics, but for administrative work. Under the present system it may well happen that the ablest man for the job is beaten by a man who is a better mixer, better known, more widely advertised, or with more money to advertise himself. Under the present system the responsibility is too widely scattered.

Under the other system the Governor and the Governor alone would be responsible for the success of his administration, any failure would be brought straight home to him, every instrument would be his, and he could not evade the consequences of a mistake. It would considerably lessen the expense of the Primary. Under it, abler poor men could afford to take a state job, because their selection would cost them nothing. There would be more continuity of service, something like Civil Service would grow up in the different departments, the best men remaining on from year to year as they do now in the appointive offices.

Any Governor who sought to use these offices as mere patronage-selecting men for political purposes—would speedily find his administration a failure and himself overwhelmed by defeat if he sought a renomination.

SLATE MAKING One more consideration remains. At the last Primary, Stubbs picked two candidates for Railroad Commissioner —Plumb and White. Word was passed down the line and caught well enough to nominate easily these two men. Stubbs, in fact, picked these two men as effectually as if he had appointed them. The lesson will not be lost. Next time, the two factions will each have a "slate." The leaders will confer, select each an entire ticket, balanced as to locality and vote-getting qualities just as they formerly did in conventions, and the fight will be between these two slates. This is inevitable and the result will be but little different from the old convention system.

The responsibility for the future of the Primary Law rests with its friends. They are in the saddle. It is up to them to make it effective.

Midseason Magic

I

The long white needles of the rain
Fall aslant upon my window pane,
And as they flash across the plain,
They prick the sleeping fields to life again.

II

High up in the gaunt-limbed sycamore,
Trim Sir Cardinal studies his lore,
Then, lest he forget, whistles it o'er,
And like a scarlet flame passes my door.

III

There in their green tents, the cedar trees,
The blatant jays sit scolding at their ease,
While borne in on every vagrant breeze,
Comes the murmur of a thousand golden bees.

F. L. PINET.

John Brown and Border Warfare

By R. H. SHERAR

One of the five survivors of the Battle of Osawatomie

JOHN BROWN, of Osawatomie, was of the sixth generation in descent from Peter Brown, a carpenter, who was one of the band of the Pilgrim Fathers that came over on the Mayflower, landed on the American shores the 22nd day of December, 1620, and founded the famous colony of Plymouth. That intense conviction and devotion to what the early Pilgrims thought to be right, seemed to be transmitted to each of the succeeding generations, and even through John Brown was born 180 years after his ancestors landed in the wilderness of a new land to found a home free from tyranny and oppression, still he possessed the same traits of character to a personified degree.

John Brown was intensely religious. His discipline in the observance of prayer at night and morning and before and after meals, was as regular as the hours that marked the time. In this particular he was as marked a Proscriptionist as the early Pilgrims, for no man could remain in his camp or his company who would indulge in profanity and not comply with his discipline of prayer. So strong was he in his religious faith that he seemed not to know fear. He was like the plumed knight of old who had a duty to perform and would go forth to battle, if need be, with no evidence of fear and with all the fortitude of a gladiator.

John Brown was born May 9, 1800, at Torrington, Connecticut. When he was about 5 years old his father, Owen Brown, with his family, removed to Hudson, Ohio. During the war of 1812 his father was engaged in furnishing beef cattle to the United States army along the northern frontier. John used to accompany his father on those trips, helping to drive the cattle, and with his father witnessed the surrender of Hull at Detroit, August 16, 1812. While on one of these trips he had an experience which made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind, and about which he afterward wrote the following biographical sketch, placing himself in the third person:

"During the war with England, a circumstance occurred that in the end made him a most determined Abolitionist, and led him to declare, or swear, eternal war with slavery. He was staying, for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord once a United States Marshal, who held a slave-boy near his own age—active, intelligent, and good-feeling—and to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness. The master made a great pet of John, brought him to table with his first company and friends—called their attention to every little smart thing he said or did, and to the fact of his being more than a hundred miles from home with a drove of cattle alone; while the negro boy (who was fully, if not more than, his equal.) was badly clothed, poorly fed and lodged in cold weather, and beaten with iron shovels or anything that came first to hand. This brought John to reflect on the wretched, hopeless condition of fatherless and motherless slave children; for such children have neither fathers nor mothers to protect and provide for them. He would sometimes raise the question, 'Is God their Father?' "

John Brown as a youth received but little education. At the age of sixteen he became a member of the Congregational church in Hudson, Ohio. He began to learn the tanner's trade at fifteen and followed it until he was about twenty years old, when he went to Plainfield, Massachusetts, and took up a course of study with a view of becoming a minister of the gospel. In

this effort, he was disappointed by reason of contracting an inflamation of the eyes. This became chronic and he abandoned his studies and returned to Ohio where he married his first wife. Her name was Dianthe Lusk. Seven children were born to this union, the youngest of whom was buried in the same grave with its mother three days after its birth, in the year 1832. In 1833 he married Mary A. Day. To this union thirteen children were born.

He continued in Ohio, for a time, following his trade as tanner and farming, but later moved to Crawford county, Pennsylvania, where he was known and respected as a pious and upright man, and was remarkably alert in the interest he manifested in pointing out the wrongs and cruelty of slavery. He was stern in his manners; yet he often gave way to tears in his sympathy for the mercilessly treated slaves. These thoughts bore so heavily upon his mind that from time to time he cherished the idea of sometime becoming the liberator of this unhappy race. He again returned to Ohio and remained there until 1846 when he moved to Springfield, Massachusetts, and formed a partnership with a Mr. Perkins selling wool on commission for the farmers along the southern shore of Lake Erie. He undertook a system of grading wool and fixing the price according to the grade in dealing with the manufacturers, but this ended in a business rupture with them, when he ventured to ship 200,000 pounds to London, England. When he arrived in England with this shipment, the price had slumped and his loss was very heavy. He remained in Europe and traveled for some time learning much of the conditions and the people there, but returned to the United States a bankrupt.

Having failed in the wool business he removed with his family in 1849, to North Elba, Essex county, New York, to lands given him by the philanthropist Gerrit Smith, where many negroes were living. These lands were located in the glens of the Adirondack mountains surrounded by barren hills, rugged, cold and bleak. The hardships, privation, suffering and toil attendant upon building a self-supporting habitation was too great for the negroes to endure. Only a sturdy and rugged New Englander could forbear the task, and through perseverance John Brown and his sons built for themselves a home.

In 1851, however, Brown with his family, removed to Akron, Ohio, and again engaged in the wool business and farming. He remained in Ohio until the early spring of 1855 when he determined to turn toward Kansas; he moved his family back to the little home in the Adirondacks, leaving his wife with the little ones in their mountain-home to await his return, and he and his stalwart sons set face to the west through forest and over prairie, finally reaching Osawatomie, Kansas, Lykins (now Miami) county early in 1855.

The question of slavery was not a new issue at this time, for it had been one of the curses and polluting problems of Ancient and Mediaeval times through nearly 1900 years of Christian civilization as well. It was fostered in Europe and came to our people as a heritage from the father-land and the slave traffic to the American colonies was one of the enterprises that George III of England was encouraging at the time of the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, and one of the questions that was discussed at the time of the drafting of that instrument. Thomas Jefferson insisted that George III be censured and denounced in that declaration, but others prevailed on him and those that thought as he did—that expediency forbid it,—and it was left out, but Jefferson deplored the institution of slavery as wicked and dangerous to the peace of our people and showed his far-sighted statesmanship when he said: "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just."

I deem it unnecessary in this article to go into a lengthy detail on the history of slavery in America, but a brief review of the question is imperative to appreciate fully why such a struggle should arise at that time.

Prior to the American Revolution and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England the wickedness of slavery had not been realized.

North of Maryland, slavery was found to be a financial burden and gradually died out; but from there south the warm

climate for the culture of indigo, tobacco, rice and cotton on the plantations, made slave labor profitable, and the invention of steam-driven spining machines in the factories, and the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1793, made slave labor more profitable than ever before and thus it became a distinctly Southern institution; absolutely indispensable to business, and here we are furnished with a remarkable example of the fact that mankind, through selfishness, has ever been disposed to adjust his conscience to the right or wrong of a proposition in just the proportion to the pecuniary benefits he receives.

The Continental Congress, by its famous Ordinance of 1787, forever prohibited slavery in the North-western Territory—that region lying north of the Ohio river and out of which the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin and a part of Minnesota were afterwards organized. At the time the Mississippi river from north to south marked the western boundary of the United States and the territory south of the Ohio river and east of the Mississippi marked the limits of slave territory. The acquisition of the Louisiana Territory in 1803, a vast area beginning at the Gulf of Mexico on the south, the Mississippi river on the east, and the west boundary of the present state of Louisiana and widening into a vast domain northward and northwest, gave rise to a new struggle over slavery and which was settled temporarily by the famous Missouri Compromise of 1820 and Missouri was admitted (1821) as a slave state, but henceforth all other territory north of 36° 30′, the southern boundary of Missouri, was to be forever free.

For a time, all went well, but as the course of empire wended its way to the westward, the Free State region was noticed as much greater and the contest for slave territory began anew, which ended with the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854, or the so-called "Squatter Sovereignty Act," whereby the slave territory line, as fixed by the Missouri Compromise was obliterated and the question, free or slave was again raised only to be settled for a time by the "survival of the fittest."

Kansas then occupying the ground upon which the first contest for Free or Slave State should be fought, it was a fitting and a beautiful conception of John J. Ingalls when he proposed the State motto: "Ad astra per aspera." It is also fitting to say that Kansas was conceived in freedom, steeped in blood, and born to liberty, and by reason of her trials and adversities she has ever been a leader in the moulding of advanced thought and has had the daring and courage to put them into execution; and Kansas can justly glory in the thought that the polluting sin of slavery that had come down to her through all the centuries, met its Waterloo when it attempted to sully her fair name.

The disturbing elements of slavery up to this time began to take on form at once in Kansas. There was a peculiar distinction, to some extent, between the Free and a part of the Slave State men who first came to Kansas. The slaveholders proper, could not come with their slaves to settle the territory lest they should lose them, but instead sent men of their own sympathies, who were not so much interested in founding a home for themselves as they were that they might out-number and out-vote the Free State men and thereby adopt slavery in the new State; but it was different in the most part by the Free State settlers, for they had come to settle on the lands and make for themselves a permanent home, and of course abhorred the idea of the new State having slaves. They were ever vigilant and ready to protect the new territory against any effort towards slavery, but it is only fair to say that all men are not saints and in their ardor and enthusiasm many things were done in dealing with the opposition that they would not have done under ordinary circumstances. But in the main the Free State men were not prompted by thoughts of mercenary gain, except to the extent of free homes and a Free State, and unpolluted. Shut off from their homes on the east by Missouri, a slave State through which with safety they could not return, they were forced to stay and fight unto death, if need be, and guard the treasure of their cherished hopes with a patriotism and a valor like to that of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartan soldiers who

guarded the pass of Thermopylae against Xerxes and his Persian hordes, until they were completely overcome and every man slain, and to whose memory a monument has been placed with the following inscription: "Stranger go tell the Lacedaemonians that here we lie in obedience to their law."

The struggle was on in Kansas when I came here, early in the spring of 1855, and on the 18th day of April I took up my abode on a claim near Stanton, a few miles to the northwest of Osawatomie. At or about that time John Brown and his sons with a brother-in-law, Arel Day, were living just west of Osawatomie.

The cherished ambition of John Brown some day to become the liberator of the American slaves enlisted him on the side of the Free State men, and his stern nature and mature years and his faculty to govern men, earned him recognition as a leader, and he at once became active with all the enthusiasm and and vigor of his being. There was but one subject about which men were inclined to think or talk about at that time, and that was which class should be supreme in the new territory. At cabin raisings, out on the prairie, in the woods, on the claims or the village stores, all was chaos. Men disputed over claims; quarreled with each other over slavery; carried fire-arms, watched every act; analyzed every expression and scrutinized every stranger with marked suspicion until they determined whether or not he was of their own opinion, and if so, he was regarded as a friend and if not, as a deadly foe. Here the interpretation of the Scripture, "He who is not for me is against me," was applied in its literal terms.

Each side, either by intuition or otherwise, seemed to now what the other was doing—if any particular scheme was undertaken some one would hear of it. John Brown was so fearless and outspoken in his denunciation of the Pro-slavery men that they seemed to center on him as their basis of attack.

On the night of May 20th, 1856, a meeting of Pro-slavery men was held near Lane on the Pottawatomie at which they passed a resolution declaring that "The Free State men must abandon the territory or suffer the penalty of being burned out and hanged." The news of this came to the Free State men the day following and one more bomb was added to the already-existing fury. Word had come to us of a probable attack on Lawrence about this time, and on the 23rd of May, John Brown, with about thirty men, I being one of them, started to Lawrence, but before arriving there, we learned that we were too late, as Lawrence had been raided and the attacking party had made good their escape, whereupon we faced about to return home. The day following, night overtook us at Middle Creek, Franklin county, about four miles west of the present town of Rantoul, where we went into camp, remaining there until the next morning. The feeling aroused among the Free State men of the vicinity over the resolution passed by the Pro-slavery men on the night of the 21st of May, was running high and during the night of the 24th while we were in camp on Middle creek, five of the Pro-slavery men who had taken part in passing that resolution were put to death. John Brown's activity as a leader among the Free State men occasioned suspicion to fall on him for the act, but to my personal knowledge he was in camp with us the entire night, ten miles distant from the scene of the killing. None of the men who committed the deed, or who took credit for it, had been with us. I was acquainted with some of them, but as far as I know all of them are dead.

A reference to this killing is made in Brown's history of Kansas where one James Townly made affidavit that John Brown and his sons committed the deed, but I know personally that his statement is false.

Following this tragedy the Pro-slavery men of the vicinity fled into Missouri and related the sad fate of their companions.

Immediately after this, on the 29th of May, Capt. Pate with about fifty men came into the vicinity of Stanton with a view of avenging the Pottawatomie massacre by capturing or killing John Brown. On arriving at Brown's cabin and finding he was not there they set fire to the cabin and burned it. They captured two of Brown's sons, John Brown, Jr.,* and Jason, whom they

found at work on their claims, charged them with murder, bound them in irons and bore them away with the army.

Soon after this incident Pate's band was joined by Captain Woods and his men. They traveled up the Marais des Cygnes valley capturing other Free State men and burning their cabins as they went and at Middle Ottawa creek they separated, Woods taking their captives on to Lecompton where they were lodged in prison, while Captain Pate continued his marauding and filibustering expedition on northwest in the direction of Prairie City near what is now Baldwin City, Douglas county, and went into camp at Black Jack. Sunday, June 1, a part of the band rode into Prairie City while the people were at church, broke up the meeting and began to sack the village. On finishing their mischief they left the village and went an easterly direction. After Pate and his men had left the vicinity of Brown's home, Brown gathered about forty Free State men and started in pursuit of the invaders. They arrived in Prairie City Sunday evening after Pate's men had left. They were told that the invaders left in an easterly direction, but it being late in the evening they did not learn the whereabouts of the camp until late at night, and as morning dawned, June 2nd, we came in sight of their camp in a cluster of black jack oaks a few miles to the east of Prairie City. During this day, Sunday, Captain Shores with a few men armed with Sharp's rifles joined Brown. Pate had been joined in the meantime by Brockett, who was one of the active Pro-slavery scouts during the territorial period. Both forces numbered about seventy-five men each. At our approach they gathered around their wagons using them for breastworks and prepared for battle. When we came within a few hundred yards of the enemy's camp we dismounted and left our horses in charge of a couple of our men. We were formed into a sort of a semi-circle line with the wings of the line in advance. Brown led the advance in the center of the line. When we approached to where our short-range guns were supposed to be effective, we were ordered to fire, all shooting at once. Two more volleys were fired from that position, when we were ordered closer in, the meantime keeping up a broken fire. Presently Pate's forces offered the flag of truce, and Pate proposed to capitulate if they were permitted to retain their arms, but Brown sternly replied that he was not taking prisoners on any such terms whereupon the battle began anew. Pate's men were well aware of their adversary, John Brown, and many of them slipped back to their horses and deserted their comrades. One of Shores' men who was a crack rifle-shot took down six horses during this proceeding and Pate finding himself thus deserted by his men, surrendered to accept whatever terms Brown should dictate. By this time the entire eastern portion of the territory was engulfed in warfare; robbing citizens and murdering each other in retaliation for real or supposed offenses of others. The outbreaks were so frequent and furious that nearly the entire population had deserted their homes to join their friends for the protection of their lives, or to engage in avenging the crimes committed by the enemy.

The Free State men in Leavenworth and Atchison counties at this time were in a hopeless minority. The towns of Atchison and Leavenworth were Pro-slavery strongholds. The Free State factions were forced into a humiliating submission after many of their comrades had been murdered.

It is said that Governor Shannon on leaving the territory remarked afterwards that the roads in the vicinity of Leavenworth were "literally strewn with dead bodies."

South of the Kansas river stood a number of settlements that were scenes of many encounters between the contending factions, where pillage, intimidation, cabin burnings, riots and murders of the most atrocious character known to the annals of crime, were committed. The following are a few of the names of streams and villages that have become historic throughout the length and breadth of the land as being the scenes of battle or foul murder: Lawrence, Lecompton, Black Jack, Dutch Henry Crossing, Pottawatomie, Franklin, Trading Post, Fort Scott, Big Springs and Fort Titus.

Governors Reeder and Shannon each in turn fell into disfavor with the more vicious class of the Pro-slavery men because they endeavored to prevent the invasions of the so-called Missouri "Border Ruffians" invading the territory dictating what should be the Governor's policies, illegally voting at elections and terrorizing the citizens of the territory. The horror of the Pottawatomie massacre which had been charged to John Brown and his sons of Osawatomie, had not yet been avenged; so a band of Missourians in response to inflammatory stories and the calls of the "Blue Lodge" and the "Sons of the South" and kindred Pro-slavery secret lodges called together an armed body of men at Westport and under command of General Reed they entered the territory late in August 1856 marching in a southwesterly direction with Osawatomie their objective point and John Brown and his men the object of attack.

Early in the morning young Fred Brown, who was preparing to go to Lawrence that day, was traveling west ward to the cabin of his uncle, Rev. Adair, when he suddenly met face to face with the Rev. Martin White who was armed with a rifle and who upon recognizing young Brown remarked, "I know you," and before another word could be said leveled his rifle and shot Brown dead in the road. White was the advance guard of the Reed's army then approaching, and young Brown was the first victim of the Osawatomie invasion. Two more Free State men fell victims to this maurading band during that early summer morning before they reached the village as it was just awakening from its night of peaceful repose. Martin White with his scouts led the way on towards the town from the west; the main army pressed on closely behind, having crossed the river from the north at Brudy's Ford about four miles above the village. The news of Fred Brown's murder as well as the murder of the two other Free State men soon reached the village whereupon Brown and his men, forty-one in all, quickly assembled to do their best to repel the intruders.

Scarcely had the rays of the sun driven the shadows of the eastern hills from the landscape when there appeared on the eminence just west of the village, and south of the river, four hundred marauding soldiers in battle array, armed with United States army guns and a mounted cannon, eager and anxious for the fray.

Brown had formed his forty-one men in line just west of the village and a short distance south of the river's bank among some trees while the attacking army was on the elevation about a quarter of a mile to the southwest. The invading forces advanced, keeping up an incessant fire with their rifles and cannon. After each charge from the cannon they would move it up. Brown had ordered his men not to fire until the enemy had gotten within close range, but the din of the enemy's guns became so intense that our men, being undisciplined, lost their restraint and began to fire. An incessant fire was kept up; our men being on low ground escaped the repeated volleys by their overshooting us; but soon we discovered they had sent a part of their forces north, down a ravine west of us to the bank of the river where they slipped in behind our right wing and began to fire upon us again.

It at once became impossible for our small band without breastworks, no cannon, and short range guns, and ammunition nearly expended to withstand the advance of a well-armed force of four hundred men. The flanking party soon closed in upon us; the main forces being close in front, Brown's men broke in disorder and retreated. Fearing the enemy had prepared to attack us from the east as well as from the west, we were afraid to retreat down the river to the Osawatomie and Westport ford. Thus being pressed so close from behind, and without time to consider, we rushed pell-mell into the river; some crossed in skiffs, that chanced to be there; others plunged into the deep water and swam across and thereby lost their guns, and part of us moved down the river about forty rods to where the water was about five feet deep where we waded across and thus saved our guns. While we were in mid-stream, straining ourselves to keep our faces above water and holding our guns to keep them dry, George Partridge who was wading close to me received a bullet in his head and sank to the

bottom. We recovered his body the next day. Some writers have described Partridge as having been shot from his horse in the river, but as I recollect there was not a horse in the retreat.

After we had fled across to the north side of the river beyond reach, they advanced to the village and began their plundering. T. P. Powers, the only man the intruders found that could not take prisoner because he was lying sick in bed in the house of Mr. Carr, crept from the bed and dragged himself out into the woods where he hoped to save his life. While lying there on the ground, completely exhausted and wasted with fever, the invaders murdered him. They sacked the town, burned all but four isolated buildings, and at about ten o'clock left the village with their booty and the following prisoners: Wm. B. Fuller, H. K. Thomas, Robert Reynolds, Mr. Moray, Charley Keiser, Spencer Brown, and Wm. Williams, a Free State Missourian who formerly lived at Westport, but who had been driven from his home on account of his opinions against slavery. His home at that time was at the old Miami Mission about twelve miles down the river below Osawatomie.

Just as the marauders got a short distance away from the village, Willams paid the death penalty by being shot. F. N. Coleman of Douglas county who had formerly murdered C. W. Dow and who was captured by John Brown at the Battle of Brack Jack with Keiser, as one of his men, was in this band that now had Keiser a prisoner. Coleman was said to have made threats against Keiser at that time. Now was the time to even up the score and so on September 1st Keiser was shot on the Santa Fe road near Cedar Creek. Johnson county. When the army reached the river at Westport the remaining prisoners were sent down the river, but as I remember all of them in time returned.

On leaving the neighborhood the invaders passed my father's house near Stanton, shortly after noon, and some of the men stopped to get a drink. My sister Mary, then a girl about twenty years old. and who is now Mrs. M. J. Hunt and lives in Osawatomie, gave them water to drink. The men stated that they had invaded Osawatomie, killed John Brown and his men and burned the buildings. Mother listened to their story with much anxiety knowing that father and I were there. She and brother Harry who was then sixteen or seventeen years old, hitched up a yoke of cattle and started for Osawatomie. As they came near the town from the west they came upon the dead body of young Fred Brown lying in the road where he had fallen a victim of Rev. Martin White's rifle early that morning and this ghastly sight began to confirm the report the invaders had told them, but on arriving in town they found it burned, but that not as many men had been killed as reported. They returned home knowing that Father and I had not been killed. Father made his way home that night, but I remained over until the next day to help bury the dead.

The enemy's number, killed and wounded, has been variously estimated, but perhaps the most reliable record is Reed's own official account which gave two killed and six wounded. Thus ended what became the most important battle of the Border conflict. Following this affair nothing of unusual consequence happened in the immediate vicinity of Osawatomie during the rest of the Territorial period.

The Territorial government by this time was becoming more effective, and that along with the increasing numbers of Free State men, coming in from the north, began to have a telling effect in keeping out the interfering invasions from Missouri in the northern part of the territory, as far south as Osawatomie, and hence the troubles were subsiding, but farther south in Linn and Bourbon counties, into which the Free State population had not yet reached in as large numbers as farther north near the port of entry, and being farther removed from the Territorial seat of government, much disturbance was yet going on.

Between the time of the battle of Osawatomie August 30, 1856, and January, 1859, when Brown left Kansas for the last time, he had made several trips into the East to encourage Free State emigration to the Territory and when he was here between times he spent part of his time in the lower

counties occasionally slipping over into Missouri and capturing slaves and assisting them to liberty. Montgomery was another Free State leader who was an active operator against the opposition.

While Brown was engaged in soliciting Free State men and financial support in the East, the Pro-slavery promoters were thus engaged among their friends in the South. Prominent among those promoters was Milt McGee of Westport, who visited the South in the interest of the Pro-slavery cause and secured both money and men. At Cassville, Georgia, Mr. McGee made a speech on the conditions existing in Kansas and among other contributions, received $1000.00 in cash from Dr. Thomas Hamilton a very wealthy man of that town. Charles A. Hamilton and his brother, Geoge Peter Hamilton, sons of Dr. Hamilton, having been raised in luxury and being full of the spirit of adventure, liked fast horses and enjoyed all the so-called "manly sports," and eager to give vent to their spirit of adventure at once gathered about them a party of young men and started for the scenes in troubled Kansas. George Peter Hamilton located in the vicinity of Fort Scott and began his acts of proscription against Free State men there. Charles A. Hamilton went on farther north and settled in Linn county and at once began to canvass the situation to ascertain the names of the men of Free State sympathies with a veiw of extermination.

When he had listed about 75 names he gathered his band of followers about him and associated with Brockett who had shifted his operations into that locality and began the deadly plan of extermination, by the Marais des Cygnes massacre near the Trading Post, May 19, 1858.

Upon capturing and rounding up all the Free State men, he marched them down into a gulch, single file, faced them about in line, then drawing his own men up in a line in front of them ordered them to fire. Just at the instant of the order to fire, Brockett, who had engaged in enough of such proceedings to harden him sufficiently for such deeds, turned from the ghastly scene with an oath, saying that he would not have a hand in such a "piece of business." Just why so notorious a man as Brockett should make such a declaration at that time is not well known but it is claimed he was a Mason and it was known that Stilwell, one of the victims, was a Mason and it is supposed that Brockett noticed a distress sign and that this forced him to weaken.

All of these men were reputed to be peaceful and industrious. Among them was a blacksmith, a schoolteacher and a merchant. The rest of them were farmers. The details of this inexcusable and notorious deed furnishes one of the most bloodthirsty and atrocious acts known to the annals of crime, or any act that occurred during the border troubles. Whittier contributed a poem afterwards on it that tells the pathetic stroy:

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE

A blush as of roses
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the border
Have crept from the dead.

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The plowman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

From the hearth's of their cabins
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How pale the May sunshine
Green Marais du Cygne,
When the death-smoke blew over
Thy lonely ravine.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman,
Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of His harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong;
Free homes and free altars
And fields of ripe food;
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood.

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry,
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall liberty follow
The march of the day.

These outrages had become intensely disgusting to all fair-minded people and the better class of settlers of both the Free and the Pro-slavery men saw that really all the disturbance done by either party was the result of the agitation of a class of men that were not trying to live peaceful lives and build homes, but were roaming about bent on making disorder. The real home-builders of slave state sympathies so regarded Pate, Brockett, Reed, Hamilton and the balance of the leaders of the Pro-slavery bands and the Free State men, saddened by the death of their neighbors and kindred in those useless combats caused them to tire of the Free State leaders—Montgomery, Brown, and the rest of them—for Brown, who had given over to the one prevailing passion of freeing and railroading slaves away from their Missouri masters for such, each time brought renewed trouble to men of Free State sympathies who were quietly trying to build for themselves a home, and fully realizing that they were buying a Free State too dearly and believing victory was coming surely in a more peaceful and certain way, by the ever increasing numbers of Free State settlers into the Territory who would finally settle the question by the ballot. So from those considerations, Brown soon lost his following and in January, 1859, he left the scenes of his many conflicts in Kansas, bearing away with him a number of captive slaves, leaving the territory by way of Nebraska City and Iowa until he reached the Canadian border where he released the slaves.

Thus did Brown leave Kansas, somewhat unsupported by those that had followed him, to the extent that we disapproved of the invasion of Missouri to capture slaves which in turn brought retaliation and added nothing to our chances to make Kansas a Free State.

Just when Brown conceived the idea of pursuing such a course as he undertook at Harper's Ferry is not definitely or well known but as early as 1858 when he was in Canada he is credited with having written his Constitution, but it is more probable that it was not written until 1859. The central thought of his Constitution was to make the black man free but along with that he touched the most of subjects that might be supposed to belong to such an instrument of organic law. No one has ever laid claim to having assisted him in the questions it treats of or aided him in its construction, but by careful analysis of the instrument it will be found that the author must be accredited with having a constructive mind.

Brown did not remain in Canada long as he was in Cleveland, Ohio from the 20th to the 30th of the following March. He registered at the hotel there as John Brown of Kansas. He sold two horses at auction while there, stating that he had taken them from Missouri slaveholders to carry away the slaves that he had just released in Canada.

He returned to his home in the Adirondacks in April and during May he visited the cities of New York, Rochester and Boston. June found him in Collinsville, Connecticut. Shortly afterward he appeared again in northern Ohio; he next visited at Pittsburg, and from there went to Chambersburg, remained there a short time when he went to Hagerstown, Maryland. His two sons

were with him at this place. He registered as "Smith and two sons, Weston, New York." He explained his business as that of a farmer looking for a new location in a warmer climate, saying that they had been farming in New York and the frosts of that latitude so often destroyed their crops that they had become discouraged with climatic conditions. Later he journeyed Southward.

After looking about Harper's Ferry a few days, Brown and his sons located on a large farm, the owner of which had recently died, and upon which were three vacant houses. They found the party that had the premises in charge; rented the houses, and paid rent cash in advance until the next March, following. They purchased for cash some stock from the heirs of the farm and agreed to take care of other stock on the farm belonging to the owners.

A number of his followers soon came on and took up their abode in the houses but nothing was thought of that as they moved about among the neighbors of the vicinity, were friendly and courteous to all they met and seemed perfectly to conceal their movements so as not to arouse any suspicions of the unprecedented scheme that they were secretly planning. John Brown's daughters came and went during the time they were living there, and just before the final attack all the white women of their company seemed to have disappeared. During this time they had been quietly and without any ostentation gathering in their accumulated munitions for the conflict they knew would inevitably follow. It had been planned for some little time to make the attack on the Arsenal on the night of October 24, but Brown suspicioned that he was about to be betrayed, by one who had been a trusty and fearing this, the plan was carried into execution on Sunday night, October 16th. At the last council of Brown and his men on Sunday night just before the attack he gave to his men this last and somewhat remarkable admonition:

"And now, gentlemen, let me press this one thing on your minds. You all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends; and, in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you.

"Do not, therefore, take the life of any one if you can possibly avoid it; but, if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it."

Just how many men helped him in this attack who were not killed or captured is not known, but the number is variously estimated at from twenty to thirty whites and negroes.

The story of this memorable affair has often been told, but the oftener told the more of a mystery it seems that a band of about twenty men would openly and daringly subject themselves to the enemy's fire and hold out against many hundreds of armed soldiers and almost thousands of armed citizens from Sunday night October 16 at 10 o'clock to Tuesday morning the 18th when only four were left. The annals of warfare back into Pagan history furnishes no parallel for the stoic tenacity and bravery of Brown during this battle and which remained with him until he was dead. The following comment on him illustrates his demeanor throughout his career:

"Colonel Washington said that Brown was the coolest man he ever saw in defying death and danger. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and to sell their lives as dearly as possible."

The harrowing details of this affair need not be mentioned here, but the attention of the whole country from North to South, from East to West, was turned toward Virginia to watch and wait for the fate of Brown. The feeling in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry was in a state of frenzy and had it not been perhaps for Governor Wise, Brown would have been hanged without trial. Virginia had to hang John Brown, who, according to law, was guilty of treason against the Government or else by failure to do so admit he had struck in a righteous cause, and that the slaves of the South should go free.

During the period of his confinement

in jail at Charleston between his capture and execution many letters were received by him from sympathizing friends and kindred, and his answers to some of them convince the reader that no martyr that ever sacrificed his life for a cause he believed to be right, ever showed more fortitude during his captivity, trial and execution than did he.

Whatever were his sins or faults or his wisdom or virtues needs no comment here, but in American history he is a character that stands alone.

The question of slavery had baffled the wisdom of our greatest statesmen down to his time, and Brown well represents that class of characters of history that tire with the slowness of the correction of wrongs and dares prematurely to take the burden upon self and meet with ignominious death.

In scanning history, both civil and religious, we find it teeming with numerous examples of persecution and death for the early advocates of a cause, but the martyrdom of them seems only to help it along and subsequent events on slavery justly places Brown in that so-called premature class.

It is not my purpose in this article to cannonize him or to classify him as a martyr. Those are privileges that no contemporary is permitted to do even if he desired, but such must be left for future historians to decide, and on this point, I will furnish for the reader his address to the court that tried him when he was told to stand and receive his sentence, and before the sentence was pronounced on being asked if he had anything to say why he should not suffer the penalty of death for his act, he thus addressed the court:

"In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clear thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

"I have another objection; and that is it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit has been fairly proven (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case) had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

"This court acknowledges, as I suppose the validity of the Law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or, at least, the New Testament. That teaches me 'that all things whatsoever I would that men should do unto me, I should do even so to them.' It teaches me, further, to 'remember those that are in bonds as bound with them.' I endeavored to act upon that instruction. I pray, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I belive that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments—I submit; so let it be done.

"Let me say one word further:

"I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never

encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind.

"Let me say, also, a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated.

"Now I have done."

Following his address the court pronounced the death sentence and fixed the day of execution on December 2.

The morning of the execution came with bright sunshine and a quiet air to gladden the day. Brown arose early and busied himself writing without any evidence of nervousness to indicate any fears he might have of his execution. At 10 o'clock he was told by his jailer to make ready for the execution and with perfect tranquility he went to each of his compatriots to bid them his last farewell. To each of them he gave a silver coin and admonished them not to falter but to be brave. He took his jailer's hand and pressed it in his own and kindly thanked him for the treatment he had received at his hands.

As he stepped from the jail at 11 o'clock, and from the throng that watched him emerge from the building, a bystander remarked, "He bore a radiant smile and stepped like a conqueror." His unusual deportment all this time had elicited much attention, and it was remarked that probably Brown had the lightest heart in all Charleston that day. The place of execution was some distance from the jail and along with his jailer he made the trip in a wagon, surrounded by six hunhundred militia. He seemed not to be disturbed by the military forces around him but conversed freely with the officer in charge commenting pleasantly on the bright sunshine of that December day.

During the conversation he was asked by the officer if he had any fears to which he replied: "It has been a characteristic of my entire life not to suffer bodily fear."

Arriving at the gallows he led the way to the platform; he commented on there being no citizens present, but instead so many soldiers, but was informed that none but the officers and troops were allowed and at that he complained, saying, "Citizens should be allowed as well as others."

At the foot of the scaffold he recognized some faces and bid them adieu. He addressed Captain Avis and said, "I have not the words to thank you for all your kindness to me." At that the cap was drawn over his eyes his ankles bound, and he told the officer he was ready. While he was standing there in perfect readiness, a mock maneuver of the militia was carried out as if repelling some approaching foe.

The act was so useless, the time so long and the sight so painful that some of the soldiers were heard to murmur, "Shame!"

The rope was cut, the trap sprung, but the fall was insufficient to break his neck and thus he choked and struggled until life had fled. After thirty-eight minutes he was cut down, his body was taken to Harper's Ferry where his wife was painfully waiting. She bore it away to their northern home in the Adirondacks and there among the rugged hills beneath the pines he was buried: his last resting place becoming a Mecca to the unhappy race whom he had so much endeared to himself by his efforts to set them free.

Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

Many a man tries to hide his ignorance behind a shower of words.

Always do your best. Possibly the best you can do is none too good.

The man's hat may make the man but the woman's hat usually breaks him.

The sympathy that does not take off its coat and get busy never amounts to much.

The kick that comes from the fellow you have helped is the one that leaves a real sore spot,.

Old John Brown started something that he couldn't stop, but it made him famous just the same.

The difference between the itch for office and the other kind is that the other kind lasts only seven years.

The great trouble with most people is that they want to furnish the advice and have you do the work.

The man who works hard enough boosting his own business will have no time left to knock his competitor.

Don't make the mistake of thinking the man believes what you say simple because he does not call you a liar.

The slipper that mamma considers so comfortable may be anything but a comfort when applied to little Willie.

There is not much in a name. For instance: You will find plenty of the "long green" in the "short grass" country.

It is no trouble to grin when you win. It is trying to grin when you lose that makes your jaws feel like you had the mumps.

Men are hard to please. They roared so hard about the directoire gowns that the women finally put on the hobbles and now the men are making fun of the new fad.

A writer in a woman's magazine asks why men persist in wearing suspenders. Well, there may be other reasons, but one of the best is because they want to keep their trousers in place.

In a city you seldom know your next door neighbor. In a country town you are supposed to know the family history of every man, woman, child, horse, pup, tomcat and setting-hen.

A Story of the Old Days

By Walt Mason

IN the winter of 1884-85 a solitary horseman might have been seen herding about a thousand chuckle headed cows and steers in Marshall county. On one side of the road there was a cornfield that had been shucked; on the other side there was a cornfield that hadn't been shucked. It was the duty of the solitary horseman to keep the chuckle-headed cows out of the latter field, and it was a job compared with which the labors of Hon. Sisyphus were frivolous.

I was that solitary horseman. For three years I had been a farm hand in northern Kansas, and they were years of bitterness and travail. So long as I live I shall have a profound sympathy for all hired men, although conditions have improved wonderfully since then. The farm hand of the present day is in such demand that the farmer who wants to hire him has to approach with his hat off. The hired man can almost dictate his own terms; he draws twice or three times as much as the laborer of twenty-five years ago; he has shorter hours, and gets his money when he wants it, and has various privileges, including that of eloping with the hired girl. And still he doesn't get all that's coming to him. A man who works on a farm, with his shoes full of gravel, and his whiskers full of sand burs, ought to get at least $10 a day.

I guess I was the fiercest hired man in Kansas. I hated everything connected with the work; I hated the idea of getting up before sunrise in the morning, and feeding a lot of silly claves; I hated currying mules; I hated plowing, and cultivating, and pitching hay, and all the rest of it; and most of all I hated milking cows. I was fortunate in choosing employers. The men I worked for were generally good fellows, but they couldn't rise superior to the superstition that a hired man ought to work. I wanted to sit around the house with them, and talk about Oscar Wilde and the aesthetic craze, and about pre-Raphaelite art and the Plan of Salvation, but they took a sordid, material view of things, and would hint that it was time for me to hustle into the cornfield. I never saw a farmer sufficiently interested in helpful things that he would forget his cornfield.

Well, it came to pass that I was out in the cold and snow herding those delirious cattle, and it was a frightful job. The weather was of the kind that reminds you of I-Took-a-Shoe and gumdrops and such things; the pony was cranky, and the cattle were bound and determined to get into the corn. I chased them for many hours, and then, completely disgusted, headed them for home and ran them into the barnyard. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and I wasn't due there until five. The farmer came out of the house with a grieved countenance and wanted to know why in the name of Christopher Columbus I had brought the cattle in at such an hour. I tried to explain that the job of keeping them out of that cornfield was adapted to the state militia rather than a solitary horseman with frozen feet, but he laughed such an argument to scorn.

"Take them back," quoth he, sternly.

"I'll see them in Hannibal, Mo., before I'll take them back," said I; and then, on the impulse of the moment, I continued: "I've had enough of this blamed job, anyhow. Toil without recompense, tears all in vain! Pay me the few sesterces you owe me and I'll never darken your door again."

He dug up the samoleons on the spot, and I gathered up a couple of pairs of socks and some tobacco that belonged to me, and rode my old pony down to Frankfort, where I sold him and his saddle for a few roubles. With some of

these ill-gotten gains I bought a suit of hand-me-down rags. My highest ambition was to break into the newspaper business, for which I was poorly equipped, for my spelling was on the bum, and my grammar would scare a horse. But I had a passion for writing. It had been with me since early childhood. When working for farmers I was always writing thrilling stories and novels when the others had gone to bed. And poetry! When I think of it a cold sweat breaks out on me. I am always living in dread that some honest old farmer will dig up a bushel or two of the songs I wrote in those days, and feed them to the press. I had contributed some paragraphs and other stuff to a paper at Frankfort, and had been overjoyed to see some of it copied by the Leavenworth Times. So, when I swore off on farming, and was determined to butt into newspaper work, my thoughts fondly turned to the Times. I had an idea that the editor of that paper must be infatuated with my work, or he wouldn't copy it. So I bought a ticket for Leavenworth, and my bridges were burned behind me, as I had less than a dollar left when the railway fare was paid.

It was a beastly evening when I landed at Leavenworth. It was bitterly cold and a snowstorm was doing business. I was just beginning to realize what a chump I was, and I hadn't much confidence in success when I went into the Times office. A man named Elliott was behind the counter. He was managing editor, and, it may be said incidentally, one of the kindest men I ever knew. I told him my errand; told him the whole business, and he assured me that there was no possible chance of getting work on the Times. But Colonel Anthony would be down soon, he said, and I should tell my him story—if the colonel would listen. So he invited me to go back of the counter and sit down and wait, and I sat and waited, completely discouraged, and wishing I were back in the farm house in Marshall county. After a while the colonel arrived. Whenever I hear of that grand old man I think of him as I saw him that night, coming in out of the snowstorm. He was angry about something, and his great voice boomed through the office as he explained a few things to Elliott. He came behind the counter, and saw me sitting there, and glared at me so savagely that I felt myself shrinking. He asked me what I wanted, and Elliott started to explain.

"I suppose he has a tongue," roared the colonel; "let him speak for himself." I had never had experience with a tempestuous gentleman of this character before, and his greeting made me so nervous that I made a wretched botch of my story. I got it all balled up. But he gathered from it that I wanted a job on the editorial or reportorial end of the paper. He listened to all I had to say and then dismissed my application with a few words, not unkindly, and turned to Elliott and took up again the matter he was angry about.

"I want an editorial that will take the hide off that man," said the colonel; "something as strong as proofs of Holy Writ. I don't want any more of of your wishy-washy stuff. Now go ahead and write something, and I'll wait until you have it ready, and read it."

I had gathered enough from the colonel's talk to have a vague understanding of the situation that had riled him. I had rather a neat gift of invective for a farm hand, and I felt that it would be a great relief to roast somebody; so, while Elliott tore his hair and sharpened pencils, I quietly reached for a pad of paper and a pencil, and turned loose all the adjectives I knew of upon that unfortunate citizen of Leavenworth, of whom I had never heard until half an hour before. It was easy work, for I had plenty of bile on hand. And the way I riddled that man! I had the article written in ten minutes, and then, in fear and trembling, I handed it to Colonel Anthony. He naturally supposed I had reduced to writing my application for a job, and told me it was no use to pester him, for there was no place for me on the paper.

"This," I said, meekly, "is not an application for a job. It's an editorial on the matter you have been talking of."

"Read it out," said the colonel.

I read it, in a shaky voice. It was my last chance of salvation.

When I was done, the colonel looked at me in silence for a long time.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked,

at length, "that you are a stranger in Leavenworth.?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you had lived here all your life you couldn't have written an article that would have fitted the situation better. Come around in the morning, young man, and I'll put you to work."

I went forth into the snowstorm so happy that it seemed a June evening to me. It was not until I had rented a cheap room, and was getting ready to go to roost that it occurred to me that I had shown a wonderful nerve. I had taken out of Elliott's hands a job that had been given to him by his employer. I hustled back to the Times office, ashamed of myself, and with fifty-seven apologies ready for delivery. But Elliott met me with a glad hand, and was lost in wonder and enthusiasm over my unprecedented feat.

Next morning I went to work on the Times, and have been writing plain and fancy flapdoodle ever since.

Grandmother's Dream

Grandmother dozed in her old armchair,
With needle and thimble and stockings to darn;
A golden sunbeam danced on her hair,
As she roused and reached for the ball of yarn.
Then I heard her muttering audibly low,
As the needle and thread went to and fro:
"I guess I was dreaming,
" 'Twas only a seeming,
"Their romping and screaming—
"They left long ago."

Grandmother slept in her old armchair,
And journeyed afar through departed years;
Leaving behind her old age and its care,
Leaving behind her old age and its tears;
Then I heard her mutter their names o'er slow,
But the needle and thread had ceased to go.
I guess she is dreaming,
'Twas only a seeming,
Their romping and screaming—
They left long ago.

M. D. Elledge.

Roosevelt in Kansas

By HENRY J. ALLEN, Editor Wichita Beacon

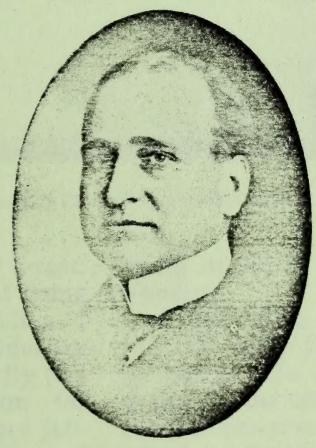
PEOPLE had said with a rising inflection, "Wonder what he'll talk about in KANSAS?"

He had been talking pretty steadily since he emerged from the jungle. He had spoken to princes and to kings. He had freely expressed his views in England upon the British in Egypt; he had spoken plainly in Paris upon race suicide. He had talked world-wide politics with the Kaiser and discussed faunal csience with the king of the Danes.

All this he had done in open meeting with everybody listening.

He then made divers speeches clear out to Wyoming and back, touching almost every subject of human interest and controversy; he had spoken amply and without restraint.

Yet people were in a state of expectancy; they all said, "Wait for his Kansas speech." With singular prescience the entire country realized that Kansas would hear what Colonel Roosevelt really thinks of the Progressive movement in the Republican party. He came at a timely hour for Kansas. The day before he arrived at Osawatomie the Kansas Republicans had adopted at Topeka, for the fall campaign, a state platform which certainly contained all the Progressive doctrines up-to-the-last-minute.



HENRY J. ALLEN

After Colonel Roosevelt had spoken at Osawatomie, a Stand-pat wag said: "Either Roosevelt wrote the Kansas platform or the Insurgents wrote the speech."

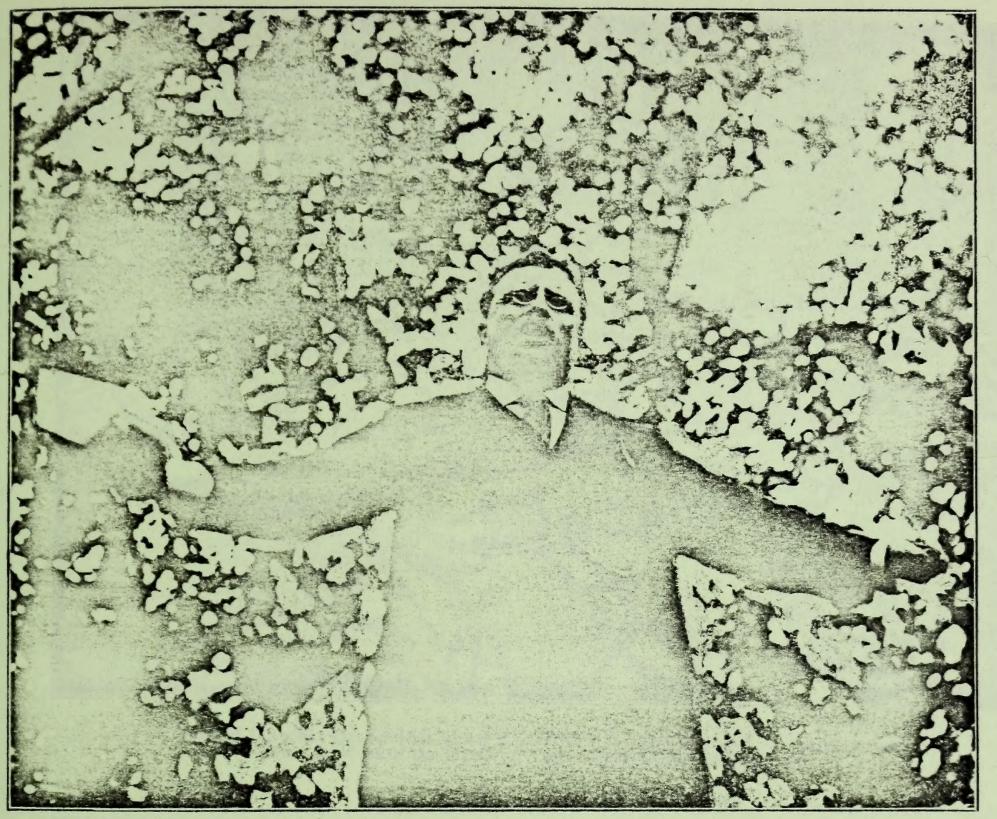
The speech has already become a part of the Progressive campaign; it set forth so forcibly Colonel Roosevelt's progressiveness that some of those who hear it felt a little ashamed for past characterization of La Follette as a Radical. Senator La Follette is discovered to be a trifle old-fashioned and conservative.

And the most significant fact in connection with the Osawatomie speech was its enthusiastic acceptance by the tremenduous audience that heard it and the greater audience that afterwards read it, as the keynote of the next National campaign. It was an uncompromising declaration of war on "Stand-pattism." It made Colonel Roosevelt the recognized head of the Progressive forces, and, whether he realizes it or not, made him the inevitable and invincible candidate of the Progressives to succeed President Taft.

A HUMAN DYNAMO

I have ridden upon many special trains and studied the methods and powers of many public heroes, but I have never seen anybody who approaches Theodore Roosevelt for dynamic force, endurance, and mental flexibility.

I have ridden with the late President McKinley, with President Taft, with Beveridge, Hughes, Fairbanks and others less noted, but they were all more or less alike—Roosevelt was different. The gracious McKinley always started out heartily in the morning and wearied toward evening; he couldn't make over a dozen speeches without getting tired of it. Taft slumbered gently in his chair between stations. All of them frequently went to their staterooms for a rest between speeches; their condition became an object of solicitude to their friends, who passed the stateroom door on tip-toes so



A "Progressive Climax"—at Osawatomie

that the public's lion might enjoy a rest.

There was nothing of this kind going on in the Roosevelt train. When I entered the car at 8:30 Wednesday morning, he was talking, not mildly like one making polite conversation for guests, but vigorously, using short jab-like gestures and making every word count. When I said good-bye to him at 10:30 o'clock in the evening of the same day, he was still talking, with the same vigor and earnestness, and anyone looking on could see that he was good for another fourteen hours if necessary. He had taken not a minute's rest.

Colonel Roosevelt is equipped with high speed facilities; listening to his most tremenduous speeches you feel that he could have done vastly better if he had wanted to. You always feel, no matter how swift a gait he strikes, that he has several cylinders in reserve which he is not using. He belongs to the marvelous age that has given us the flying machine, and all the other swift wonders.

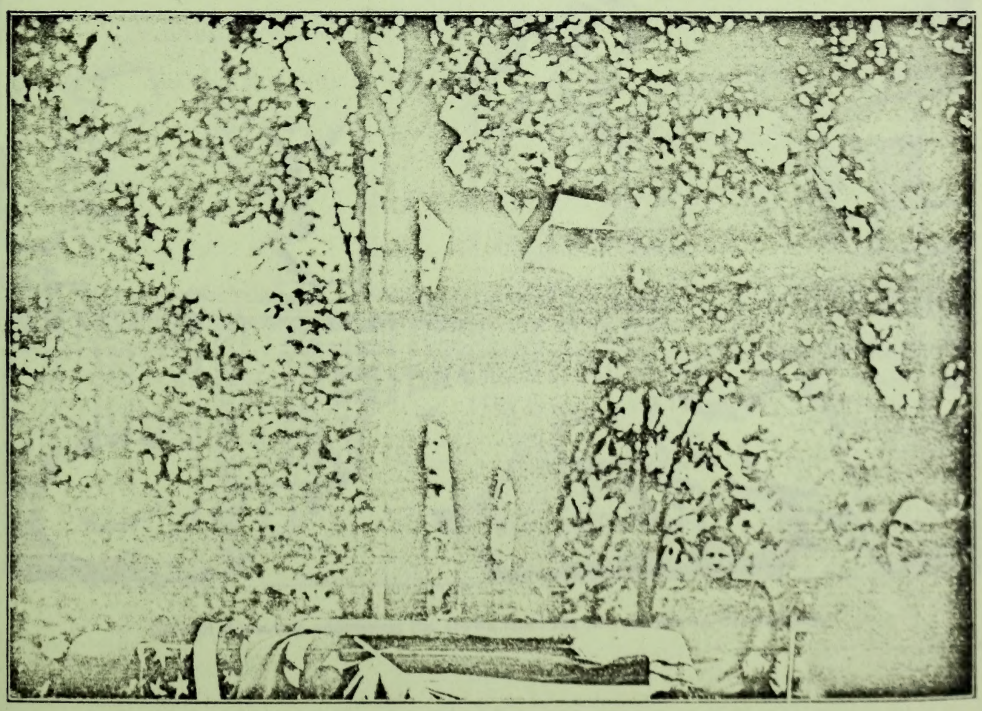
A half dozen times on Wednesday, I saw him leave the guests in his car and go out on the platform, make a brief speech to the crowd, return and take up his conversation with his guests precisely where he left off, without saying, "Where was I at?" or words to that effect.

During the day in his conversation with his guests he discussed every subject under the sun, and he discusses every subject with a certain hurried vigor and freshness that makes for new view point. Almost every public man runs down and finally repeats himself. His familiars learn just what the limitation of the hero are, and after a few days association with him their attitude of listening is a polite pretense.

I paid particular attention to Gifford Pinchot and James R. Garfield, who were on Roosevelt's train. They had been with him many days; they are both



View of the great throng that heard Roosevelt's Insurgent speech at Osawatomie.
Five survivors of the Battle of Osawatomie seated in front row.



The Colonel reading from MSS. during his address at Osawatomie.

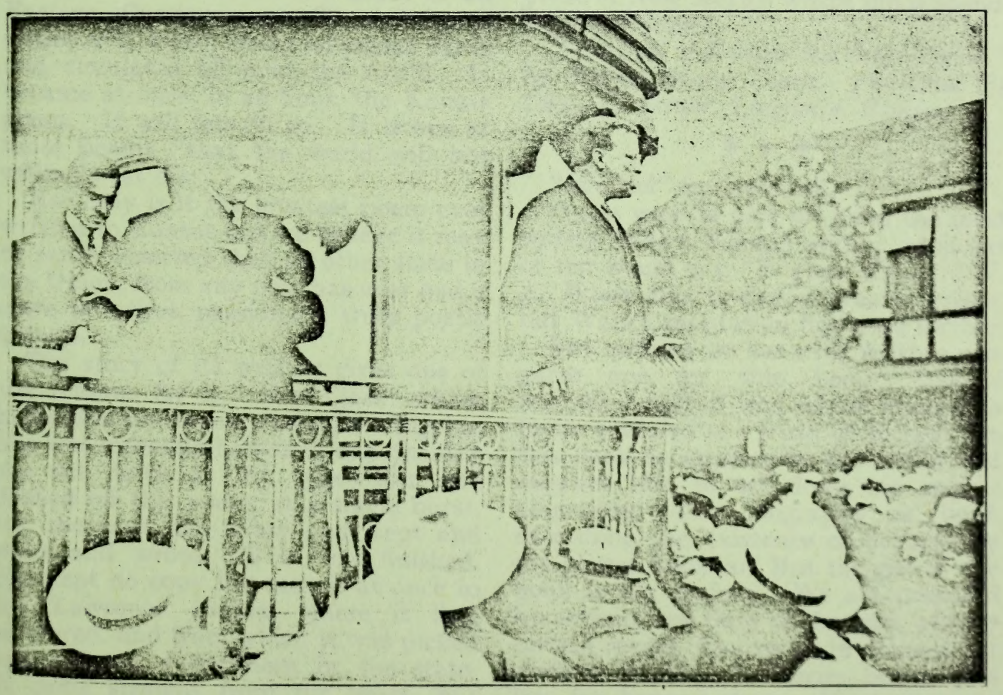
keen, thoughtful men. I noticed that they sought Roosevelt's side whenever possible and that they listened with deep interest. They had been on the train with him for eight days and nights; apparently he had not yet begun to repeat himself.

KANSAS HOLDS ROOSEVELT'S OBLIGATION

The Osawatomie visit indicated that Kansas is still a rampant Roosevelt state. Kansas took Taft warmly to her political bosom, but that was because Roosevelt said it was all right. Lately Kansas has been accused of fickleness in her relations with the president. The charge is unjust. When Kansas accepted Taft it was with the Roosevelt endorsement. But for Mr. Roosevelt's personal endorsement of Taft two years years ago, the state would have been for Governor Hughes. We did not know Mr. Taft very well. We accepted him with the Roosevelt "O. K." As soon as we discovered what we had drawn, we sent up a yell of protest. This means that we were not fickle enough to forget Roosevelt policies or the Roosevelt O. K. All that Kansas asks of Mr. Roosevelt is that he make good that O. K. If he can do it by getting Mr. Taft to pay off the obligation, now somewhat overdue, Kansas will be satisfied although not altogether contented.

If this settlement cannot be secured, then Kansas will insist that Mr. Roosevelt personally assume the obligation in 1911 and carry out the endorsement himself.

From his attitude in Kansas it looks as though the Colonel has no desire to shirk the obligation. It looks as though Mr. Roosevelt fully realizes that Mr. Taft has disappointed the people and that he isn't going to spend any valuable time feeling sorry for Taft.



Colonel Roosevelt addressing the crowd from his private car, at Osawatomie.

Book Reviews

THE "Call of Kansas and Other Verses," by Esther Mary Clark. Readers of the Magazine may recall some two years ago, a fugitive poem, that appeared first in the Lawrence Journal, under the title of "The Call of Kansas." If you are not familiar with it, read it on our first page. No poem written about Kansas ever received such instant, enthusiastic recognition. Coming straight from the heart of the author, it struck a chord that vibrated instantly here and among Kansans wherever found. Its vogue was immediate and startling. Congressman Calderhead read it on the floor of Congress in answer to the taunt of an Eastern Congressman. Thousands of copies of it were printed on postal cards and circulated all over the world. It became at once, in an hour, the Kansas poem. It will remain so. It is one of those poems "that the world will not willingly let die."

Not only is it the greatest poem ever written to Kansas but we believe it may be safely asserted that no other state in the Union, from any pen, has ever had a more beautiful, passionate, truly poetic tribute.

The story of its writing gives one of the reasons for it. Miss Clark, whose home is in Lawrence, was in Los Angeles. She was intensely homesick and one day she sat down at the typewriter and dashed off this poem, at a single burst. As, she says, she wrote and wept and wept and wrote, till it was finished. She kept no copy but sent it at once to the Lawrence Journal where it first appeared, and from which it was picked and printed everywhere in the state. It came straight from the heart, but beside its passionate cry of loneliness, of longing for "the wind-swept Kansas plains," it has poetical expression in the highest degree. Every verse is a gem. We may be prejudiced but we rank it with the best of recent poetry. We know of nothing written in recent years in America that surpasses it.

Miss Clark writes infrequently and her other verse is of a high character. She is not voluminous. She writes as a bird sings. When her heart is full of something she pours it out because she cannot help it. That is the only way real poetry is written. There is about Miss Clark's poetry: no effort, no marks of the chisel. It is a like a bird song.

Miss Clark is almost painfully modest about her work. She has never written prose for publication but has promised the KANSAS MAGAZINE some sketches in prose of New Mexico where she is spending the summer.

"*The Call of Kansas and Other Verses*," *by Esther Mary Clark. Published by Chas. C. Seewir, Lawrence, Kansas.*

◆ ◆ ◆

"Ithuriel" by Ironquill.

If one were to pick off hand the most widely known Kansas author, nine out of ten would say "Eugene Ware." W. A. White has to-day a greater vogue, but Ware's reputation has gone farther.

But nothing he has ever written prepares one for this book. Ithuriel was the Angel of God whose spear at a touch revealed the truth of things. In this book he appears to the writer and requires him to set down his angel's biography. The biography is brief, describing the existence of Ithuriel on the planet Algomar. But the gist of the book is the preface. We are prepared by certain new lines of thought, and by certain recent discoveries in physics, for some of Mr. Ware's theories, but he goes far, far beyond them. We know now that metals grow "sick" from over-work and recover with rest. We are finding that there is intelligence of some sort in vegetable life. That to draw the line between animate and inanimate nature

is increasingly difficult as science studies both more profoundly. The border where vegetation ceases as such and becomes animal life, becomes more vague, shadowy, overlapping every year. But Mr. Ware goes boldly to the root of the whole matter, and after describing the atom declares it has intelligence, and that from this intelligence proceeds all the combinations that make up the material world from the snowflake to the elephant; that by intelligent combination, these atoms produce the oak and the willow, the tiger and the ape. He postulates with the fact that atoms love and hate. Otherwise how account for attraction and repulsion, those two forces that, existing everywhere, produce all forms of matter?

As they love and hate, or attract and repel, they combine or refuse to. Similar atoms take a certain shape, "the clan shape," always the same. Some atoms stronger, more intelligent than others become leaders, draw about them other atoms, form communities, build, fight, destroy, rebuild, separate and combine into all the various forms of matter.

Man is an aggregation of these atoms, the most highly educated of all, the highest form of combination they have yet produced. The theory is ingenious artfully worked out, and when you read "Ithuriel" seems convincing.

Of course it starts with the hypothesis of the atom, but so does all modern science. No one has ever yet seen an atom. No one knows it exists. It is simply a working theory, the only theory that seems fairly to account for all known phenomena. So science has adopted the atomic theory which at the last analysis is nothing more than a theory.

Mr. Ware carries it a little farther—carries it, in fact, logically, to the last expression of the theory. Anyway it is a very entertaining book.

"Ithuriel," by Ironquill. Published by Crane & Co., Topeka.

In the Woods

Clumped in the shadow of the beech—
  In whose brown top the crows are loud—
Where every side great briars reach
  And cling like hands—the beechdrops crowd
The mossy cirque with neutral tints
  Of gray; and deep, with berries bowed,
The buckbush reddens 'mid the mints.
  The jewel-weeds, whose pods bombard
The hush with fairy batteries
  Of seeds, grow dense here; pattering hard
Their sacs explode, persuade the eyes
  To search the heaven for show'rs. One seems
To walk where old Enchantment plies
  Her shuttle of lost days and dreams.

MADISON CAWEIN.

Our Point of View

THE MATTER OF SHOES The new tariff law removed the 15 per cent duty on hides and reduced the tariff on shoes one third, a little over a year ago. Have you been buying your shoes any cheaper? Are you paying less for your footwear than you did before the tariff was so reduced? Ask your shoe dealer what reduction there has been in the wholesale or retail price of shoes in the past year. We think you will find that you are paying just about the same for shoes that you paid last year. Why? If the tariff is the cause of the high prices of which we are complaining, there seems to be something wrong. There is a lack of connection. It is said woolens are higher, although the tariff on woolens was not increased.

It looks as though there were other very powerful influences besides the tariff at work on prices, especially in view of the fact that prices have risen about as fast on things not protected as on things protected.

MORE MONEY Our Republican friends tell us that most of the increase in prices is due to an increase in the amount of money in the country. In other words they adopt Bryan's once discredited "quantitative" theory of money. Briefly, this theory is, that the more money there is in circulation the less the value of the unit of money, expressed in the things it will buy, the less money there is in circulation the greater the value of the unit expressed the same way. In other words abundant money means cheap money and high prices, scarce money means dear money and low prices.

In 1906 Bryan was urging this theory as the cause of the then low prices and demanding that more money be added to the volume of our circulation by Free Coinage. The Republicans strenuously denied that this had anything to do with low prices, that low prices were due to cheapened facilities of production.

It will be observed that then, low prices were complained of as bitterly as high prices are complained of now. It would seem impossible to get prices just right so that we shall all agree that prosperity is here. However Bryan's theory was rejected. The people voted against his ideas. Then enormous quantities of new gold began to flood our circulating medium, which has increased something like one-half in volume since 1896. Now when the republicans are charged with responsibility for high prices, now as unpopular as low prices were then, they pick up Bryan's theory, adopt it and say that these villainous high prices are caused by too much money in circulation. Can you beat it?

THE ONLY WAY Now here is one of the great political questions that we all ought to understand to vote intelligently this fall. And here we are. The Democrats now reject the theory they fought for in 1896 and say that it is all the tariff and the Republicans adopt the theory they fought against then and say the tariff has nothing to do with it. What are we to do? We know by this time, all of us who have made any attempt to follow the dickering and trading by which the Payne tariff law was evolved, that we will never have a scientific or even a fairly honest and decent tariff law as long as we use the present method of securing it. We start with the principle that the tariff shall be just the difference between the labor cost of the article here and abroad. We start with the principle that American capital and enterprise can take care of itself without any protection, but inasmuch as labor is higher here than in Europe we must have protection for the difference. All Protectionists, high or low, Standpatters or Insurgents agree on this principle, this measure. But when we come to apply it no one, not one single man in Congress, knows exactly what that difference is. Every one of them is out for ample protection for his particular industry. To secure that, he trades with all the other fellows who want tariff favors. Ignorant of the exact amount necessary he demands enough to make sure, which is not only always higher than is necessary, but in many cases is absolutely more than the whole labor cost of the specific article.

So the whole tariff law is a product of trading and dickering, full of inequalities, injustices, graft and downright corruption. The best trader wins and his name is Aldrich.

The remedy is so simple, so fair, that the wonder is that it has not been applied long ago and the remedy is Taft's Tariff Commission but not emasculated, dehorned, and robbed of its just powers, but a real commission with ample power and ample funds to ascertain the exact difference in the labor cost here and abroad of every protected article. Take the big ones like woolen, cotton and steel first, and as fast as the examination is concluded and the facts known cut those schedules down accordingly. That will stop the trading, the dickering, and give us a real protective tariff just as high as it ought to be and no higher.

If the voters of the United States will get this idea through their tolerably thick heads, stop "voting the ticket" regardless and vote only for men who will pledge themselves to this program, we shall soon have a tariff that no one, producer or consumer can complain of. Make your Congressman agree to this, pledge himself to it and vote against him if he refuses.

You will see the whole tariff question disappear and at the same time you will see a vast shrinkage in the watered profits of two-thirds of the trusts of the country.

Publishers' Announcement

A KANSAS MAGAZINE

With this issue the KANSAS MAGAZINE to a certain extent changes control. Those who have owned it for the past eight months continue to be connected with it, but it becomes the property of The Kansas Magazine Company, a corporation, with ample capital to carry it forward and fulfill the aims of its founders.

At the outset the magazine met with much skepticism and not a little ridicule. Similar attempts in the past had been failures and failure was freely predicted for this venture.

The critics overlooked many things that have changed the chances for a Kansas monthly. This is the Magazine Age. Within the last ten years the number of monthly periodicals has vastly increased, and each apparently finding a field of its own, has secured sufficient patronage to be a success. Apparently the appetite for magazines grows by what it feeds upon, and the greater the number and variety of these peridoicals, the greater the number of readers each has. It is also the age of advertising. It is that and that alone that makes possible the printing of the great dailies that are sold at a price little greater than the white paper on which they are printed. This growth of advertising has made possible the publication of so many monthlies, for where they formerly depended solely upon the price of the magazine itself, they now depend more largely upon the price of the publicity they afford.

So a new field and a new day have opened for magazines everywhere, and there is no better field in the country than Kansas. The increase of population, of intelligence, of the reading habit, and above all of the means to gratify it, are ten-fold what they were when former Kansas periodicals failed. We know now that this magazine is a success. It has passed beyond the stage of experiment, has a circulation, an advertising patronage, is paying its way and a little more.

With the organization we now have, the working capital, the means of making a better magazine and of bringing that better magazine before the public, its success is assured.

OUR AIM

We hardly expect to make the KANSAS MAGAZINE in extent and variety equal to the New York magazines with their hundreds of thousands of circulation. You do not expect your local paper to be as large and as varied as the great city daily, but you want it more than you want the city daily because it is published for you; it is about you. It contains the things that you do not find in the city daily, the things that are nearer and of more interest to you than the far-off happenings of the world. So you take your local paper first, the city papers afterwards.

To a certain extent this will be true of the KANSAS MAGAZINE. It will be published for you, about you, touching the things that are near to you. It will from time to time recall and preserve the early history and tradition of Kansas. The struggles with the Indians, the border wars, the Kansas soldiers, the hardships of the first settlers, and all of that romantic foreword that is the pride of every Kansan.

It will give you Kansas fiction and Kansas poetry, and encourage the young writers of Kansas, giving them that first recognition that is so hard to obtain.

It will describe the resources of Kansas and tell you more about this state than you ever dreamed of. It will continue the illustrations of Picturesque Kansas that have amazed and delighted Easterners, and have shown our own people that after all they do not know much about Kansas.

It will tell you about the new books of Kansas authors, what they are about and who writes them. It will not only keep step with the literary advancement of Kansas, but will strive to be a little ahead of it, encouraging it, leading it on.

It will take an interest in the civic growth of Kansas, and without being partisan it will try to express the new spirit in civic affairs that is remoulding the communities of Kansas.

With all this there will be matters of general interest, for its circulation is not now nor will be purely local. We shall have short stories and serials from fiction writers who are known all over the country.

It will, we hope, be a magazine that you will want to send out of Kansas, send to your friends to show them something of what Kansas is doing besides raising wheat and corn.

It will be your *your* magazine, flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone.

At Dawn

This day when Death and Failure, Want and Woe,
Seem hedging me about on every side,
I know to be the day of days to me—
The day that I'll count as my true natal day.

The world says Death came stalking in the door—
It saw but somber robes and bony hands;
I saw an angel clothed in heavenly light
Who said, "My name is Everlasting Life."

The world says Failure swept my meager store
That my great need has fallen on ill times;
I know "Man shall not live by bread alone,"
And only now has plenty come to me.

The world says grievous Care has bound my hands,
That lonesomeness and drudgery are mine;
I know that Joy and Freedom fill my heart,
As comes the dawn to my new-opened eyes.

GEORGE FRANCIS CRARY.

Twice Told Tales

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story new or old, that has humor in it

HIS FIRST SHOW

WHEN the Honorable E. H. Madison, then plain Ed. Madison, came to Kansas, he first settled on a claim near Ford City in Ford County. Very soon afterwards he began the study of the law in Dodge City. He had then, as now, a personal charm that quickly made him friends among the old timers like Mike Sutton, Chalk Beason and Dick Evans.

In those days, some twenty-five years ago, Louie Lord was wont to come to Dodge and play six-night stands in the old-fashioned melodramas like the "Banker's Daughter." Ed's father was a Baptist minister, strict in his views, regarding the theatre as one of the Devil's immediate agents. Ed had never seen anything theatrical, not even an Uncle Tom's Cabin show. So the first Monday night that Miss Lord was there, Mike Sutton and Dick Evans took him to the "show." For Ed it was a revelation. It was real. He loved the heroine, hated the villain, rejoiced over the triumph of the hero, laughed and cried; in short had the time of his life. The next night he was missing, and missing again Wednesday night. Mike heard that he had gone to the show again both nights. Thursday evening about show time Mike met him, and Ed was on the way to the show again.

"What in Hades are you going to that show again for?" said Mike. "You've seen it three times and it's the same play every night."

"Mike," said the future Congressman earnestly, "you know that scene where the villain is shut up in the room with the other man's wife, and he gets to loving her awful hard, and just about the time he is ready to kiss her, the husband knocks on the door, and the villain jumps out through the window? Well Mike, some of these nights that buzzard is going to be a little slow getting away and I want to see what happens when the Old Man catches him."

◈ ◈ ◈

BEWARE THE DOG

Here is another story about Dodge from the Topeka Capital that illustrates its social code in the early days.

"Jim" Masterson, a brother of "Bat" Masterson, was a philosopher about dogs—certain kinds of dogs. Masterson was sitting on the shady side of a street when a small dog—such as women carry in their arms—ran up to him with every manifestation of pleasure and comrade-ship.

Masterson kicked the dog, which ran away howling with pain.

"What made you do that, Jim? The dog wasn't trying to bite you," asked a bystander.

"Well, now, look here," replied Masterson; "maybe I know something about dogs, and maybe I don't. But take my advice and kick every strange dog of that kind that acts as if it were renewing old acquaintance when it meets up in the street. Listen:

"Late one afternoon I was leaning against a post in front of the Long Branch saloon, thinking of nothing in particular, when along comes a little white, fluffy dog that seemed tickled to death at seeing me. The dog barked and ran round and round, put his paws on my knees, and looked at me as if we were old-time partners. I had a grouch, and blazed away and kicked the dog into the street.

"Just as I did it I could see from the corner of my eye that Wyatt Earp was not more than fifteen feet distant, coming toward me. Earp stopped when he got to me, and for a moment looked me squarely in the eye. Then he said:

" 'Do you know who owns that dog?'

"I thought, of course, that the dog belonged to Earp, and began apologizing, saying that I didn't mean to hurt the little rascal, but that I had a grouch on, and if the dog belonged to him I was sorry I kicked it, because Earp and I were good friends. Then Earp got a still finer bead one me with his eye and asked again:

" 'You are sure, Masterson, that you don't know who owns that dog?'

"I told him that I didn't unless the dog was his. Earp turned and walked away, without saying another word. Now, what do you suppose was at the bottom of all this talk? Well, sir, as I learned afterwards, that dog belonged to a lady to whom Earp was paying particular attention. He saw the antics of the dog in trying to attract my attention, and naturally supposed that the dog knew me. If the dog knew me, where did we get acquainted? Down where the dog lived? Had I made the fatal mistake of saying that I knew the owner of the dog, Wyatt Earp, then and there, would have shot and killed me. So take my advice and kick the dog."

◈ ◈ ◈

AND IT TOOK

It was during the dessert course. He had been sitting next to her for the last hour and a half and was deeply conscious of the beautiful contour of her arms and shoulders. "Do you know," she said suddenly," I've been in misery for a week. Sometimes I could almost scream with pain." "Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed sympathetically. "I was vaccinated last week and it has taken dreadfully." His eyes fell and his gaze was curious. But he saw no scar. "Why, where were you vaccinated?" he asked impetuously. She raised her eyebrows and smiled sweetly. "In New York," she replied.

RURAL SYMPATHY

The rural free delivery reaches its flower of perfection in Vermont.

"Mr. Carrier," said a lady who was summering among the mountains, "I have a letter, received several days ago, saying a package had been forwarded to me by mail. I have not received it yet. Have you seen anything of it?"

"A package?" asked the rural free deliverer.

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a package?"

"Why a small package—a box, in fact—covered with paper, containing some of my property."

"A small box; pasteboard probably?"

"Yes."

"Let me see," pondered the rural free deliverer. "A package? Oh, yes, I guess that was your package I delivered to Mrs. Brown down in the foothills a few days ago. She hadn't any mail for a long time, and I kind of felt sorry for her." —Saturday Evening Post.

◆ ◆ ◆

TRUE PROPRIETY

A little girl aged three, had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed.

"I wants to tum in, Cissie," said Tom.

"But you tan't tum in, Tom."

"Why not?"

"Well, I's in my nightie an' nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nighties."

After an astonished pause and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly, "You tan tum in now, Tom, I's tooked it off."

◆ ◆ ◆

UNDETERRED

In a great deal of trepidation a diffident young man called at the office of the father of the girl he was smitten with, and stammered:

"Sir, I—I—pardon me, but I want to marry your daughter."

"I'm busy; go and see her mother, young man," said the father.

"I have already seen her mother, and I still wish to marry your daughter."—Everybody's.

◆ ◆ ◆

NOT TO OVERDO IT

Lily—I'se gwine to a s'prise party to-night, Miss Sally.

Miss Sally—What will you take for a present?

Lily—Well, we didn' cal'late on takin' no present. Yo' see, we don' wan' to s'prize 'em too much.—Brooklyn Life.

BOARD FOR SINGLE GENTLEMAN

"So, Belinda, I hear you and 'Doc' have parted company. Couldn't you get along?"

"No'um, we couldn't Least, I couldn't. D'ye know dat lowdown nigger just ma'ied me fo' my money?"

"No?" I said.

"Yas'm. He saw all dem things in my pahlor, silber butter-dishes and crayon portraits that you and the othe' white ladies gi' me, and he just thought he was goin' to set in there and smoke while I washed and i'ned. And I had a big burial insurance, too, and he knowed that. So I jes natchully tu'ned him out."

"Yes," I said. "But I thought I saw him going in your back gate last week."

"Oh, to be sure! He's 'round, but he's jes' boadin' with me now."—Ladies' Home Journal.

◆ ◆ ◆

A NEW SCIENCE

Walter L. Hervey, one of the examiners in the city schools of Manhattan, recently asked a little girl what she studied.

"Reading, writing and gozinta."

"Gozinta? What is that?"

"Why, two goes into four, and three goes into six," the child explained.—Judge.

◆ ◆ ◆

REAL DEVOTION

William H. Crane, the actor, says he first learned what true love is by accidentally overhearing a brief conversation between a young man and a very pretty girl. "And you're sure you love me?" said she. "Love you?" echoed the young fellow. "Why, darling, while I was bidding you good-by on the porch last night your dog bit a piece out of the calf of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home."—Cosmopolitan.

◆ ◆ ◆

SUNDAY IS SUNDAY

There is a sermon for "children who have grown tall" in the words of the little tot who was told by her mother not to play in the front yard on Sunday.

"But, mamma, isn't it Sunday in the back yard too?"—Judge.

◆ ◆ ◆

P. S.

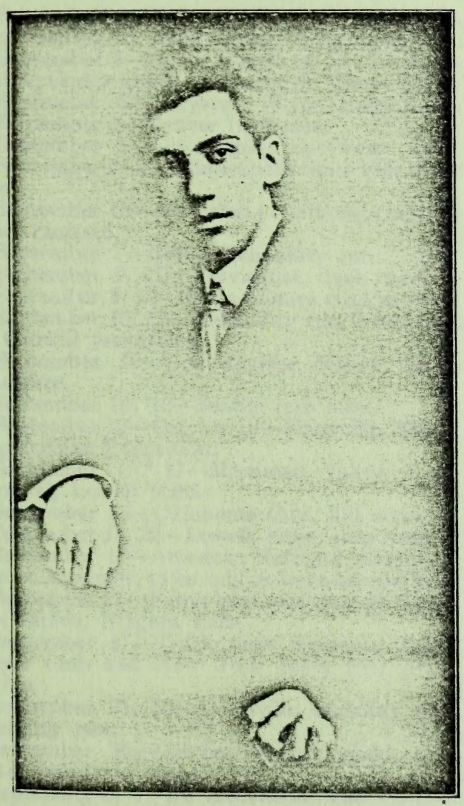
Little Johnny—"Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we all call 'Postscript.' "

Dad—" 'Postscript!' Whatever do you call her 'Postscript' for?"

Little Johnny—"'Cos her name is Adeline Moore!"—Tit-Bits.

Institute of Musical Art

The Institute of Musical Art, recently founded at Wichita, Kansas, by Rafael Navas is rapidly becoming one of the leading institutions of the state. Mr. Navas' ability as a teacher and concert



RAFAEL NAVAS

pianist is not unknown to the people of Kansas. His European training and his experience of ten years standing, besides his thorough acquaintance with all schools and methods of piano-playing, combined with a remarkable memory and a still more remarkable patience and adaptability to the requirements of the pupil, place him in a position where his pupils attain the maximum results with the minimum amount of effort.

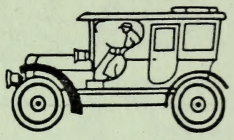
His playing is characterized by a perfect control and absolute mastery of all technical details and varieties of Touch which makes his interpretations eminently artistic and full of interest. He unites loftiness of Conception with an intimate knowledge of all the mechanical means of Execution thus incarnating Schiller's ideal of the work of the Artist: "When the fire and impulsiveness of emotion are held in check by the restraining and regulating influence of the intellect; when the repose and positiveness of the latter are stirred by the spontaneous inspiration of the former, the one supplying what the other lacks, both going hand in hand; then this blending of soul and brain, accompanied by faultless technique, results in the highest attainable executive perfection and artistic beauty."

He is a college graduate and a man of varied interests. His knowledge of other branches of mental activity, sciences, literature, languages; makes itself manifest in the broadness of his interpretations and especially in his pedagogical resources. Chief among them is the application to musical studies of the "reason why" or "cause to effect" system of teaching of which he is the only exponent; also his intimate knowledge of the instrument in all its mechanical details and of the limbs employed in each phase of the process of tone-production.

Equipped with scientific knowledge and inspired by the enthusiasm brought into his work by their master, pupils of Mr. Navas are achieving success as teachers and concert pianists. One of the most sought after accompanists of New York, Miss Ethel Wenk, received her instruction entirely from him. During his short stay in Wichita his graduates number not less than seven, more than any other teacher's graduates during the same period, all of whom are becoming successful teachers.

Motor News.....

By JAMES A. WHITTY



COMING EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

September 2, 3, 5—Three days' automobile race meeting at Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

September 5—North Wildwood (N. J.) Automobile Club's beach race meet on Ocean Drive.

September 5—Cheyenne, Wyo., track meet.

September 5—Denver road race.

September 5—Los Angeles Speedway meet.

September 5, 10—Minneapolis State Fair track meet.

September 10—Auto club of California meet in San Francisco.

September 7—Buffalo reliability run.

September 9, 10—Providence track meet.

September 9, 10—Santa Monica road races.

September 10, 12—Reliability run, New York to Catskill mountains.

September 10—Los Angeles Mount Baldy road race.

September 10, 12—Seattle race meet.

September 12—October 12—Knoxville, Tenn., Appalachian Exposition.

September 15, 17—Merrimac Valley Road Carnival, Lowell Mass.

September 15—Oklahoma City, hill climb.

September 15, 22—Lowell, Mass., road races.

September 17—American National championship balloon race, to be held in Indianapolis, Ind.

September 17—Power boat race through whirlpool rapids, Niagara Falls.

September 17—Track meet Syracuse Automobile Club and New York State Fair Association.

September 21, 23—Louisville economy and reliability run.

September 30—October 8—Springfield, Ill., State Fair track meet.

September 3, 6—De Liedekerke and Ostend cup races, Ostend, Belgium.

September 8, 25—Motor car reliability trials; promoted by l'Auto in France.

September 18—Semmering hill climb, Austria.

◈ ◈ ◈

MOTOR TO REPLACE ARMY MULE

Modern science is to do away with another of our ancient institutions. From almost the beginning of time, the army mule has been looked upon as a necessary military requisite; now he may have to assume a subordinate place in warfare of the future, for the motor car is now regarded an essential to the welfare of men in battle.

From reports at the War Department compiled by men who served at the joint army and militia maneuvers the past summer, are very emphatic, and indicate the practicability and value of the motor in military transportation. Many instances are given wherein the time saving in the delivery of supplies from the base of operations to distant points, is is complimented highly, especially when the troops are centered from the garrison ranges. Another saving has been noted in the number of ovens as used in the old way in comparison with the motor car outfit.

Lieutenant Colonel. I. W. Litt, chief of the Quarter-Master Department at Governor's Island, recommends that a special board of officers be appointed to provide for the adoption and use of the motor car for field use. The only obstacle in the way for the successful issue of this plan is the necessity for field repairs, but this objection will be easily provided, for it is pointed out that with the general adoption of motor cars, there could easily be provided means of repair in the field, and in the end there would be no great interruption in the system of transportation, since the break-downs must be only incidental, if at all, vexsome. It is also claimed that the motor car could go wherever the present army wagon can be taken, and that more expeditiously.

There will continue to be military operations where the supplies will needs be carried by pack horses and mules, but there are also places where no type of wagon could penetrate or stand the grueling.

Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States Army is an enthusiastic motor advocate. He will very likely have some very interesting and weighty remarks to make on the subject of the motor car as applied to field operations in his first annual report to the War Department, as senior officer of the General Staff.

◈ ◈ ◈

MOTOR DRIVEN WARSHIP IS NEWEST INVENTION

Portsmouth, England, Aug. 23.—The British admiralty has decided to build a motor-driven battleship which will render the dreadnaughts obsolete, according to announcement made today. The mightiest vessels in the world to-day will be unable to cope with the new design in speed or fighting power, according to the plans laid out. Experiments with motor-driven boats have already been made.

THE STOCK MARKET VS. AUTOMOBILE MARKET

Cartoon by John McCutcheon, Reproduced from Chicago Tribune of August 16.



It is granted that every man has the right to dispose of his own bank savings in any legal manner that he may desire without any dictation as to whether it suits his bank or not. Bankers have not lodged any special objection should a farmer withdraw heavily on his banking account for an European tour, or for a high-priced piano, or other home luxury. The farmer's fund is his own and he has every right to invest it as he may desire. It is a fact that practically eight times as much money is being expended each year for tobacco and liquor as is being invested in motor cars. We have not heard of any strenuous objections made by bankers because certain of their clients have adopted a better brand of Havana or, increased the number of their daily consumption. These bankers who are attacking the purchase of motor cars by the farmers have absolutely failed unbiasedly to compare the amounts of money being expended along other lines with that invested in cars. If bank presidents and cashiers are to criticize every so-called luxury or pleasure, that to some extent depletes their deposits, it would be best for Congress to make them guardians of the public funds and permit them only, as some do at present, to invest their deposits only in safe and legal enterprises.—

WICHITA NOTES

Mr. John M. Kirkwood, distributer for the Overland, Wichita, has returned from an extended business trip in Indiana and Ohio, in the interests of his automobile trade. Mr. Kirkwood visited the home factories of the Overland Car at Indianapolis and Toledo, and that of the Lexington Car, at Connersville, Indiana. Contracts were closed with the Overland for the 1911 business. In addition to the contract with the Overland people, Mr. Kirkwood executed a contract with the Lexington Automobile Company and will conduct this Company's business in the Southwest, thus making Wichita as the central distributing point for Kansas and Oklahoma.

The Lexington has been making an enviable record the past two years and was selected as the Pilot for The Kansas City Star Cup run. It is one of the best, and will stand the gruelling, wear and requirements of the most discriminating motorist, while its mechanism, appearance and general utility make it at once a general favorite and very desirable car.

Mr. Kirkwood predicts a bumper year for 1911, and declares that the ensuing year will be probably the greatest in the history of the automobile, considered from a financial standpoint.

The Wichita Automobile Company has taken on Oklahoma in addition to Kansas on a distributing basis. This is for the Reo car. This company is one of the largest dealers in the United States and last year handled one-tenth of the output of the Reo factory. They also handle the Chalmers-Detroit and have received several of the new 1911, 30 and 40 Models. This is one of their specials. Also the Pierce Great Arrow.

Earl Wilbur and J. A. Dickson have opened a motorcycle and bicycle shop at 117 N. Lawrence, under the name of the Wichita Bicycle and Motorcycle Company. They will handle the Emblem Motorcycle and different makes of bicycles. Their place is specially equipped for all kinds of repair work; they also carry a large stock of supplies.

F. W. Walters of Cheney, Kansas, has just made his 1911 contract with the Wichita Auto Co. and has placed large orders for Chalmers and Reo cars.

The Jones Auto Exchange Co. has moved to their new three story garage on North Topeka. This is considered one of the finest garages in Kansas.

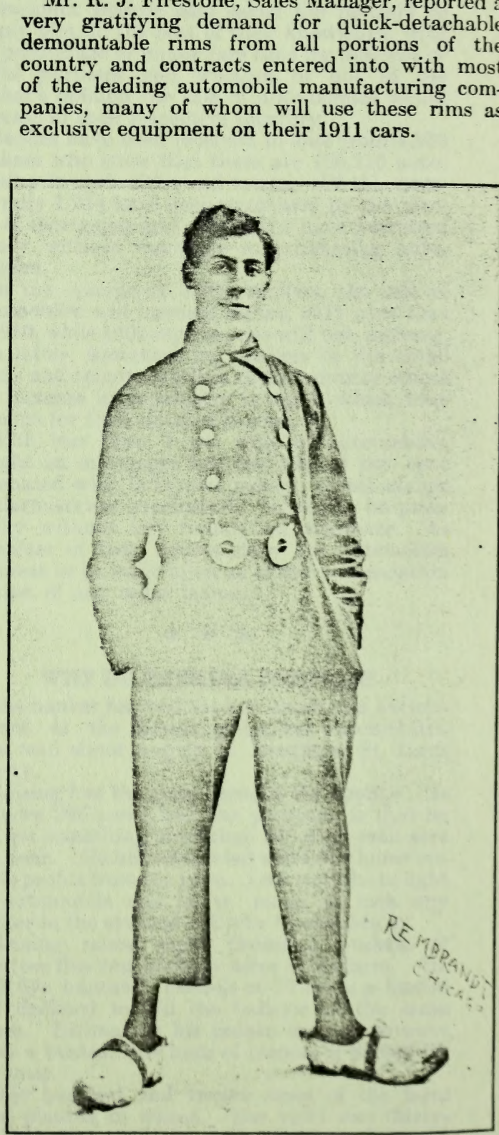
S. M. Stanford, of Minneapolis, Kas. has renewed his contract with the Wichita Auto Co.

FORMER BOARD RETAINED

At the Annual Meeting of the Firestone Tir & Rubber Co. held in Akron, August 24th, th former board of directors was retained and th following officers were re-elected for the comin year: H. S. Firestone, President and Genera Manager; Will Christy, Vice President; S. G Carkhuff, Secretary and J. G. Robertson, Treas urer.

The usual yearly gain in sales was reporte and it was announced that the new model tir plant now in process of construction will be com pleted and in full operation by Februray, in creasing the manufacturing capacity four-fold

Mr. R. J. Firestone, Sales Manager, reported very gratifying demand for quick-detachable demountable rims from all portions of the country and contracts entered into with most of the leading automobile manufacturing companies, many of whom will use these rims as exclusive equipment on their 1911 cars.



Gottfried Rodriguez, newspaper man of Amsterdam, Holland, touring the world on a $12,000 wager not to use train service.

HE'S GOT A MOTOR CAR

My shoes are worn until my feet
Are sore from contact with the ground;
I do not like to walk the street
Because the neighbors all around
Can see I wear my last year's hat;
My once black suit is rusty green;
I need new clothes—but what of that?
I've got to buy some gasoline!

My house looks queer—'tis bare of paint—
And it is not in good repair,
I often hear a mournful plaint
About "that awful cellar stair,"
The walks have all begun to crack,
And grass is growing up between;
I see the ruins—but, alack!
I've got to buy some gasoline!

No more I eat my eggs at morn—
We have no eggs, they cost good cash!
I don't see how a man could scorn
A cheap chuck steak or call it trash!
'Twould give me pleasure to cut loose
At all the grub I've ever seen;
I'm almost starved—but what's the use?
I've got to buy some gasoline!

Vancouver Province.

◈ ◈ ◈

CHALMERS-DETROIT AS BASEBALL PRIZE

To win the prize motor car offered by the Chalmers-Detroit for the best batting averages in the major leagues for this season, the following requirements are necessary:

1. Every player to be eligible must be a member of a club, either the National or American League.

2. The batting average of each player for the season of 1910 shall be the only thing taken into consideration. The player having the highest average in either league to be awarded the prize; the following stipulations to govern:

(a) If the player is an infielder or an outfielder, he must be charged with not less than 350 times at bat during the season.

(b) If the player is a catcher, he must be charged with 250 times at bat during the season.

(c) If the player is a pitcher, he must be charged with 100 times at bat during the season.

3. Players who are at bat less than the number of times above designated shall not be considered in the award of the prize.

4. A player playing more than one position on any team shall be charged with joint times at bat under all positions that he plays.

5. The award of the prize to the winner will, if possible, be made during the playing of the world's championship series in the fall of 1910.

◈ ◈ ◈

SALINA, KANSAS

Salina's automobile population is growing. The city now has 193 registered cars and the list of owners is growing rapidly.

Salina recently purchased a Mitchell roadster, completely equipped to make runs to fires. The car has a selective type of transmission and is capable of developing forty-three horsepower, American rating. It will be capable of making forty miles an hour.

PEOPLE ARE NOT MORTGAGING HOMES TO BUY MOTOR CARS

For the purpose of arriving at the true facts and obtaining exact information relative to the rumors which have been circulated by bankers that automobiles were purchased by the wholesale with money secured by mortgaging homes, President Benjamin Briscoe of the United States Motor Company, wrote to 24,000 bankers in the United States and enclosed a blank form asking the bankers to furnish him with the number of people in their vicinity who had mortgaged homes or who had borrowed money to purchase automobiles.

President Briscoe also asked the bankers to supply him, to the best of their knowledge, with the percentage of motor cars used for business or useful purposes and whether or not in the banker's opinion the sale of automobiles would increase in their respective territory.

Replies have been received to date from 4,830 bankers who state that there are 198,216 automobiles in their cities and towns. Of this number only 1,254 have been purchased by the placing of mortgages and only 7,475 have borrowed money without mortgage in purchasing automobiles.

In the opinion of 3,229 bankers, the sale of automobiles will increase during 1911 over that of 1910, while 1601 say the sales will not increase. The latter, however, are bankers in the small towns and remote sections of the country where the increase in population is small. which may account for their opinion in part.

With less than 1 per cent of automobiles bought on mortgages and less than 4 per cent purchased with borrowed money, recent claims of alarmists are conclusively proved to be practically without any foundation whatever. As a matter of fact, figures show the automobile business to be built upon as sound a foundation as that of any other industry.

◈ ◈ ◈

WHY DO BANKERS COMPLAIN

The banker has had his say about the extravagance of the farmer in buying automobiles. Now read about August W. Reising of St. Louis county.

Reising has the prize farm of the county. It includes 265 acres, and the prospect is that he will get something more than $48 from each acre this year. He has completed a $14,000 home out of his profits from the farm. Last week he bought an automobile and he is ready to look any banker in the eye and ask why he shouldn't.

Reising raised eight thousand bushels of potatoes this year on forty acres of his farm. He sold five hundred bushels at 70 cents a bushel and declined to sell the balance at the same figure. Estimating his potato crop at seventy cents a bushel, this item of income is $5,600 for the year.

One hundred and twelve acres of the farm were planted in wheat. The yield was thirty-six bushels to the acre, more than four thousand bushels, and wheat is selling at $1.

Seventy acres are in corn. Reising will be much surprised if it doesn't yield seventy-five bushels to the acre, or 5,250 bushels in all. With

corn selling at sixty cents a bushel he will collect $3,150 on this crop.

Potatoes, wheat and corn on this basis net this successful Missouri farmer $12,750 a year. He and one other man do all the work on the farm and he has several acres planted in vegetables, supplying an abundance for his own table, including the employee's fare, with a surplus for profitable sale. He has his own threshing machine, and uses steam plows.

Reising paid $300 an acre for his farm. The land therefore represents an investment of nearly $80,000. He figures that his income on this investment varies from 12 to 15 per cent, and is as safe as some bank securities yielding half that amount.

Reising wants to hear from the bankers who are complaining because farmers buy automobiles.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

◈ ◈ ◈

MOTOR CAR HARE AND HOUND CONTEST

Visitors at the Hotel Gramatan and many of the permanent residents in the vicinity of Bronxville are so plentifully supplied with automobiles that they are using them to play games now-a-days. They have just invented the game of automobile hare and hounds.

The leading car will have a start of twenty minutes and will leave a trail of confetti behind in ways that will serve to mislead the following automobiles. The first car to keep the right trail and reach the final point where the "hare" automobile will be hidden will receive as a prize a silver cup, providing speed limits have not been violated.—New York Herald.

An Eastern malefactor recently suggested that the automobile may be popular in Kansas, because there is a crank on every car.

If a car "turns turtle" is the dealer a shark, the buyer a sucker or is the whole proposition a "Shell game?"

Speaking of the Good Roads movement; what is a hill in the country to a bank in the city?

Why not put your money into an automobile? You'll always have something to chauffeur.

When a judge says, "$25 and costs" is that what a joy rider calls a fine-time?

If the wheel base of a car is 120 inches, what is the base of supplies?

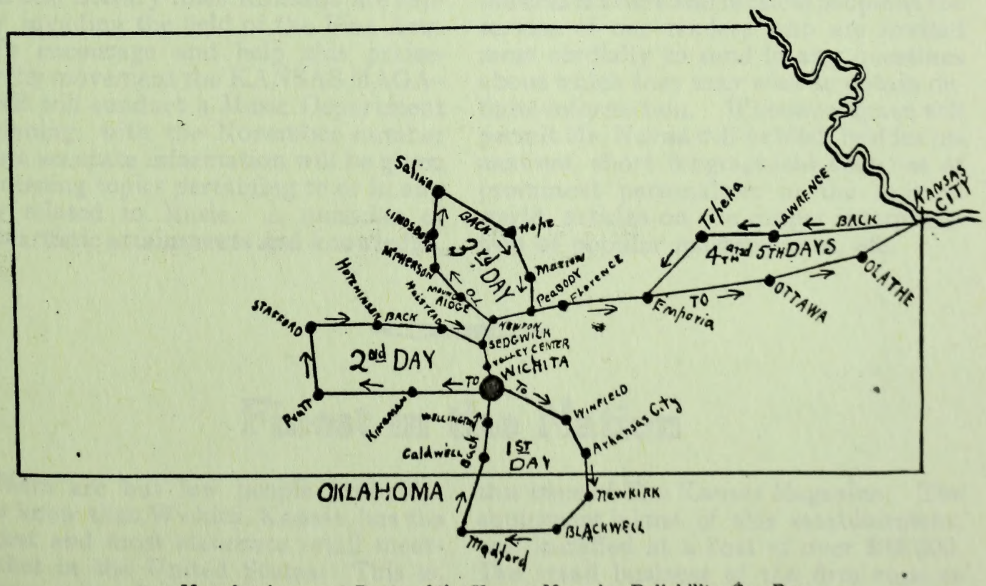
◈ ◈ ◈

KANSAS MAGAZINE CUP RACE

The first Reliability cup race ever conducted in the state of Kansas will be put on from the city of Wichita on October 10th to 14th inclusive. Two magnificent cups will be given by the Kansas Magazine to the cars making the best scores.

The race is open to either dealers or private owners. About thirty cars will enter. The race will cover a period of 5 days and the cars will cover a different route each day in territory contingent to Wichita. On the fourth day the run will be made to Kansas City, Missouri, and on the fifth day the final run will be made back to Wichita. The exact route of the race is shown accurately in the accompanying map.

Elaborate plans are being laid to make this one of the greatest auto events of the year.



Map showing exact Route of the Kansas Magazine Reliability Cup Run

A Music Department

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, always thoughful of the things that may be of utility or interest to its readers and anxious to contain in its pages something of tangible value for every member of the family, has decided to devote a department for those directly interested in the study of Music.

Hundreds of Kansas students attend the large Conservatories and Schools of Music in the East every year; thousands of other students avail themselves of the many opportunities for musical studies offered by the many similar institutions throughout the State, and still a larger number of others, less fortunate, content themselves with the advantages afforded by their own localities.

With the wave of prosperity a widespread desire for knowledge and artistic attainments has made itself felt. After having accomplished success in industrial and literary lines Kansans are rapidly invading the field of the Fine Arts.

To encourage and help this praiseworthy movement the KANSAS MAGAZINE will conduct a Music Department beginning with the November number where accurate information will be given concerning topics pertaining to or in any way related to Music. A musician of high artistic attainments and knowledge, fully equipped to give information in musical matters, has been appointed to conduct this department.

Mr. Rafael Navas is not unknown to the people of Kansas where he has made his home for the last three years and where he has led an active life both as a teacher and a concert pianist in which capacity he has appeared in almost every large city of the State. Mr. Navas is a man of culture and of wide interests; although preeminently a a musician he is a successful lecturer and a forcible writer as well.

Early in his musical career Mr. Navas became interested in the study of the history and evolution of Music through his association with one of the ablest musical writers of Europe, Felipe Pedrell, with whom he collaborated in the publication of a Musical Dictionary and several treatises on the theoretical study of Music.

Mr. Navas will put his knowledge of musical matters and musical people at the service of our readers who are invited most cordially to send in any questions about which they may wish to obtain definite information. Whenever space will permit Mr. Navas will publish, besides his answers, short biographical sketches of prominent personalties in the musical world, articles on the proper interpretation of popular master-pieces, etc.

Finest in the Nation

There are but few people probably, who know that Wichita, Kansas, has the largest and most elaborate retail meat-market in the United States. This is, however, a fact. The magnificent market in question, is the property of of W. H. Kelchner and it is partially illustrated on the last advertising page of this issue of The Kansas Magazine. The equipment alone of this establishment, was installed at a cost of over $35.000. The retail business of the firm runs as high as $1500 in a single day. It is pointed out to visitors as one of the chief places of interest in Wichita.

Political Personages



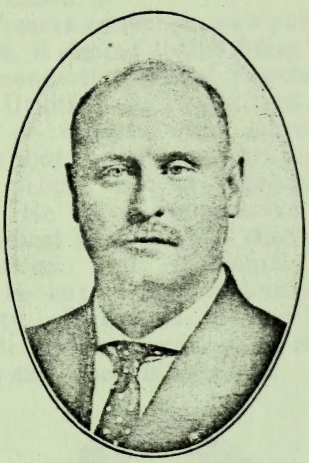
GEORGE McGILL

The intelligent and yet affable countenance shown herewith is that of Mr. George McGill, Democratic candidate for County Attorney of Sedgwick county, Kansas.

Mr. McGill was born in Lucas county, Iowa,. in 1879. He came to Kansas in 1884 and located in Barton county. He completed a common school course and received his college education in Kansas.

He has enjoyed a successful career in the practice of Law at Wichita for over eight years, serving four years as Deputy County Attorney. As a trial lawyer, he has won an enviable reputation. His work is able, efficient, and clear-cut. He is a man of keen intellect and wonderful energy in any legal undertaking.

If there is anything in popularity, the chances for Mr. McGill's success are unquestioned.



O. W. JONES

There is probably not a more efficient County Treasurer in the state of Kansas than O. W. Jones, Treasurer of Sedgwick county. Very often public officials are elected because of their popularity; Mr. Jones was elected because he is both popular and competent. He understands the value of courtesy and accomodation required in his office and for good morals of public service he cannot be excelled. His nature, instinct and education are to be clean and decent. This with his pleasing manners and efficiency as a book-keeper and his clerical knowledge of the business will make him a wonderfully strong candidate.



E. E. FITZPATRICK

E. E. Fitzpatrick, Republican Nominee for Sheriff of Sedgwick county, Kansas, was born in a modest hamlet in

Green county, Illinois, and received the common school education of that state. In 1884 Mr. Fitzpatrick moved to Kansas, where he engaged in farming for a time. Later, he took up work as an apprentice in plumbing and pipe fitting and rose rapidly to the top of his profession. For the past ten years he has served as a Sewer Inspector, both in Wichita and surrounding counties. In this important capacity he is widely known as a careful and painstaking man.

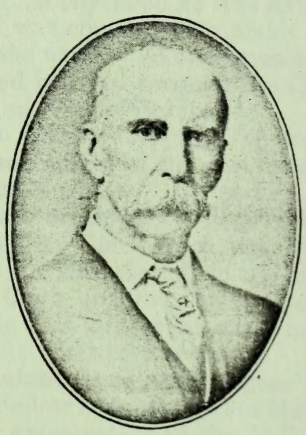
Since coming to Kansas, he has been identified as an active worker in the Republican party. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated E. W. Hoch for gubernatorial honors, and his activity in that campaign, was largely instrumental toward increased Republican gains. "Fitz" is well-known among the citizens of Sedgwick county, as a genial, pleasant fellow, always ready and willing to give his best efforts to any duty to which he may be assigned. It is doubtful if a more suitable man could be found in the entire county for effective service as an officer of the law.



M. C. FREERKS

M. C. Freerks is an Illinoisan by birth, but a Kansan by adoption. Born in Pekin, Illinois, August 1st, 1871, the family moved to Iowa soon after where young Freerks spent his early life. After leaving the farm he took up a course in law, was admitted to the bar and moved to North Dakota where he practiced 7 years. Soon after this Mr. Freerks moved to Kansas, and resumed the practice of law. Having a literary mind, he turned his efforts toward literature, producing some very excellent works on Rate Legislation, Public Service Corporations, Divorce Laws, etc. A number of these able efforts have been published in Law Journals as being especially meritorious and helpful to the profession.

Mr. Freerks announces as a part of his platform, if elected to the State legislature, among other things, Regulation of Public Utilities, Railways, and all interests of a state-wide nature. He believes that constitutions are the work of the people, not of legislatures or courts. He is a conservative rather than radical and believes that private corporations and municipal affairs should be left to the wisdom of local authority. If elected to the Legislature, Mr. Freerks will make an able, capable and efficient legislator.



JOSEPH BOWMAN

Joseph Bowman—but let's call him Joe, because he answers to that better—Joe Bowman, the Chesterfieldian replica depicted herewith, is better looking than that, and he smiles better and oftener. His smile when it gets released and turned loose untethered, is just like a gash cut in a ripe watermelon. He is one of the most amiable fellows in Wichita, and his residence of a quarter of a century has not lessened the luster of his first impression.

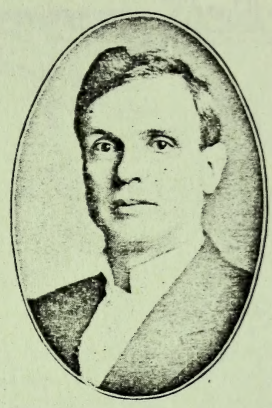
Mr. Bowman swept silently into Wichita in 1884, and without unnecessary noise about it has managed to keep staying in the same city ever since. He is by profession an expert accountant.

Joe's first activity on top of a high stool and back of a pen was at the Wichita National bank ere the boom. Fred Waller was paying teller there and when the old Bank of Wichita was nationalized and called the Fourth National bank, L. R. Cole and some others of the new directorate at once selected Mr. Waller to come over and be cashier, and he brought Joe Bowman with him as head book-keeper and clearing house manager. With the reorganization of the Fourth from top to bottom following the resignation of all the officers, Mr. Bowman went out, too, and was at once called into the Citizens' bank then known, now the Kansas National bank. In a few months he was asked to return to his first love, the Wichita National, where he remained until it closed its doors, due to indigestion—of wildcat boom paper. Then he went to the Wichita Wholesale Grocery company, where he remained for fifteen years, resigning after his election to his present office of register of deeds of Sedgwick county. There he will remain, like Associate Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court says he will—until they remove him feet first.

Joe is an old soldier, and for many years has been a member of Garfield Post No. 25. He has never before been in politics and might best be described as a rapid-firing gun noiseless politician. He is a thorough office executive, experienced accountant, and his long connection with banks makes him conversant with county affairs.

J. L. LELAND

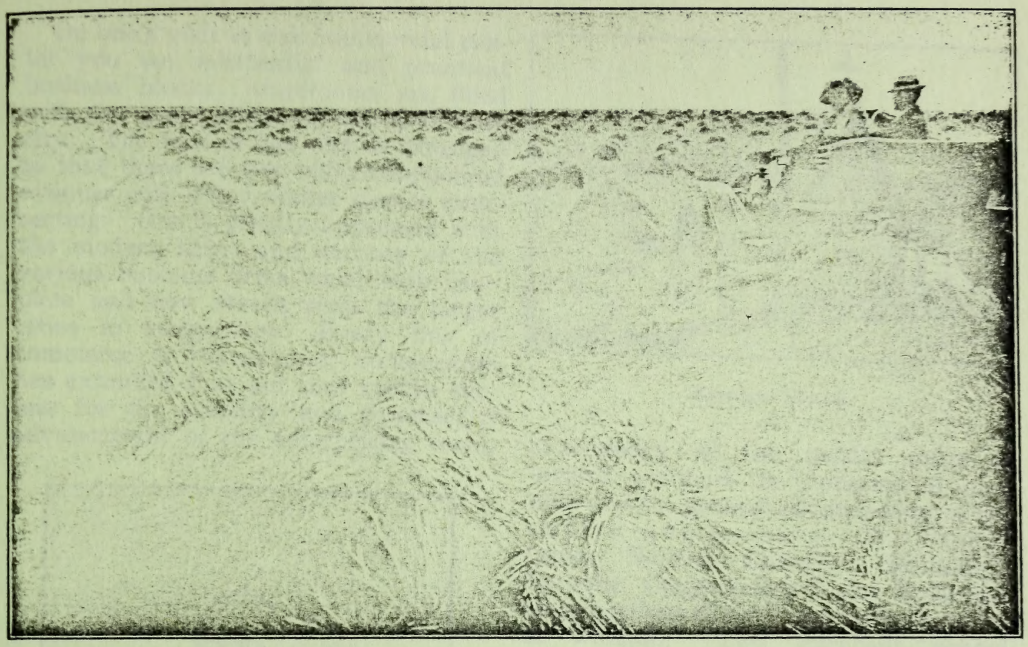
Among the most prominent political personages of Sedgwick county, Kansas, is J. L. Leland, who is now serving in the official capacity of County Clerk. He



is a self made man in the real sense of the word and a Jayhawker indeed and in truth. He was born in 1869 and has spent 28 years of his life in Kansas. Early in his boy-hood he was left fatherless and was compelled to make his own way in the world. Working as a janitor he earned his way through the Common Schools of West Wichita.

For a number of years he was eminently successful in the real estate and insurance business. He served in the capacity of deputy City Clerk of Wichita and was City Clerk from 1901 to 1905. In 1908 he was elected to the office of County Clerk and his able and efficient service in this important office has been a valuable asset to the county.

Mr. Leland is a 32nd degree Mason, an Odd Fellow and a Knight of Maccabee. He is an ex-secretary of the A. O. U. W. lodge and was for 15 years a local Secretary in the Woodmen of the World. He has a family of six children; is a man of considerable means and a good fellow, hail and well met.



A farm scene seven miles southwest of Dodge City.

Dodge City, Kansas

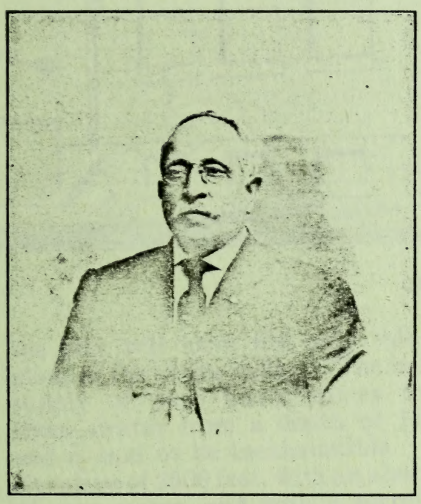
By D. M. Morris

DODGE CITY was named for Colonel Henry Dodge of the United States Army who, on May 29th, 1835 left Fort Leavenworth on an expedition to the Rocky mountains. He followed the west bank of the Missouri river to the mouth of the Platte river and thence proceeded to its source. Continuing southward he came to the head waters of the Arkansas river and returned eastward through this river's beautiful valley, locating a fort on the north side of the river upon the present site of Ft. Dodge. Fort Dodge was at one time the finest military garrison on the frontier. In 1872, buffalo hunters and some business men were attracted to this spot and at this place the hunters afterward obtained their supplies. In three years, this fort became the objective point for the Texas cattle trade, large herds of cattle being driven to this point for shipment East.

But the pioneer days are of the dim past and Dodge City stands as the largest and most prosperous city west of Hutchinson, in Kansas. The future is bright for this city becoming the Railroad center and Commercial Metropolis of the western portion of the great Sunflower state.

The visitor is at first impressed by the imposing Santa Fe station and the Harvey hotel. It is here that you receive your first conception of the immense traffic conducted at this place by the Santa Fe. The Division Offices are located here, together with large roundhouses and machine shops. All told there is a pay roll of $26,000 per month while an appropriation of $53,000 has been made for Division Offices and Freight Houses. This means much to the city.

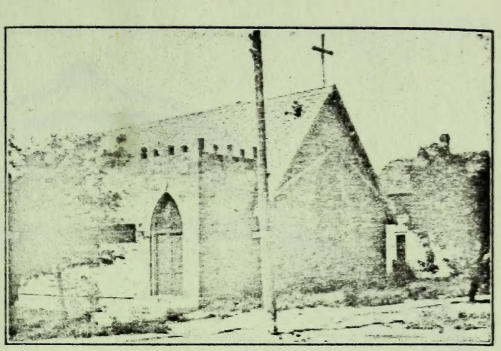
On one's visit to this commercial center you see substantial and practical business blocks; storerooms are filled with the commodities of the up-to-date city. The plat of the city is arranged so that there are two main commercial avenues with other similar streets intersecting. One is greatly impressed with the modern spirit and activity of the various business firms, which with complete and new stocks rival the larger cities in comparison. Every line of commerce is represented; competition has extended that aid that speaks success for the stability and commercial advancement of the enterprising town.



HON. A. GLUCK, Mayor of Dodge City.

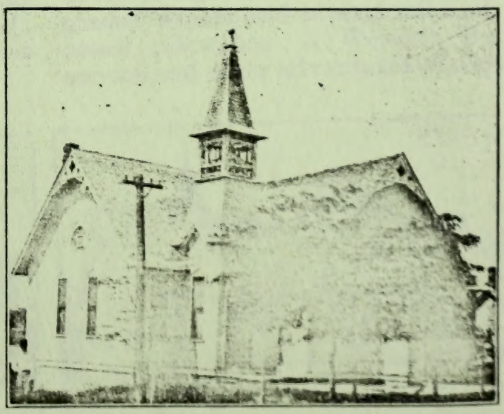
Turning to the resident portion of the city one is astonished to find such a large number of elegant homes, all of modern architecture, with well-kept lawns and rolling landscapes,—each home an additional attraction True, there are but few large mansions, but rather the modern cottage which goes to show that the owners have kept their financial welfare in mind and at the same time, constructed dwellings that may be enjoyed to their fullest extent. This fact demonstrates that Dodge City citizens are conservative and a careful, thriving class.

A visit to the schools and churches is an interesting trip. Dodge City is well-supplied in both these essentials. Stability and morality prevail. The general tendency of the public spirit is toward evenness in commercial pursuits and the general advancement of the entire community. The Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian, Methodist, Catholic, Congregational and Episcopal congregations all have commodious places of worship. Two excellent school buildings and a third in process of construction, evince the educational advancement and progress in educational work. The superintendency of the schools is under the able guidance of Professor Hugh Durham. Graduation from the Dodge City schools enables the pupil to enter the State University without examination. The educational advantages, religious environments and the unlimited field in trade are the advance guard for a prosperous, growing city.

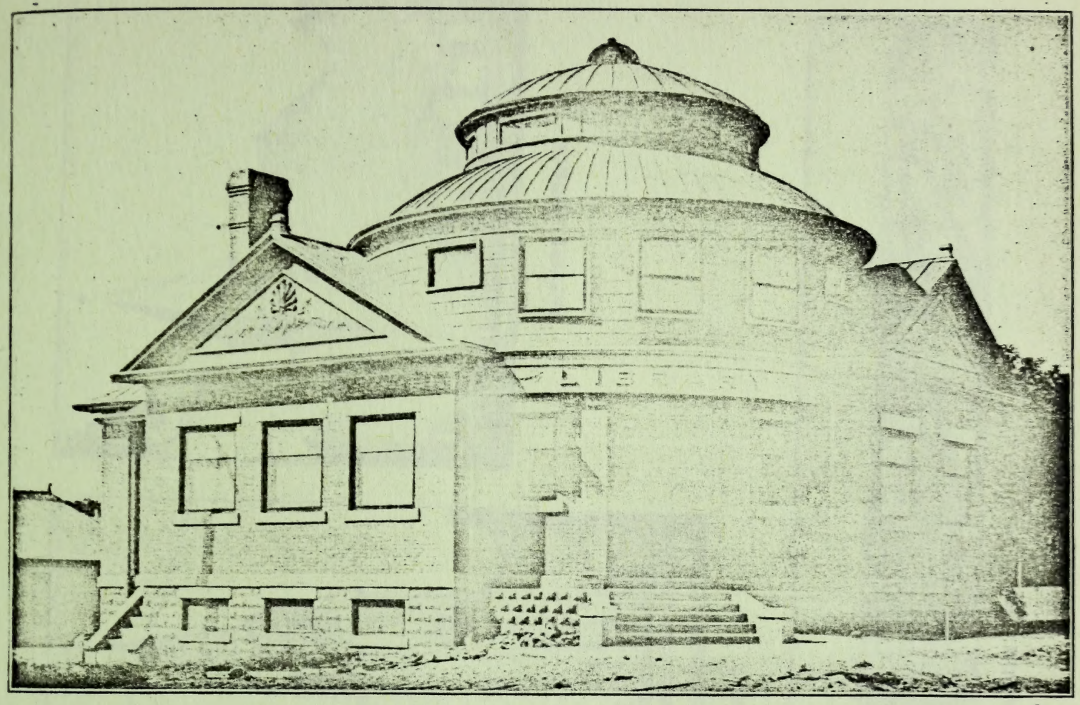


Episcopal Church.

Dodge City recently appropriated $80.000 for a water system. Upon the completion of the work now in process,



Methodist Church.

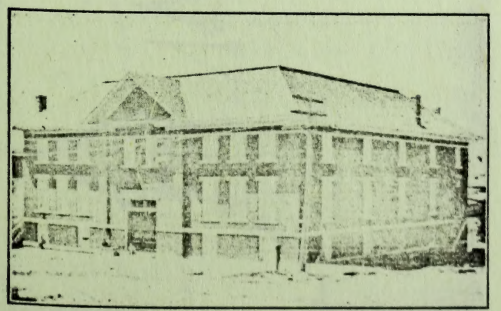


CARNEGIE LIBRARY

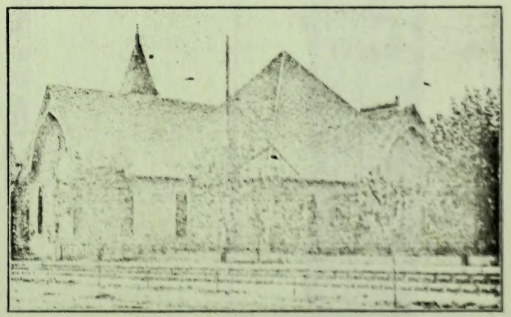
the city will have the only soft-water plant in the entire valley. The immense supply of pure water comes through three stratas from a depth of 132 feet and is said to be inexhaustible. At an elevation of 2500 feet, with an abundance of pure water, and with a surrounding country that is unexcelled for agricultural and gardening purposes, Dodge City is ideally situated. Here the salubriety of the air is such that many persons afflicted with lung trouble and other similar ailments, come for relief, and in many instances a complete cure is effected.

"Old Dodge" is noted for many historic events of the early days. The Main street of the city follows the route of the old Santa Fe trail, east and west. The Soldiers' Home is one of the chief places of interest to all visitors.

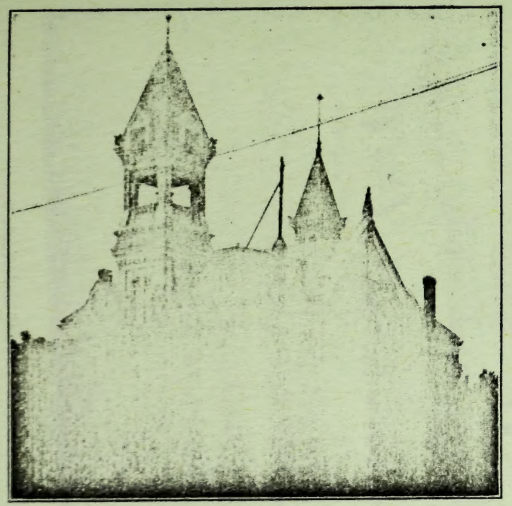
The public improvements of Dodge City are equal to any eastern town of its size. There is a substantial and adequate electric lighting system; water system, sewer system; courthouse, a $150,000 government building; well-graded streets and several miles of fine broad sidewalks. A Weather Bureau service and other advantages of a public



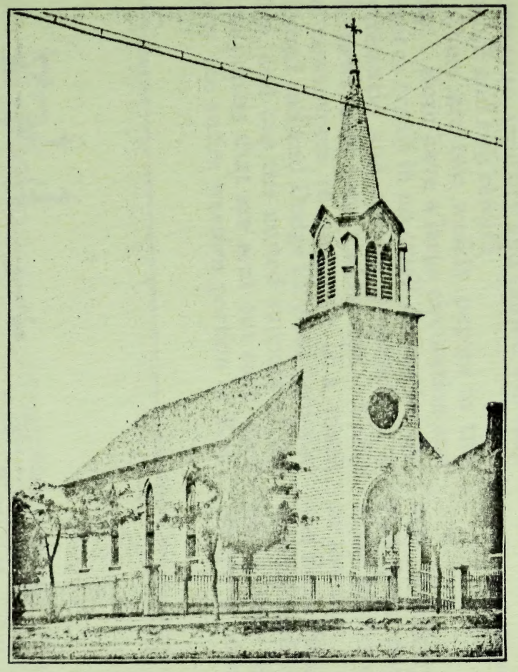
Christain Church.



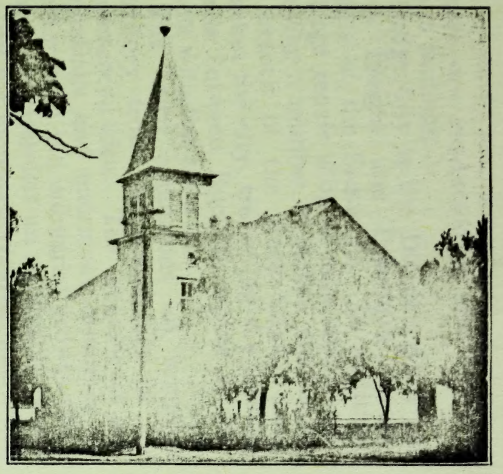
Presbyterian Church.



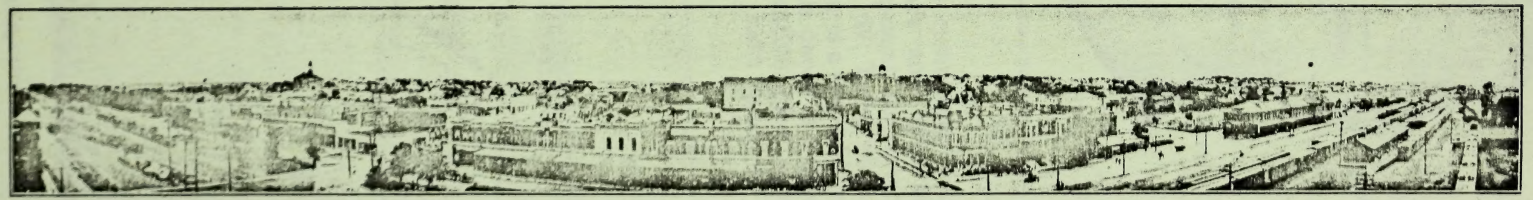
CITY HALL AND U. S. LAND OFFICE



CATHOLIC CHURCH



BAPTIST CHURCH



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF DODGE CITY

nature are conducted at the Government building.

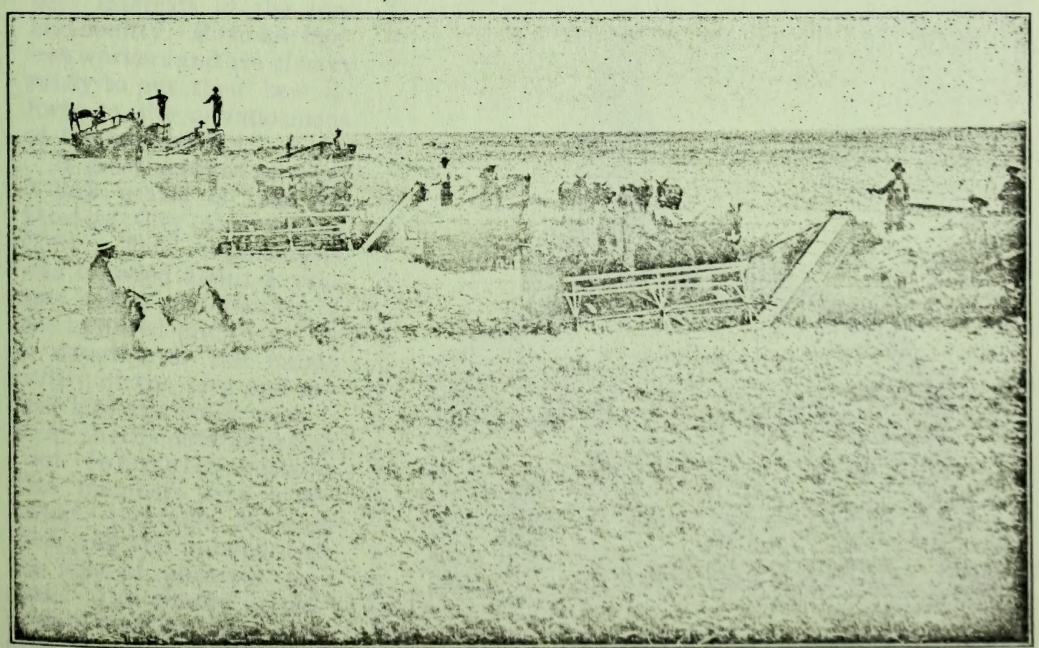
Dodge City is the Division point for both Freight and Passenger departments of the Santa Fe. In addition, a large repair shop is maintained, employing a number of skilled mechanics. A branch of the Rock Island Lines reaches the city, traversing the farming lands between Bucklin, where it connects with the main line.

The town commands an immense territory from the standpoint of the commercial idea. The magnificent surroundings and enormous resources together with the industrial growth offers to the homeseeker an admirable opportunity for increased returns, and where enterprise, industry and capital will reap its full and rich reward.

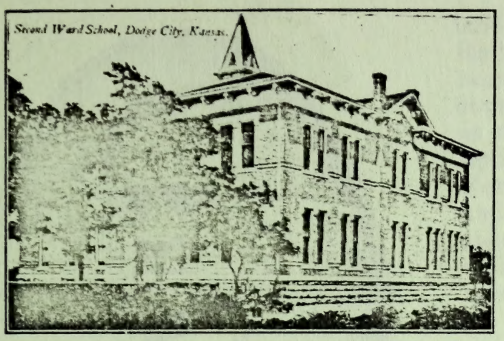
There are two weekly papers in this city. Both have a large circulation and deserve credit in no small degree for the systematic and careful preparation of the news, both local and foreign. Unity in newspapers in any city is a much desired end and Dodge City has achieved this, and has the united support of the two papers that are sent out each week over the entire western portion of Kansas. Publicity of a community counts and both papers are and have been, loyal to the development and interests of the city. Mr. F. W. Tyler, editor of the Republican paper is a man of forcible literary ability. His paper is published on a very conservative plan, always weighing carefully both sides of any



A typical "Dodge City Beauty."



A wheat field that made thirty bushels per acre, southeast of Dodge City.



public question, and always in the advance guard for any improvement of the town and Ford county.

The editor of the Dodge City "Journal" is Mr. T. J. Schall, a newspaper man of energy and ability. Mr. Schall came to Dodge City about three years ago, purchased the Democrat paper and renamed it the "Journal" making it an independent organ. This paper is read with increasing interest by its many subscribers. Mr. Schall, like Mr. Tyler is on the alert to take up any proposition that makes for the advancement of the city and Ford county, and it is indeed, fortunate for Dodge City that both editors work and publish in harmony for the best interests of the city and county. Both are tireless workers and are always ready to put their best efforts to the advancement of the community.

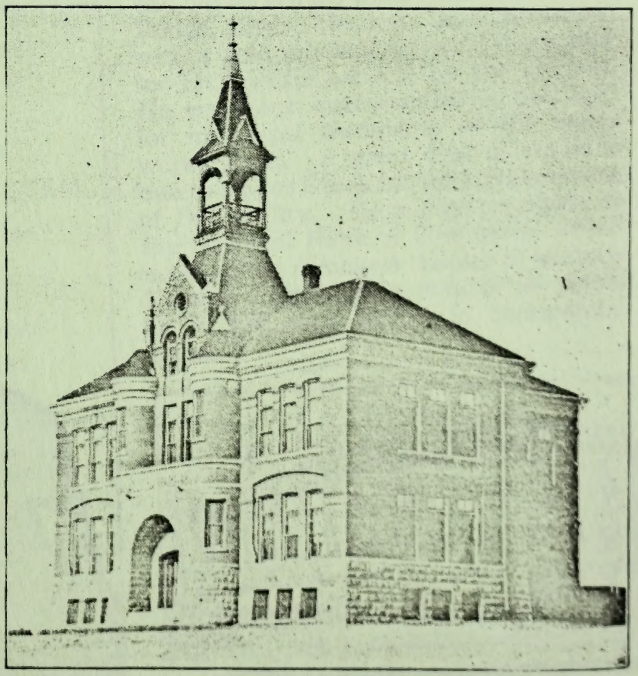
A great amount of credit and praise is due the Dodge City Commercial Club. This organization was founded about a year ago with a membership of one hundred and fifty. It is devoted to the public utility of the city and enters into the work with a vim and determination that foretells success. The members are wide-awake, thorough business men, and are imbued with the idea of ultimate success. The results accomplished are glowing tributes to their keen business ability and foresight. Many other improvements for the best good of the city have been planned and are now being worked out by the Club.

Following is the official staff of the the Dodge City Commercial club:

Lieutenant-Governor, W. J. Fitzgerald President; L. C. Groobty, Private Secretary to Representative Madison. Secretary; G. M. Hoover, President of Dodge City State Bank, Treasurer. These estimable gentlemen will be glad at any time to give information regarding Dodge City and its surrounding territory, which may be fitly termed, "The Garden Spot of Western Kansas."

Personal mention is made below of a few of Dodge City's foremost individuals and institutions. To them is largely due the great success of this modern city.

Professor Hugh Durham, Superintendent of the Dodge City schools is a graduate of the State Normal and the Kansas University. He was formerly County Superintendent of Jewell county which position he held for four years, and is a man eminently qualified for the position he now holds. Pleasing in manner and deep in thought, he will



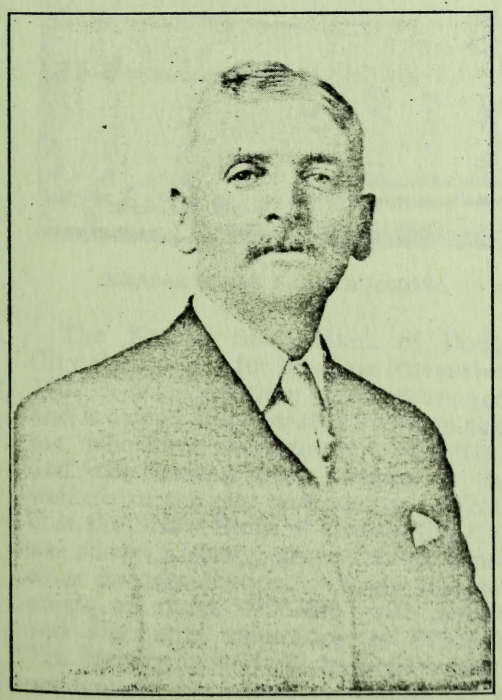
Third Ward School Building.



PROF. HUGH DURHAM
Superintendent Dodge City Schools

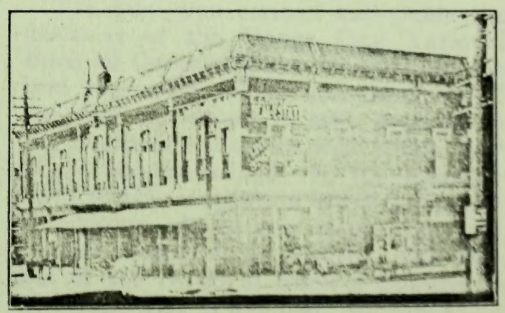
develop the school of Dodge City, equal to any in the state.

H. B. Bell, sheriff of Ford county, came to Dodge City in 1874 from Maryland, entering the livery business in 1882. He built the noted Elephant Barn which became known all over this part of the country. Mr. Bell has served six terms as sheriff, one term as County Commissioner, has been Deputy United States Marshal and has held many other city and county offices. He has always taken an active part in the development of Ford county and Dodge City, and is now building one of the largest garages in western Kansas. Sheriff Bell is doing all in his power to make Dodge City grow.

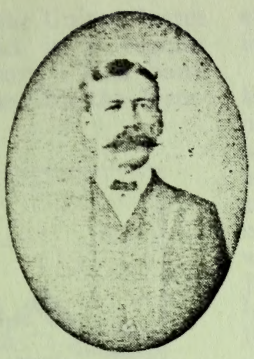


H. B. BELL, Sheriff of Ford County

Honorable A. Gluck, mayor of Dodge City, Kansas, came from Austria-Hungary in 1860 to St. Louis, Missouri. In 1876 he came west and settled at Dodge City, Kansas, and worked at the trade of watchmaker. By hard work and conservative ways he accumulated a little property and has gradually added to it, until now he is one of the heaviest property holders in the county, and pays more tax than any other person in the community. In 1895 he was elected mayor of Dodge City for the first time. He has served the city for twenty-eight years in different official capacities. Mayor Gluck survived both the panics and has served his third term as mayor of Dodge City. He has been presented with a gold emblem set with diamonds, for his faithful service, by the citizens. He was very instrumental in the fight for municipal ownership of the water works plant. A great deal of credit is due to mayor Gluck for the advancement of Dodge City. He is vice-president of the National Bank of Commerce, which is one of the strongest banks in western Kansas. Although a man of 68 years, he is still very active in commercial circles.

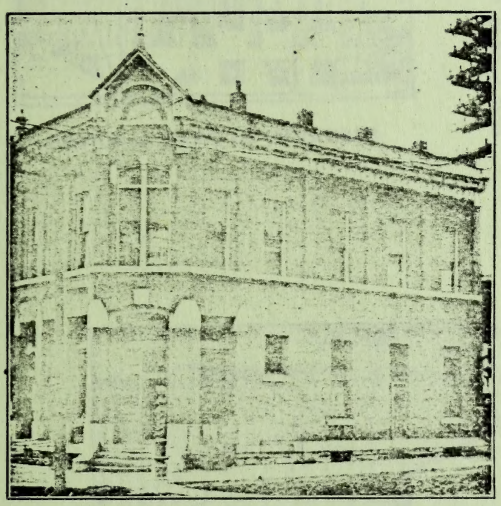


Mayor Gluck's Opera House Block.



G. L. PAINTER
Prominent Real Estate man of Dodge City

G. L. Painter came to Kansas in 1876. He is one of Dodge City's prominent real estate men who has accumulated considerable property. Mr. Painter is well posted on Dodge City and surrounding country and has been very prominent in advancing Dodge City and Ford county. He is still active in the welfare of the community.



KANSAS STATE BANK BUILDING

The Kansas State Bank of Dodge City was opened for business November, 1907, a little less than three years ago, and is owned and operated by home people, who have the interest of the bank and also have a deep interest in the welfare of the city and county. While it is the "New Bank of Dodge City," it has shown a steady growth at all times since its organization, and now has deposits of about $120.000, with Loans and Discounts amounting to $75.000. The Stockholders of this bank have been residents of Ford county, Kansas, for a quarter of a century and are conversant on local conditions and adapted to the management of an institution of this kind. We bespeak for the bank a very bright future.

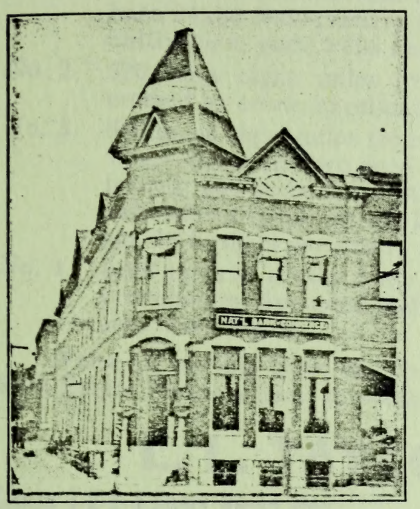
The largest industrial establishment in this city, and the largest and most complete of its class in western Kansas, is the Dodge City Mill and Elevator Company, one of the most successful and modern mills in the state. Under the management of Mr. Hillyer, the company has steadily increased in capacity and the quality of its output, until now its brand of "Old Homestead" flour which is turned out at the rate of 500 barrels per day, is shipped all over the nation. This sort of industry is what goes to make the town.

For eight years the firm of L. L. Taylor composed of L. L. Taylor and B. M. Murphy has been numbered among the foremost firms of its class in this section. A specialty is made of farm lands, the larger portion of which is located in the magnificent wheat and alfalfa belt of Ford county. Their large offices are always open to the stranger and one feels on meeting them that he has known them all his life. This every-day hospitality has won to the firm, many friends.

One of the best posted as well as one of the most progressive land firms in the city, and one that has been long in the field, is that of Brown & Vernon, dealers in western lands on a broad scale. Ford county wheat and alfalfa lands are handled by this firm, practically as a specialty, owing to the many and inviting features that Ford county offers to investors generally. Messrs. Brown and Vernon are both "live wires" and are always ready and doing their share in the advancement of Dodge City.

The men who control and guide the destinies of the Dodge City National Bank of Commerce are drawn from the best citizenship of the community, and they are calculated to add prestige to any business institution with which they might become allied. In the management of this institution every safeguard is thrown about the depositor that modern methods can secure. The capital of the National Bank of Commerce of Dodge City is $25.000; Surplus $15.000; and Deposits $330,000. It is a

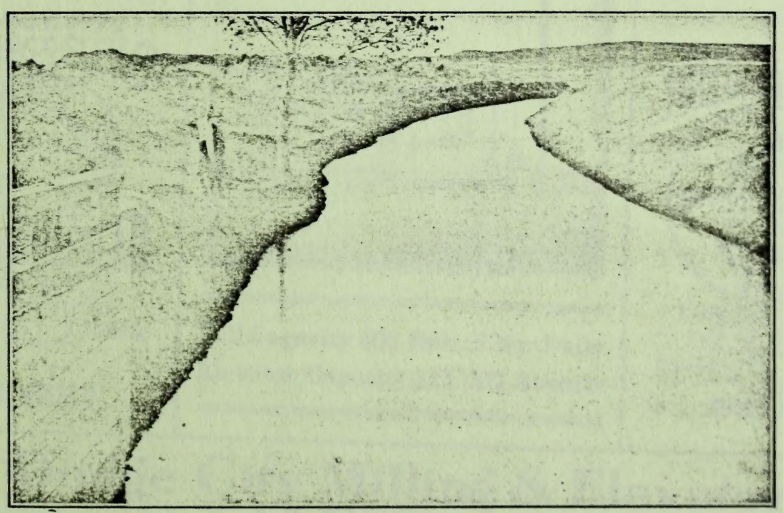
special Depository for the United States Disbursing offices, and is a regular United States Depository. This bank does an immense business for the farmers and is one of the strongest banks in western Kansas.



NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE

The H. Juneau Lumber Company is the most complete of any similar firm in Kansas. This establishment covers an area of 240,000 square feet and is handsomely constructed. A very attractive feature is the fact that all unused nooks and corners are studded with shrubbery and flowers. Mr. Juneau carries everything used in the builder's category. He has no side lines. His specialties are lumber line requisites. One of the most elaborate and finest office suites to be found anywhere in the country are maintained. The motto of this concern is: High quality; Fair prices; large stock with courtesy and fair-dealing to all.

Mr. Juneau established his present business in 1885 and has ever enjoyed one of the most remarkable business growths. He came from Wichita, where at one time he conducted a lumber business upon the spot where now stands the Manhattan hotel of Wichita.



Arkansas Valley Irrigation Company's Ditch near Dodge City



Something of Interest to You

Good Farm Lands in Ford County, Near Dodge City Kansas

No. 1. 320 acres six miles from Dodge City, all level, three-room frame house, barn 24x36 feet, granary for 4000 bushels of wheat; two hundred acres in cultivation, good wells and windmills. Price $25 per acre. Good terms.

No. 2. 320 acres eight miles from Dodge City, half good farm land, balance crossed by creek, excellent pasture. A bargain at $11 per acre, with terms.

No. 3. 640 acres eight miles from Dodge City, four miles from Wright Station, where there are two good grain elevators. Land is fenced and crossed fenced; 500 acres level, 320 acres plowed. Running water on the south half, school house on the land, well improved neighborhood; wheat average 28 bushels per acre. Price $18 per acre.

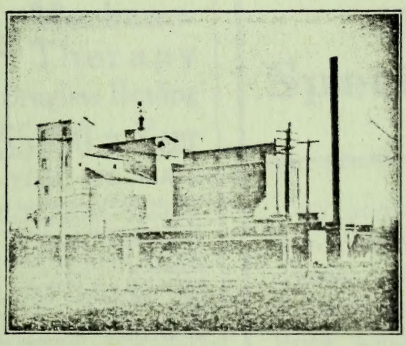
No. 4. 2400 acres in a solid body, six miles from Dodge City; three sets of improvements, five good wells, 1200 acres ready for wheat. Price $27 per acre; easy terms.

Write for our big book on Ford county. Our ten years experience in the Real Estate business here, is worth something to you.

L. L. TAYLOR & COMPANY

Rooms 1-2-3-4 Opera House Bldg. **Dodge City, Kansas**





Mill Capacity 500 Bbls. Flour Daily
Elevator Capacity 125,000 Bushels



The Dodge City Milling & Elevator Co.

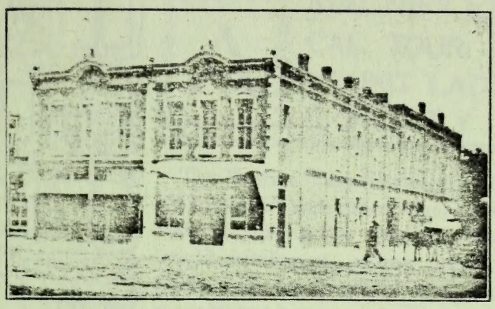
J. H. HILLYER, Manager

Wholesale Flour, Grain and Feed

The Home of "OLD HOMESTEAD" Flour. Its Quality is its Selling Power.

Ask your Grocer for a Sack of "OLD HOMESTEAD."

Agents for CHALMERS - DETROIT, REO and HUDSON Cars



New Fire-Proof Garage now in course of construction, 75 feet square

Central Automobile & Supply Company

Dodge City, Kansas

Bell & Ramsey, proprietors

When in Dodge City make us a visit. We have one of the largest Garages in Western Kansas and can meet your needs. We handle a complete line of

Sundries and Supplies

General Livery Business **We Solicit Your Patronage**

Chestnut Street, One Block North of Santa Fe Depot

Be a DOCTOR of Mechano-Therapy

The Recognized Method of Drugless Healing



$3000 to $5000 a Year

WE TEACH YOU BY MAIL

In a few months you can begin practicing Mechano-Therapy—an elevating and highly paid profession for men and women. Simpler and more comprehensive than Osteopathy. Endorsed by physicians. A fascinating study, easy to learn. We teach you by mail or in class and guarantee success—an ordinary education and our course of instruction fits you for a professional life. Authorized diplomas to graduates. Work absorbingly interesting. Vast opportunities for social and financial betterment. Special terms now. Write today for our 84-page illustrated prospectus—**free.**

American College of Mechano-Therapy, Dept. 170, 120-122 Randolph St., Chicago

Married? Going To Be?

Then YOU need the scientific knowledge and valuable information contained in **The Biology of Sex,** by Gideon Dietrich. It will make **Your** marriage a life-long honeymoon. Sent prepaid, 50c (cash or stamps). Send for a copy **TODAY—Now. WE sell the books YOU want.**

THE EDUCATIONAL PRESS, Inc.

18 Wentworth Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

A Special Bargain

320 acres in a German settlement. Two miles from German church and s hool. All fine level farm land. No improvements and all raw land. Price $5000.00. Terms if desired.

This is one of the numerous SNAPS that are always on the list of

Brown & Vernon

The Busy Real Estate Men

Dodge City, Kansas

Free Tour

to One Young Lady from Each County in Kansas

A MAGNIFICENT, HISTORICAL TOUR, FREE, TO ONE YOUNG LADY FROM EACH COUNTY IN KANSAS

The Kansas Magazine is going to conduct the greatest historical and educational excursion that has ever been planned in the State of Kansas. One hundred bright, intelligent, young ladies from the Sunflower State will be properly chaperoned by us on this magnificent tour.

THE TIME

This Great Excursion will leave Wichita about April 15th, 1911. The exact time will be adjusted so that our guests will be in Washington D. C., before the adjournment of Congress.

ITINERARY

From Wichita we will go to Galveston by rail, arriving there at nine o'clock in the morning. One whole day will be spent sight-seeing and enjoying the beach. Promptly at noon on the following day our party will sail on one of the finest steamers of the Southern Pacific Steamship Lines, and, after "One Hundred Golden Hours at Sea" we will land at New York City. After several days thorough and systematic visit to all of the interesting places of the greatest American metropolis, we will go to Albany via the old historic Hudson river. After visiting the capitol of the Empire State, we will go thence by rail to Boston and after "doing" this historic town to our heart's content, the return trip to New York will be made on one of the big ocean vessels plying between the two cities. From New York we will go to Washington, D. C., via the old Pennsylvania Line. Plenty of time will be taken to visit the Nation's Capital. We will see Arlington Heights, The National Zoo, The Capitol, Mt. Vernon, the Old Patomac and hundreds of other places of historic interest. From Washington we will return home via Chicago and Kansas City, paying a brief visit at both cities.

ONE YOUNG LADY FROM EACH COUNTY

Only one young lady from each county in Kansas will be chosen to enjoy this great trip, and she must be endorsed by the Mayor, Superintendent of Schools and one of the leading pastors of her town. She will be thus given the exclusive right to solicit subscriptions for The Kansas Magazine in her county and

every one who secures 300 subscriptions will be given the entire trip FREE. We will pay all expenses, traveling by Pullman and first class passage on the ocean.

THIS IS NOT A CONTEST and it has none of the uncertainty of a contest. You know when you begin just what the work is and just what reward you'll receive. It is a plain case of having an opportunity to go out and do a LITTLE work and earn a BIG trip.

CERTAINTY OF A REWARD

If you secure 300 subscriptions and for any reason are unable to take the trip you will be given 35 cents cash on each subscription you have turned into this office. Also if you fail to secure 300 subscriptions you will be paid 35 cents on every subscription you do secure.

Any young woman with energy, ambition and good-standing in her community, may secure the appointment, do the work and enjoy one of the greatest trips ever planned for the people of the West.

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE

The Kansas Magazine is "the livest magazine of them all." There should be one is every Kansas home. The men behind the publication are the leading business men and publishers of the Sunflower State. They are determined to make The Kansas Magazine one of the most attractive and interesting publications of the entire nation. Why not? Kansas has had more adventure, tribulation, pathos, and withal, more real success in her history than any State in the union.

A SPECIAL OFFER

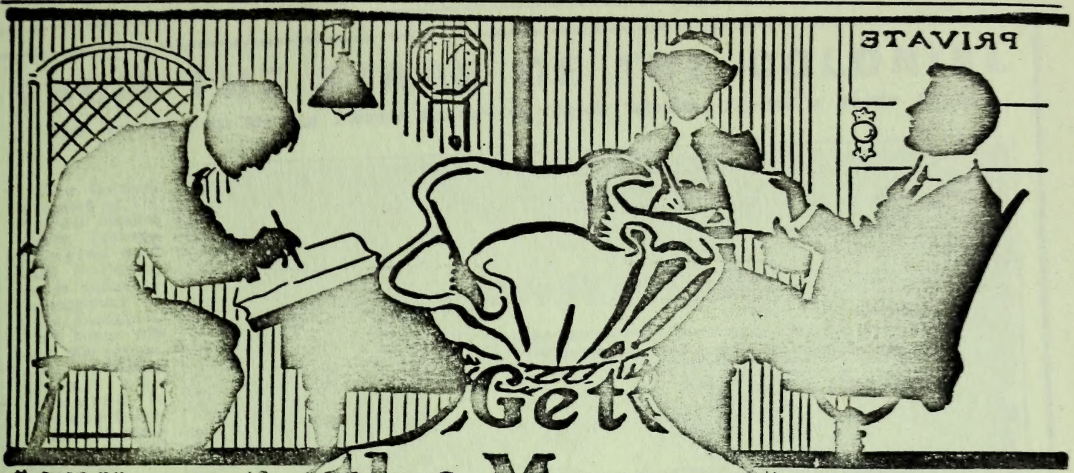
To encourage those who are selected as guests of our Excursion to "get busy" at once we will grant them the privilege of giving a 14 months' subscription at the regular price for one year. That is, ALL who subscribe before November 1st, 1910 at our regular price of $1.50 per year, will be given the November and December issues of 1910, Entirely Free with the year's subscription beginning with January 1911.

WE WILL HELP YOU

Solicitors are requested to write us for handsome booklet, describing the magnificent ocean trip from Galveston to New York. Subscription Blanks and elaborate literature will also be furnished FREE by us.

The Kansas Magazine Company

Wichita, Kansas



$75.00 a month **Get the Money** $200.00 a month up

Collecting bad debts is a science.

We have started hundreds of men on highly successful careers by teaching them the same secrets of collecting bad debts which we so successfully employ in our own Collection Business.

If your present employment is uncongenial, if you see nothing ahead but years of drudgery and slow advancement—declare your independence—start a Collection Business of your own. It is very lucrative, requires no capital but honesty, has but little competition. Our first lessons enable you to start in business, the full course gives you complete mastery of it. We refer customers to you.

Write for "Pointers on the Collection Business" and names of some of our successful students.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE, 21[illegible] State St., Detroit, Mich.

The American Collection Service Co.
21[illegible] State St., Detroit, Mich.
Send without charge "Pointers on the Collection Business" and full information.

.....

.....

.....

WICHITA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Inside Information

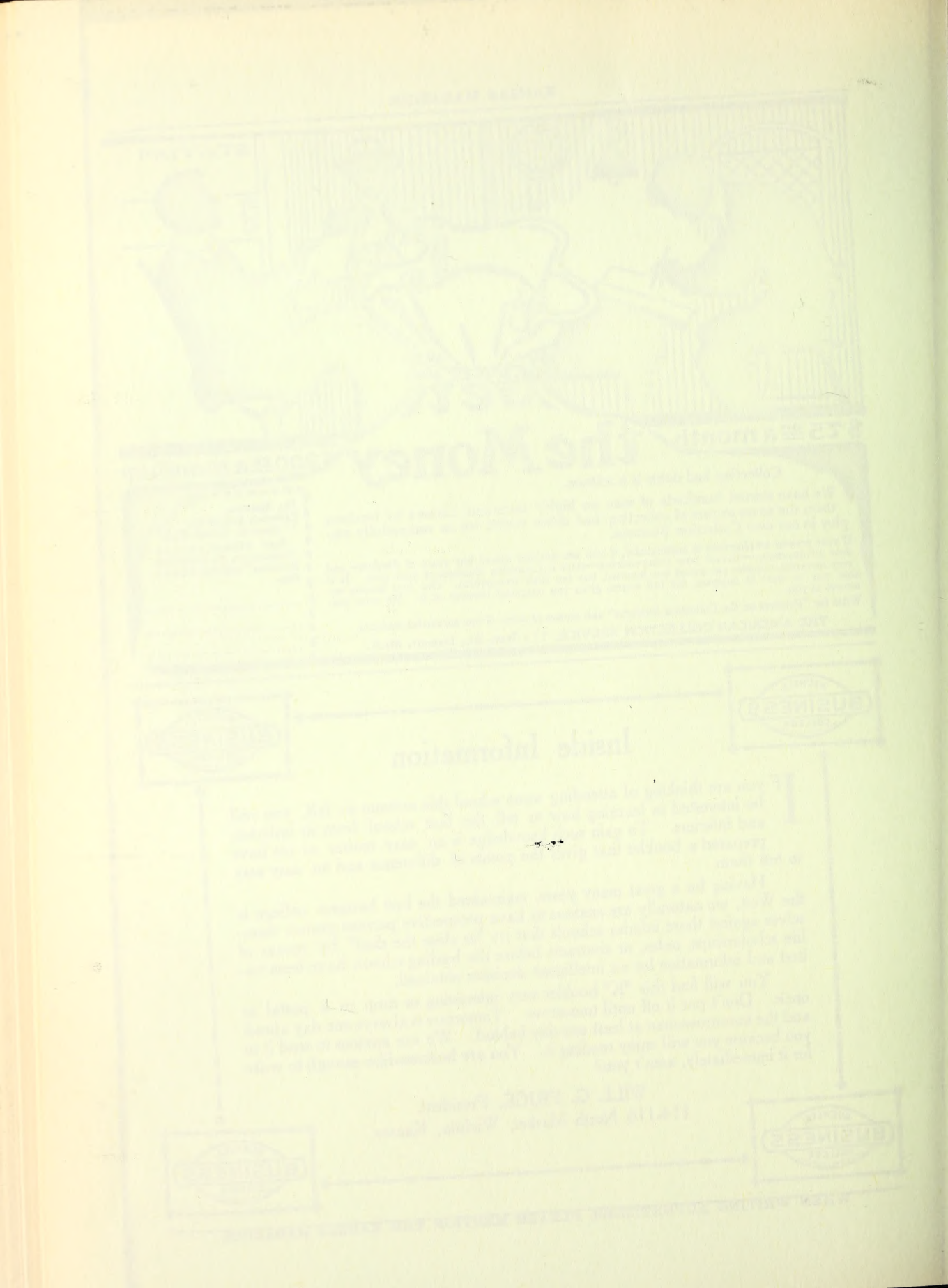
IF you are thinking of attending some school this summer or fall, you will be interested in learning how to tell the best school from its imitators and inferiors. To gain such knowledge is an easy matter as we have prepared a booklet that gives the points of difference and an easy way to test them.

Having for a great many years, maintained the best business college in the West, we naturally are anxious to have prospective patrons protect themselves against those inferior schools that try "to close the deal" by means of life scholarships, notes, or contracts before the leading schools have been visited and information for an intelligent decision obtained.

You will find this "K" booklet very interesting so drop us a postal at once. Don't put it off until tomorrow. Tomorrow is always one day ahead and the tomorrow-man at least one day behind. We are anxious to send it to you because you will enjoy reading it. You are business-like enough to write for it immediately, aren't you?

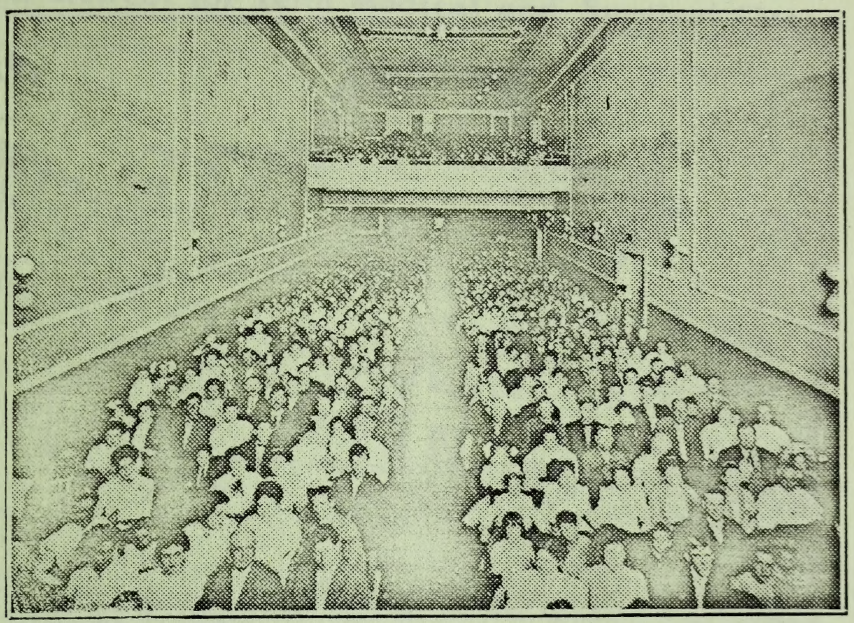
WILL G. PRICE, President.
114-116 North Market, Wichita, Kansas

WICHITA BUSINESS COLLEGE



FROM THE STAGE OF THE COLONIAL

The New 10-Cent Moving Picture Theatre of Which Wichita, Kansas is Justly Proud



The Colonial is located at 117 North Market Street, between Douglas and First Streets, and is under the management of Chas. Snodgrass. The house will seat 900 people, and everything about the Theatre is most strictly up-to-date in modern methods and equipment.

The cost of fitting up the Colonial was over $19,000, the decorations alone costing $10,000. The maintaining of a first class orchestra and the use of only the latest pictures make the expenses of the house as high as a great many of those charging 25 and 50 cents.

The Colonial has the only mirror screen in the state of Kansas. The size of this screen is 12x16 feet, and is made of one solid plate of glass 1⅛ inches in thickness and weighs 1800 pounds. The seating capacity of the Colonial is more than all of the other moving picture houses in Wichita put together, and under the perfect usher system used, no one is kept standing while there is a vacant chair in the house. It is the popular resort for the high class amusement lovers of the city, and no one should leave Wichita without visiting the Colonial.

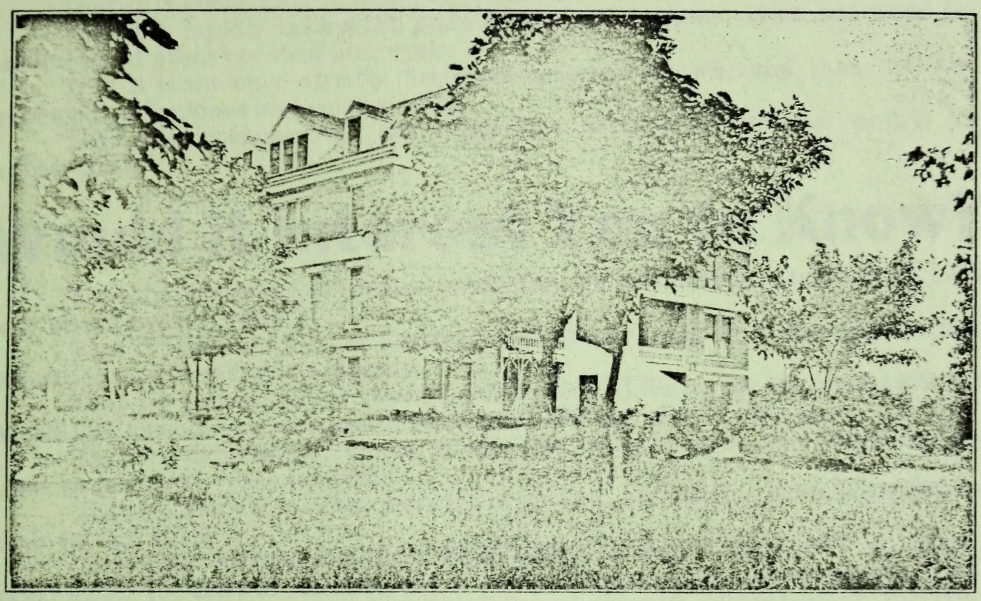
If for any Reason

you are not satisfied with your advertising or results, it will cost you nothing to consult an advertising specialist who may be able to change the entry to the profit columns of the Ledger. Address, Advertising Specialist,

Kansas Magazine, Wichita, Kansas

THE KANSAS SANITARIUM

A Restful Retreat for Both Medical and Surgical Cases



A Home of Health, Lighted by Electricity and Steam Heated

¶ Among the remedial agents employed are Hydratics in many forms Electric light Baths, Electricity, The X-Ray, Massage, Manuel Sweedish Movements, and a liberal and carefully regulated dietary. 25 trained male and female nurses administer the Hydrotheraputic measures under direction of medical superintendent and a special one furnished if desired. Are you seeking Health or Rest. If so, write for our booklet. It wiil tell you how and where to find it. Address **KANSAS SANITARIUM, Wichita, Kansas.**

We Have Scholarships for Sale

¶ In two of the best Business Colleges in the entire Middlewest. Young man, or young woman, if you want a thorough business education, write us at once. We can save you some money on your tuition, besides giving you the advantage of the best available institutions. Write to-day. :::: :::: :::: ::::

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Wichita, Kansas

Of Course You Know

That Portland cement is as staple as wheat and is in universal demand.

That it is being used in more ways and more extensively every year.

That it is rapidly taking the place of iron, steel, stone, brick and wood for buildings and other construction work.

That it is the only strictly fire-proof material known, and that it is also proof against cyclones and earthquakes.

That it is cheaper than any other form of building material and is indestructible.

Would it Interest You to Know?

That the beginning of cement production in the United States dates back only about twenty years.

That the manufacture of Portland cement now ranks third among American industries, and is still in its infancy.

That the production of cement in the United States for the year 1909 was 62,000,000 barrels—an increase of more than **600 per cent in nine years.**

That the demand for cement is now greater than the supply and must continue so for many years to come.

That cement companies, properly organized, are earning from 20 to 40% on their capital stock.

That **THE ARKANSAS CITY PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY** is incorporated under the laws of Kansas, with a total authorized capital stock of $750,000.

That for the purpose of building and equipping its cement plant, this company is issuing $750 000 of 7% twenty-year first mortgage gold bonds.

That its properties, located near Arkansas City, Kansas, are unsurpassed for the production of high grade cement at a low cost.

That the quantity of raw materials on the Company's property is sufficient to supply the present plant more than 250 years.

That this company is now erecting a strictly modern plant to cost $750,000 and having a daily output of 2500 barrels of cement.

That while erecting this plant, the Company is furnishing crushed rock for the market at a profit sufficient to pay the interest on its outstanding bonds. Interest is payable semi-annually on the first days of August and February.

That these bonds are sold at par and a bonus of the Company's stock is given each purchaser.

That the purchaser of these bonds will receive 7% interest from the date of his purchase, and in addition large dividends on his stock when the plant is making cement.

That this Company is very conservatively capitalized having been organized primarily for the purpose of making cement, not to sell stock.

That it is a home institution, endorsed by the best business men of Wichita.

That the investment offered is as safe as farm mortgages and far more profitable.

Ask for full Information

The Arkansas City Portland Cement Co.

General Offices, Winne Building - - - WICHITA, KANSAS



A soft sponge,
A little water and

The Zona Face Pomade

Will give YOUR complexion that clear, healthy tone that refinement of appearance, so much desired, so difficult to obtain by other means.

You will be delighted with the results. **It is not obtrusive,** gives no hint of its presence, no suggestion of the artificial. **It is economical,** requires but little, cannot spill or muss. **Its effects are lasting.** Applied before leaving home, there's no need to worry as to your appearance during the most trying evening.

Why not give the **POMADE** a trial? If it does not fulfil every claim, if it does not please you so well that you will continue to use it, your money will be promptly refunded.

Made in three shades, to suit all complexions

Flesh, White and Brunette

If shade is not specified we send Flesh

THE ZONA TOILET CO., Wichita, Kans. Date.....

Gentlemen—Enclosed find 50c for which send me one jar of **Zona Face Pomade** .....color. If for any reason I am not pleased with the goods after thorough trial, you agree to refund my money on request.

Name.....

Address.....

The Zona Toilet Company

Makers

Wichita, - - - - Kansas

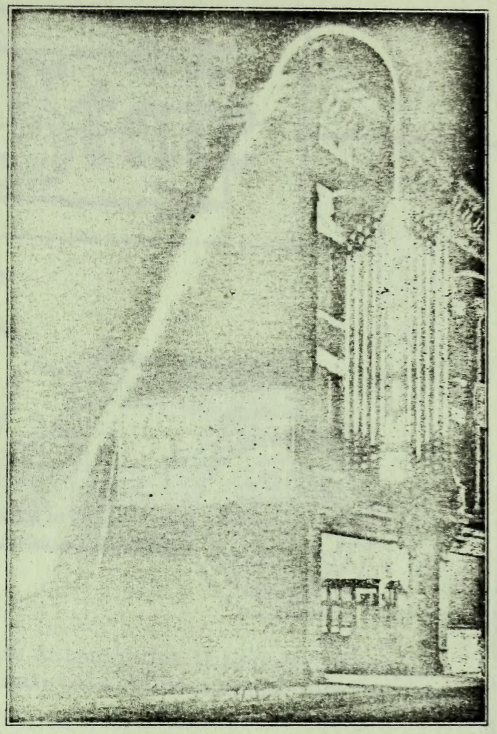
THE PASTIME

THE handsome and attractive new Vaudeville Theatre of Wichita. It is located in the first block on South Topeka Ave- and is one of the handsomest places of its kind in the entire Southwest. Although Wichita is noted for its costly and varied assortment of electric signs the elaborate electric sign of the Pastime is ahead of them all.

This magnificent sign in design imitates a sky rocket from the time it leaves the earth until, bursting highly in the air it throws out a shower of brilliant colored sparks which fall to the ground in brilliant display.

The Pastime is under the capable ownership and management of Mr. R. G. Munn, and plays only the highest class Vaudeville attractions, giving one hundred-minute shows. The prices charged are 10, 20 and 30 cents. You will be well paid for a visit to this refined and high class

AMUSEMENT RESORT



Do You Want a Home?

If you do, let us help you find it. Here is what we have to suggest:—

Along the K. C. S. Railway in southwest Missouri and Northwest Arkansas there are many idle acres of the most fertile and productive land in the United States. It is being divided into 5, 10 and 20 acre farms and sold on *easy payments*. It is exceptionally well adapted to fruit truck and poultry raising. Strawberries, apples and poultry are the big money makers, and many men who have located on these lands have made as high as $450.00 per acre. You can do the same. The money you are paying for rent will buy you a home.

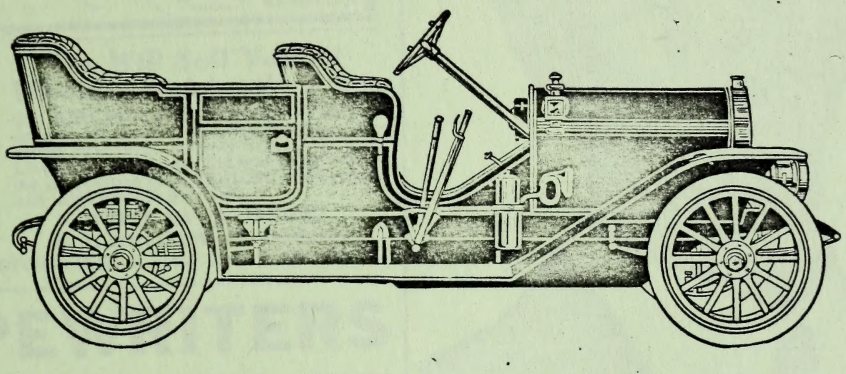
The water, the climate and the general health conditions of the country are ideal. No long, cold winters; no extreme heat in summer; no swamps; no malaria, and no mosquitoes.

You can buy these lands at from $15 to $25 per acre. Write us for more detailed information and your letter will receive careful attention.

S. G. WARNER,
G. P. A., K. C. S. Ry.,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

☞ **Write me today.**

Inter-State



Everybody is talking about high-class automobiles at popular prices, but what is meant by popular prices, "Less-than-the-cost-of-manufacture" or the price that buys "less-than-a-motor-car"?

Look around, we don't mean look at the paint, or the size, or the shape, but look at the real motor car—the motor, the transmission, the axles, the bearings—and see if you can find what you will call a high-class motor car for much less than $2500.00.

There may be some but they are certainly few.

The *Inter-State* is not an assembled "bunch" of what-ever parts could be cheaply or conveniently obtained, but it is composed of hand made, home built parts, made of the finest material obtainable and based upon the best principals of construction.

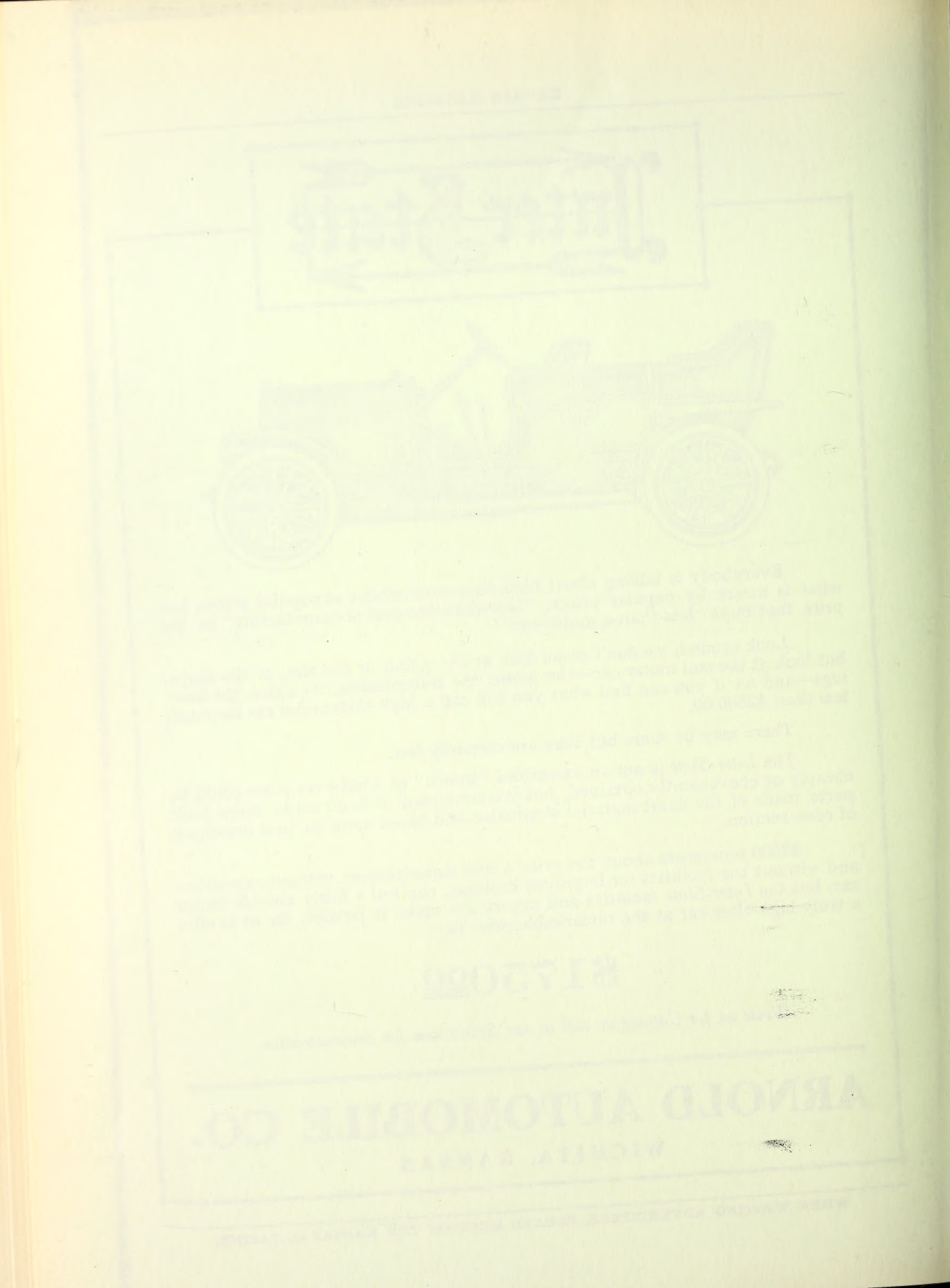
$2500 represents about the price a new manufacturer, without experience and without the facilities for improved building, can sell a fairly reliable motor car, but the *Inter-State* facilities and experience make it possible for us to offer a truly high-class car at the remarkable price of

$1750.00

Write us for Catalog or call at our Salesroom for demonstration

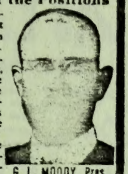
ARNOLD AUTOMOBILE CO.

WICHITA, KANSAS



NEXT MONDAY We Want 50 More Young People

Good Money—Good Positions—We Furnish the Positions Free—Do you want to be Private Secretary, Stenographer, Book-keeper, Banker, Clerk, Penman, Court Reporter, or a College Instructor? You can win money, influence and rapid advancement. Young people come from fifteen states. Many new ones enroll every Monday. We will send full information and one of the best pens made free. We have the largest Business College in Kansas. Hausam's School of Penmanship (one of the finest in the world) and our free employment bureau in connection.



G. L. MOODY, Pres.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

The Sun City Business College, Hutchinson, Kansas.
GENTLEMEN—Please send me free a pen and full information.

Name .....
P. O. .....
State .....
Age .....



We Will Sell You At Wholesale Agent's Price

One **AMERICAN** Motorcycle if we haven't an agent in your city. We want our machines introduced in every town. We want Live Agents and offer the best money-making proposition on AMERICAN Motorcycles and AMERICAN Bicycles.

WRITE US—Do it NOW

A. J. MUSSELMAN, President

AMERICAN MOTORCYCLE CO., 1405 Wells St. Chicago, Ill.

TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES—HALF PRICES AND LESS Write today or call and see us

WICHITA TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

108 S. Lawrence Ave. **WICHITA, KANSAS**

Engraved Invitations Announcements Cards, Etc.

Monogram Personal and Commercial Stationery

The Western Lithograph Co.

For Fifteen Years
The Foremost
Kansas Stationers

125, 127, 129 N. Emporia Ave. **WICHITA**

As a Remedy For

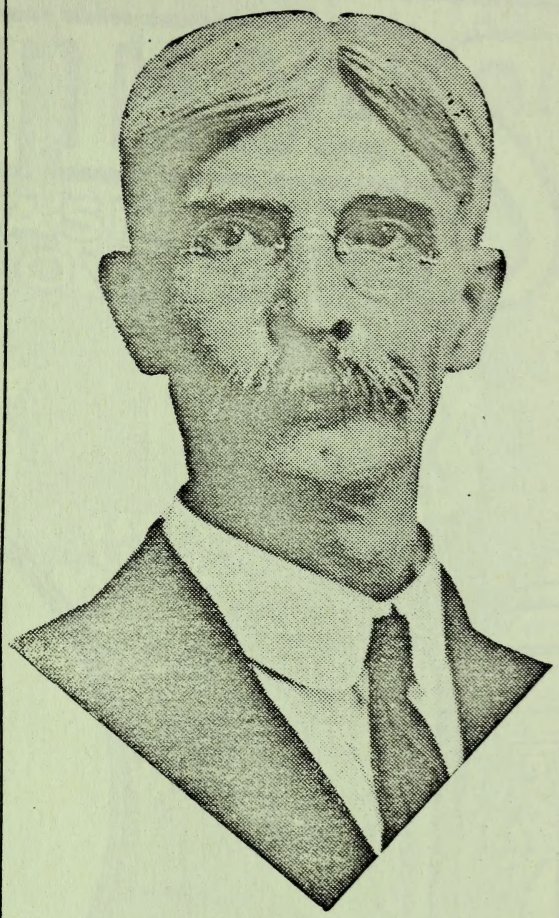
Brights Disease, Diabetes and Kindred Diseases of the Kidneys, all forms of Stomach and Bowel Trouble, Catarrh, Sick and Nervous Headache, Chronic Sore Throat, Piles, Gout, Female Complaint, Scrofula, Eczema, Epilepsy and Rheumatism use

Wapello Water

An unfailing destroyer of Typhoid and Malaria Germs.

The Red Mineral Springs Water Co

Eddyville, Iowa : 110 S. Topeka Ave. Wichita, Kan



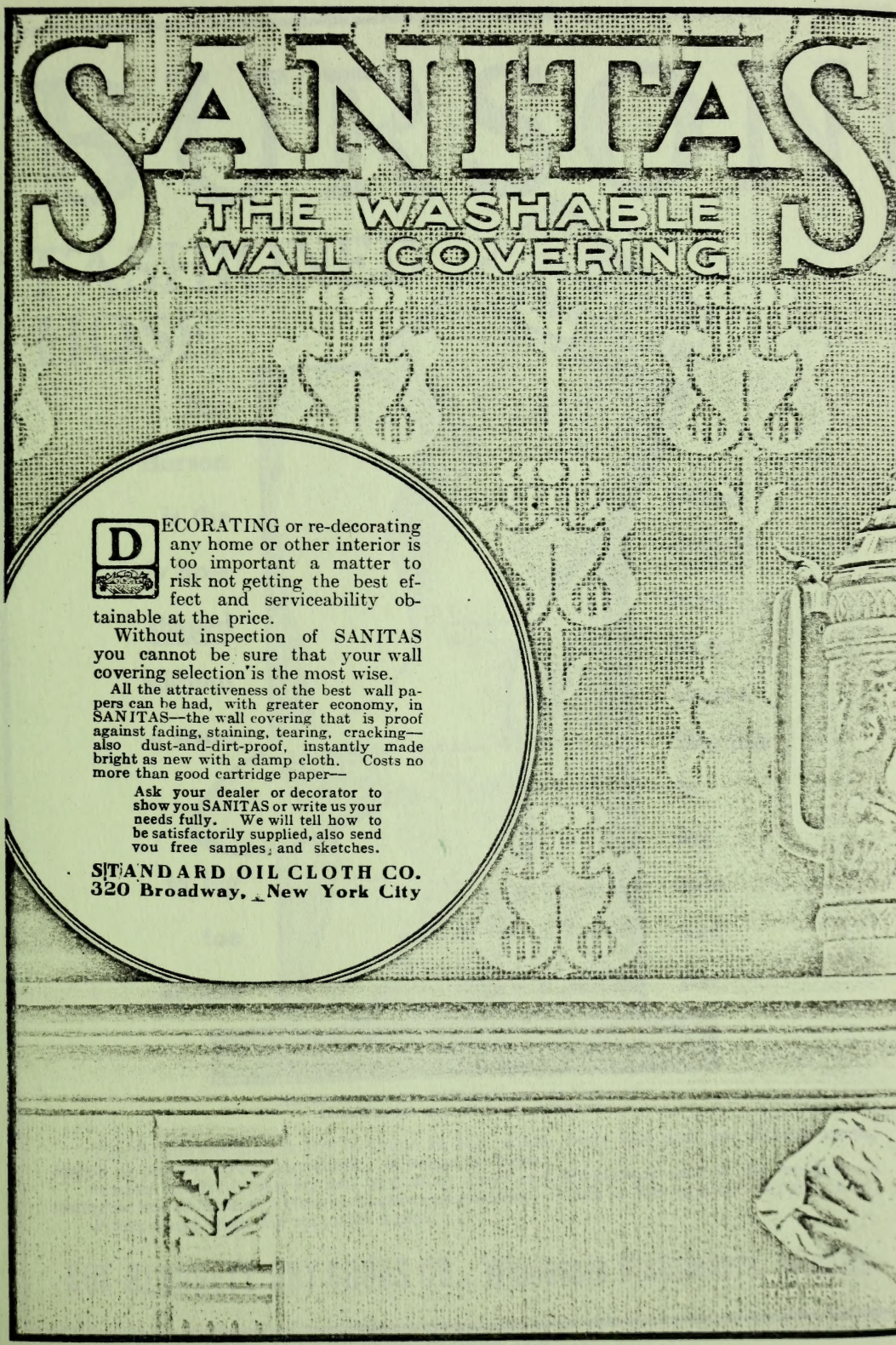
CHAS. D. FAZEL

Republican Candidate for

CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT

"It is a pleasure to commend such as you to the public at large."

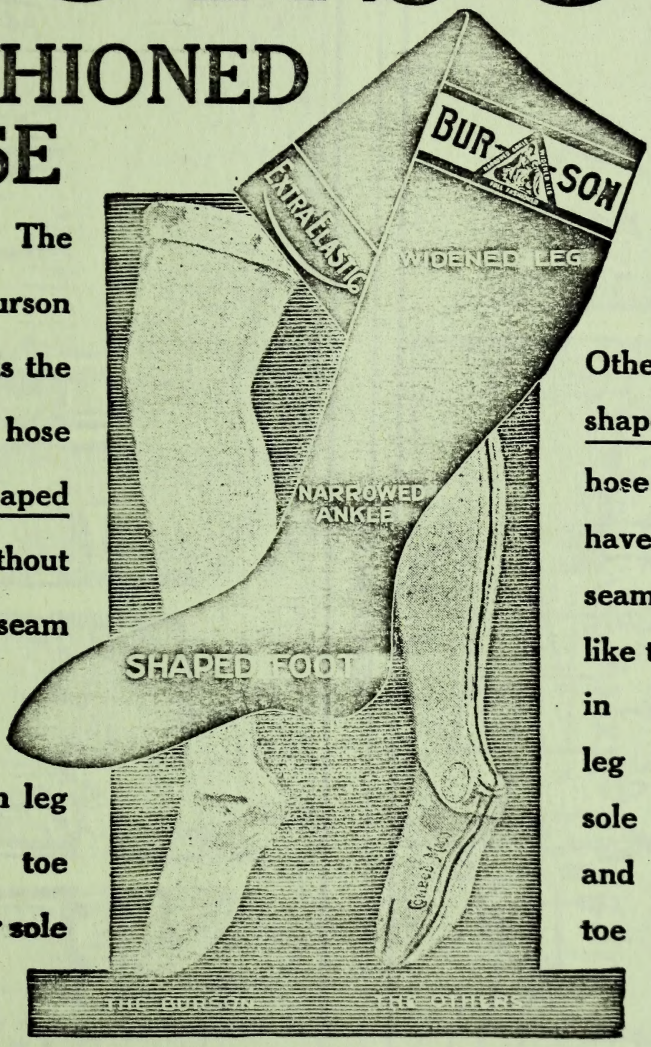
—THOS. C. WILSON


SANITAS
THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING
DECORATING or re-decorating any home or other interior is too important a matter to risk not getting the best effect and serviceability obtainable at the price.
Without inspection of SANITAS you cannot be sure that your wall covering selection is the most wise.
All the attractiveness of the best wall papers can be had, with greater economy, in SANITAS—the wall covering that is proof against fading, staining, tearing, cracking—also dust-and-dirt-proof, instantly made bright as new with a damp cloth. Costs no more than good cartridge paper—
Ask your dealer or decorator to show you SANITAS or write us your needs fully. We will tell how to be satisfactorily supplied, also send you free samples and sketches.
STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.
320 Broadway, New York City

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

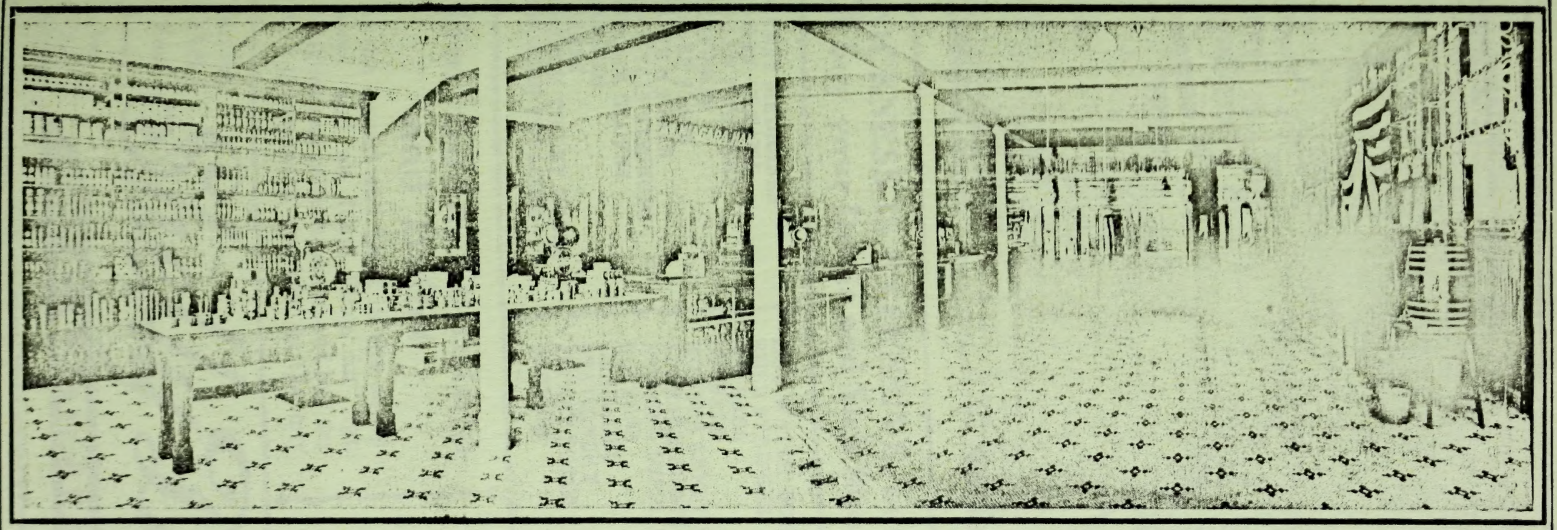
Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita

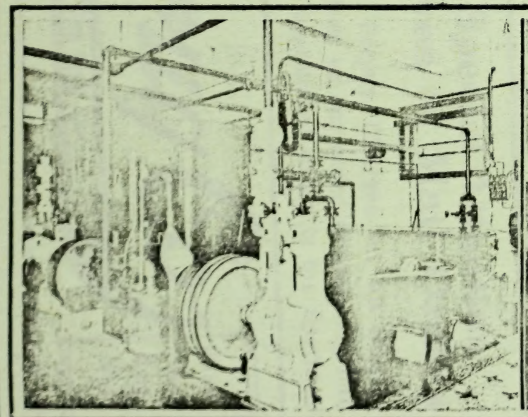
Phone, Market 294
Office Phone, Market 4519

KELCHNER'S MARKET

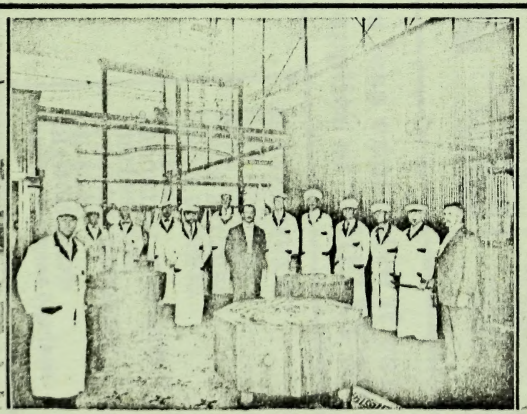
115-117 So. Topeka Ave., Wichita, Kan.



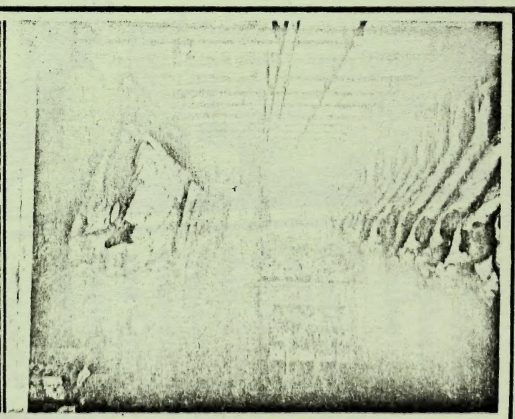
RETAIL MARKET



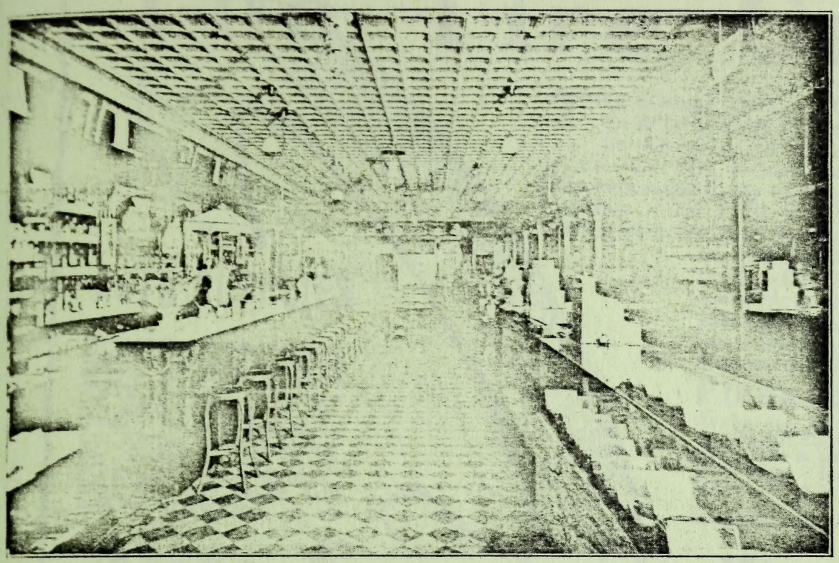
REFRIGERATING DEPT.



CUTTING DEPT.



BEEF COOLER



Visitors to Peerless Prophets Jubilee are Cordially Invited to make this their Head-quarters and Grip Depository.

SICKNESS IS EXPENSIVE, but it is less expensive if you buy your Drugs and Sick Room Supplies at "SHELLY'S"

PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET CREAMS
TOILET POWDERS
PERFUMES
TOILET SOAPS
CASTILE SOAPS
FOUNTAIN SYRINGES
RUBBER GLOVES
CANDIES
CIGARS
FRENCH TOILET GOODS
SMOKING TOBACCOS

HOT WATER BOTTLES
BULB SYRINGES
ICE BAGS
URINALS
RUBBER SHEETING
STOMACH PUMPS
NURSING SUPPLIES
COTTONS
BANDAGES
STATIONERY
INFANT FOODS
SPONGES

SHOWER SPRAYS
HAIR BRUSHES
BATH BRUSHES
CLOTH BRUSHES
TOOTH BRUSHES
TRUSSES
ABDOMINAL SUPPORTS
SUSPENSORIES
SURGICAL DRESSINGS
OIL SILK
CHAMOIS SKINS
Complete Prescription Department

Our Soda Fountain and Buffet

Is the largest and finest in the southwest, and an Ideal Place for light lunches and refreshments, and our service pronounced the best in the city.

Special Attention given to Mail Orders

We Prepay Charges on all Sundry Orders, or any order wherein one half the amount of order is for Sundries.

118 East Douglas Ave.

Shelly Drug Co

CUT RATE

Wichita Kansas

The Tire Game



THE advance price on Tires has made many an Autoist weary of his Tire expense, but if he will call on us before his tires are ready for the Junk Pile, we can assure him that we can help him considerably to keep his Tire expense at a low cost. Our TIRE EXPERTS are capable of making your old Tires practically as good as new, for our RETREADING along with the RE-ENFORCEMENT makes it a first-class tire. ¶ However, if your TIRES are beyond repairs, we can think of nothing better for you to do than to call on us and buy some new

Firestone Tires

the tires that are actually constructed better than any other make of tires, so we do not hesitate to state that they always give satisfaction. Try a Firestone and you will want no other kind.

Remember We are the BIG TIRE HOUSE

AUTO SUPPLIES

We carry a large stock of supplies and can therefore supply you with all your AUTO WANTS, and they are goods "Right-Up-To-Now." We have here Electric Horns, Electric Lighting Systems, the classy Milwaukee Wind Shields, Etc. You had better call and see for yourself. :-: :-:

Auto Supply & Tire Co.

143 N. Market **Jobbers and Retailers** **Wichita, Kansas**

An

Up-to-Date Shop

Ours

Clothing, Furnishings and Hats

Greenfield Bros.

Wichita, Kansas *Ft. Scott, Kansas*
St. Louis, Mo.

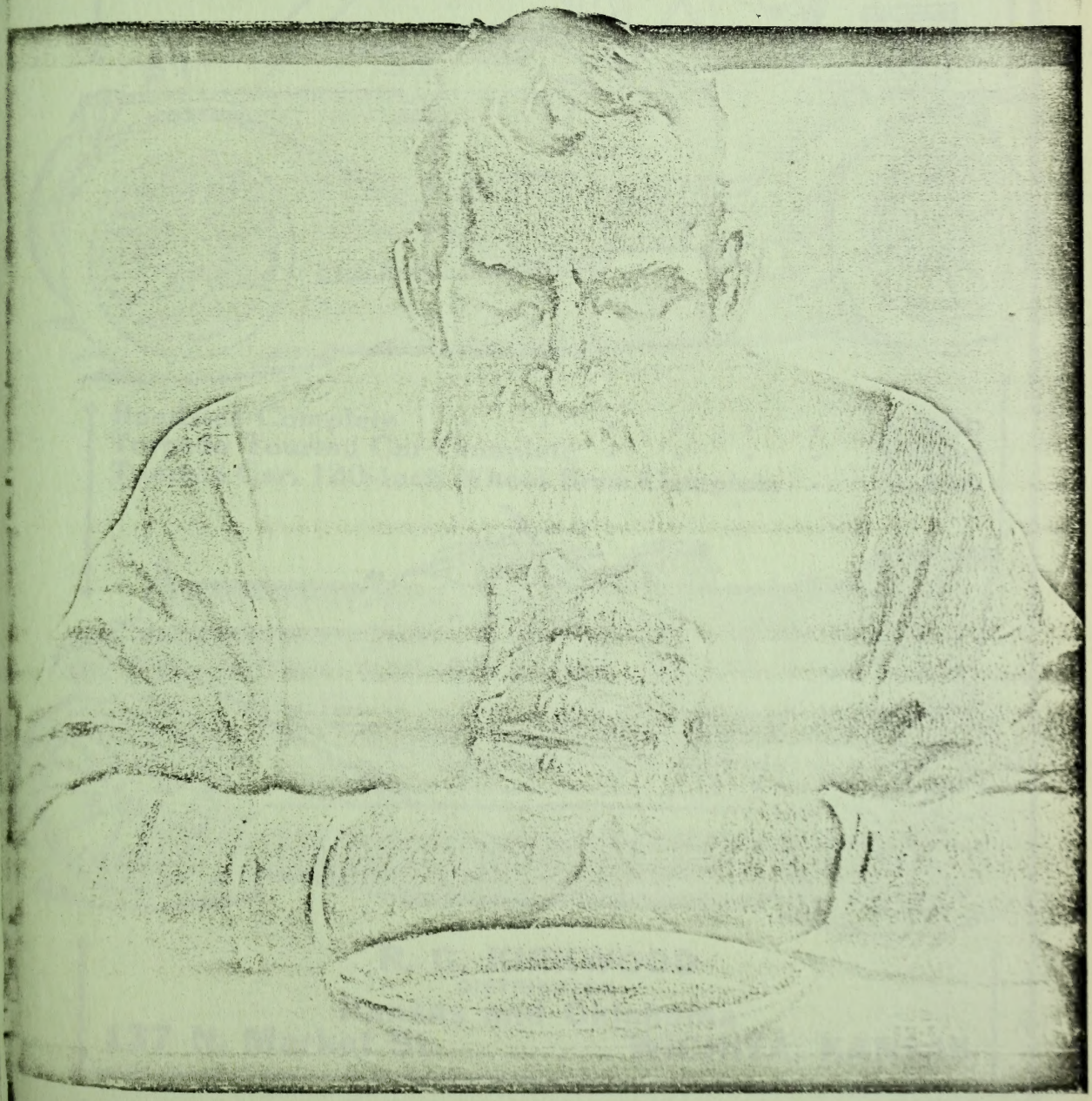
Armstrong Printing Co.

offers a distinctive, high-grade service for advertisers—printing with forceful, attractive qualities that impress the buyer you are after. Booklets, Folders, Catalogs and Stationery made by us go to the desk or file and not to the waste-basket. ¶ We wish to get in touch with more firms who are not content to have their advertising look like that of Tom, Dick and Harry. If you are one of the dissatisfied, we offer you a satisfactory service.

319-321 E. DOUGLAS :: WICHITA

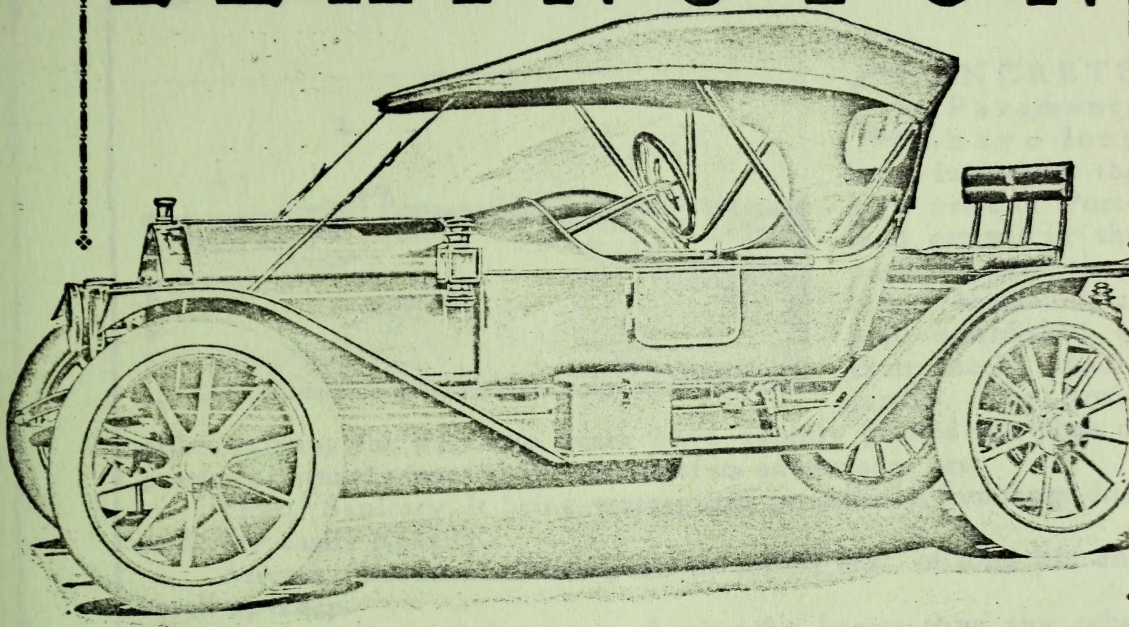
F925.0055

KANSAS MAGAZINE

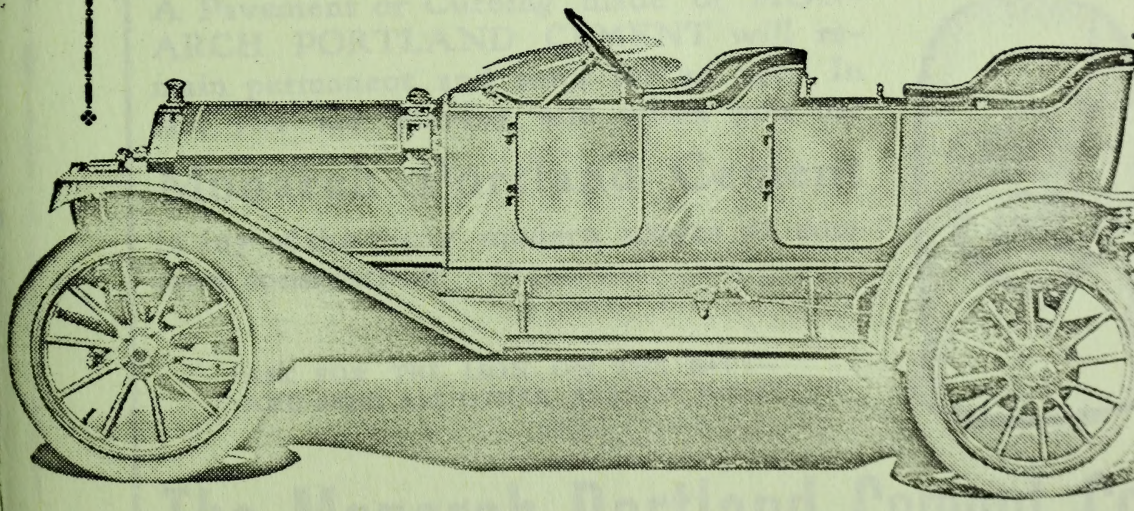


November 15cts

LEXINGTON



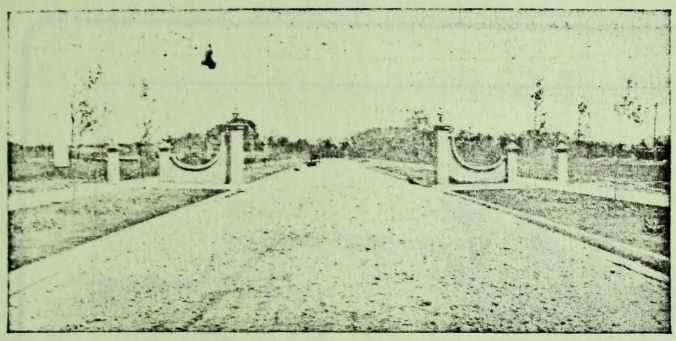
Roadster Complete	$1850
Torpedo Touring Car Complete	$2000
Touring Car, 120-inch Wheel Base Complete	$1850



R. G. KIRKWOOD
DISTRIBUTER
Kansas and Oklahoma
137 N. Market St. WICHITA, KANSAS

47-741

Concrete Pavements



CONCRETE Pavements have long been in use but the high price of Portland cement in the past has kept them from becoming as well established as their merits would justify. The lower prices existing the past two years have rapidly pushed this class of pavement into the front rank. Some of its advantages are:

First. Sanitary, it being waterproof, practically free from dust and very easily cleaned.

Second. Economical, being less in initial cost, of long life and small up-keep.

Third. Safe, giving better footing for horses than any other known paving.

A Pavement or Curbing made of MONARCH PORTLAND CEMENT will remain permanent and solid for an age. In fact you are playing safe when you use

Monarch Portland Cement

in any of the many modern usages of concrete construction.



"ASK FOR THE LION ON THE SACK—
AND SEND ALL OTHER BRANDS BACK"

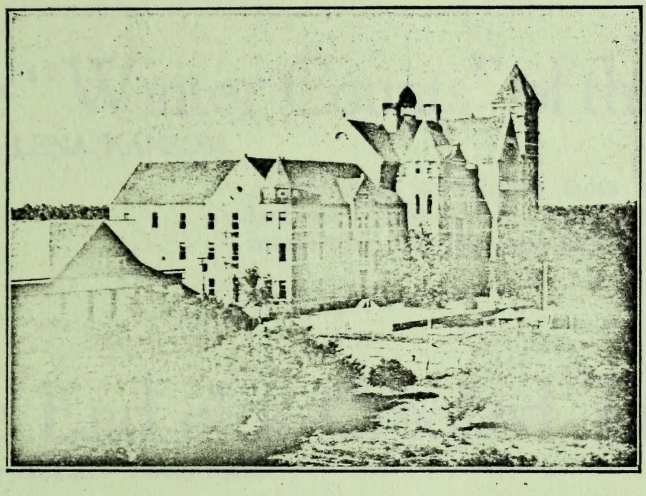
The Monarch Portland Cement Co.

Wichita Sales Office
105 W. First Street

Genl. Offices and Mill
at Humboldt, Kansas

St. John's Military School

Salina, Kansas



THIS institution, founded in 1887, has adequate facilities for supplying the most complete training for boys, up to college age. It undertakes not only their mental development but physical culture and advancement in the qualities of character which belong to a good citizen. To this end it supplies an environment, whose influence is strong enough to impress the average boy with permanent results.

Only suitable boys are desired. St. John's does not undertake to deal with boys who need harsh discipline. Its method relies upon the honor and responsiveness of the boy.

Some military schools use machine methods. St. John's does not. While organized on military lines, and cultivating the ideals which are represented West Point, it nevertheless has the atmosphere of a family, and home-like fe tures which are much appreciated by the cadets.

The Officers of St. John's are as follows:

Rector, THE RT. REV. S. M. GRISWOLD, D. D.
Headmaster, THE REV. WM. N. COLTON, B. A.
Commandant, MAJOR PAUL A. BARRY. Second Infantry, N (U. S. A., retired)

For information apply to the Headmaster

REV. W. N. COLTON, Salina, Kansas

The Kansas Magazine

The "Winter Counts" of the Dakotas

By LENA RANSOM

A sketch of remarkable facts about the American Indians. This article is profusely illustrated with interesting drawings and photographs.

The End of a Crooked Trail

By HELEN TOMPKINS

A powerfully dramatic tale of the frontier with every paragraph full of living interest.

Marvilla Peck's Blood Kin

By ABBY BECKWITH GREENFIELD

A sparkling dialect story of everyday farm life by a writer of national reputation. There is not a dull sentence in this delightful bit of fiction.

Travel Stories

By F. DUMONT SMITH

Senator Smith will continue his remarkable description of a motor tour in Southern France. "No better travel tales have ever been told by a Western author" is what the press says about these excellent articles.

for December 1910

The Day of the Dog

By THOS. H. SCHEFFER

The Author of this unique sketch tells us some mighty interesting things about the little prairie dog—things we never knew before. It is a valuable article indeed to the layman as well as the studied naturalist.

Other Special Feature Articles of State-Wide Interest Will be Published in Our Christmas Edition

Special Note

The editor of the Kansas Magazine is now in New York negotiating for a serial story for our pages from one of the most popular present day writers of fiction in America. This story will in all probability begin with the Chritmas number.

The Kansas Magazine

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1910

GRATITUEE (Verse)	Henry Van Dyke	Back of Frontispiece
GOVERNOR'S TOWER, THE CHINON		Frontispiece
MOTORING IN FRANCE Illustrations from Photographs.	F. Dumont Smith	3
KANSAS MAGAZINE SCENERY CONTEST		11
KANSAS DEMOCRACY	Geo. H. Hodges	13
ROSOLUTION (Verse)	Geo. Wrightman	16
GOVERNOR STUBBS DECLINES		17
THE VALLEY OF VISION (Story)	Myra Williams Jarrell	18
BILL (Verse)	J. C. Bradshaw	25
DR. J. S. CRUMBINE AND HIS WORK	Wm. R. Kercher	26
THE REAL VICTOR MURDOCK	F. Dumont Smith	33
WHO ARMS TO WIN (Verse)	C. L. Williams	36
PORTLAND CEMENT---ITS HISTORY Illustrations from photographs	Vanton O. Foulke	37
THE STREET CORNER MAN	Charles Cleon Spencer	42
THE HOMESTEADER (Story)	Devere Helvern	43
SUNNY KANSAS (Verse)	Carl Ostrum	48
CAMPING WITH THE CITIZEN SOLDIER Illustrations from Photographs.	Z. G Hopkins	49
KEEPSAKES (Verse)	Amy A. Morgan	58
WESSIE LIVERS (Continued Story)	J. E. Torrance	59
SUMMER LIFE (Verse)	A. B Leigh	68
A DAY'S OUTING IN ALASKA	Mrs. A. L. Spaeth	69
SOME PRICKLY PEARS	Mack Cretcher	72
OUR POINT OF VIEW	The Editor	73
MUSIC DEPARTMENT	Rafael Navas	75
BOOK REVIEWS		77
THE FALLEN SPARROW (Verse)	Mattie B. Tumey	79
A RICH, NEW IRRIGATION-DISTRICT OPENING Illustrations from Photographs.	R. L. D. Cunningham	82
WICHITA---THE WHITE CITY Illustrations from photographs	A. Dunlap	89
KIOWA COUNTY	D. M. Morris	95
TWICE TOLD TALES		103

¶ Yearly subscription $1.50. Single copy 15c. We will not accept questionable advertising and we will thank our readers to furnish proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. Advertising rates on application. Forms close on tenth day of month prior to date of issue. New York office, 350 Broadway; James Ridge, Manager. W. W. Reed, Chicago Representative, Room 45, La Salle St. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts submitted.

Entered at the Wichita postoffice as second class mail matter

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD, President
W. Y. MORGAN, Vice President
CHAS. L. DAVIDSON, 2nd Vice-Pres.
D. A. GEIL, Secretary-Treasurer
F. DUMONT SMITH, Editor
LOUIS ALLEN, Manager

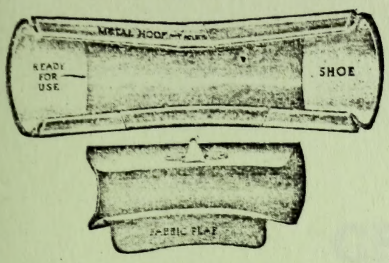
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Kansas Magazine Co.

403-4-5 Beacon Building

WICHITA, KANSAS

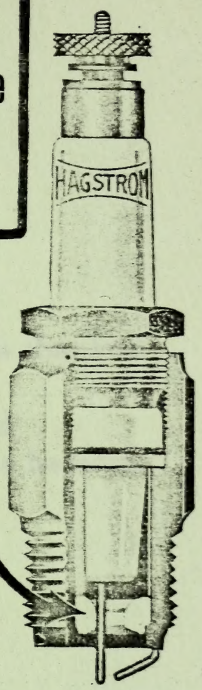
ON TEST HAGSTROM BLOWOUT PATCH PROVED BEST



THAT'S why some of the highest grade automobile manufacturers are adopting the Hagstrom Blowout Patch for their emergency tire equipment of their 1911 cars.

EXTRA tires are no longer a necessity. The up-to-date motorist knows he can place as much confidence in a pair of **Hagstrom** patches as in a new tire, to get home in case he should happen to have a blowout or a puncture. The merits of the Hagstrom Blowout Patch is known the world over.

This Non-Conductive Porcelain Guard Feature Alone Worth the Price of the Plug



SPECIAL ATTENTION DEALERS

Here is the new Spark Plug that every Motorist will eventually use.

Hagstrom Plug has the unique feature of an internal cavity, which is practically closed at the bottom by the porcelain disc held in position by a metal sleeve. An additional feature found in no other plug with internal cavity is that the spark from the electrode points reach the fresh gas in the cylinder assuring maximum power from each explosion. Made in all sizes. List price $1.50 each. Quantity prices furnished on request.

Manufactured by
HAGSTROM BROS. MFG. COMPANY, INC.
EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND WORKS, LINDSBORG, KANSAS

SMOKY VALLEY
ROLLER MILLS
Water Power

GOLDEN PATENT
FLOUR
ESTATE OF
THEO TEICHGRABER
LINDSBORG, KANSAS.

49 lbs GOLDEN PATENT FLOUR

A Reputation Means Safety

When buying flour the wise baker will choose a flour with an earned reputation---one that has stood the test of the most critical bakers

The "Has-made-good" flour is better than "Just-as-good" flour

Try a sack and be convinced.

Smoky Valley Roller Mills
Lindsborg, - - Kansas

GRATITUDE

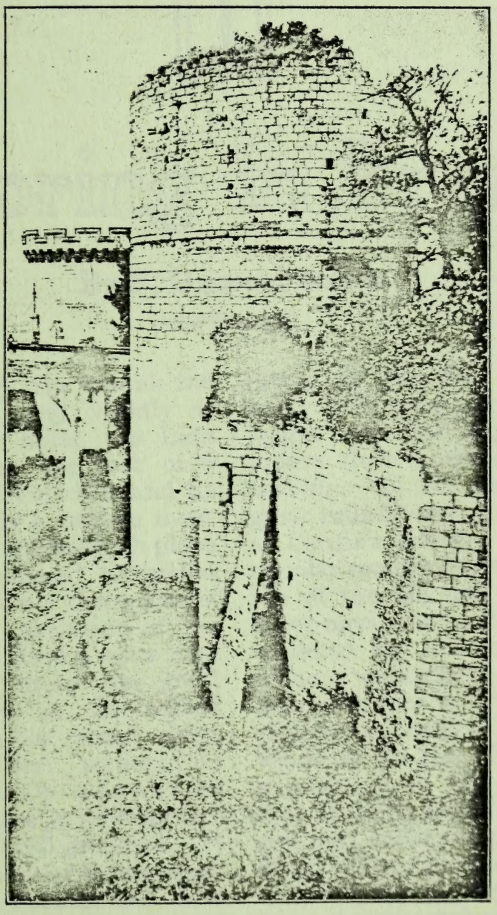
"Do you give thanks for this or that?" No, God be thanked
I am not grateful
In that cold, calculating way, with blessing ranked
As one, two, three, and four,---that would be hateful.

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that, in the road of Life, true Love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever gifts and mercies in my lot may fall,
I would not measure
As worth a certain price in praise, or great or small;
But take and use them all with simple pleasure.

For when we gladly eat our daily bread, we bless
The Hand that feeds us;
And when we tread the road of Life in cheerfulness,
Our very heart-beats praise the Love that leads Us.

From "The White Bees," by Henry Van Dyke
Permission of Charles Scribner's Sons
owners of Copyright



Chinon, showing Governor's Tower where Joan of Arc slept

Kansas Magazine

VOL. IV NOVEMBER, 1910 NO. 5

Motoring in France

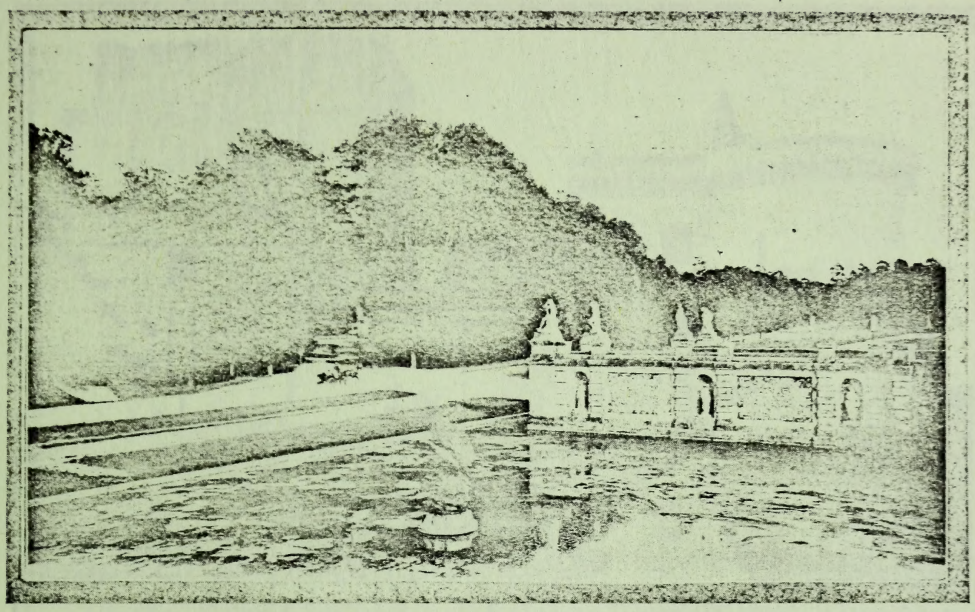
By F. Dumont Smith

(CONTINUED)

OF all that lovely trip I think the spot I recall most vividly is Amboise. The hotel, the Lion d'Or stands at the foot of a castle, on a hill above the river and its summer dining-room is a terrace overlooking the Loire and shaded with plane trees trained and trimmed umbrella-shape so that they make a dense shade. It was just the right conclusion of one of the most delightful days I have ever spent to sit there at dinner, the great castle frowning above us, the sunset lights dying away on the broad river, and all about us that peaceful smiling landscape. "Oh pleasant land of France." There is nothing like it. England is too well-groomed. It is all hand-made. Germany seems rough and uncouth, but the French with their infinite taste, have somehow preserved a natural beauty with none of nature's defects. She is a lovely woman, beautiful by nature with every charm that art and cultivation can add. And Amboise lies in the very heart of the fairest of it, a perfect gem, fitly set.

As a fortress Amboise is very old. The hill was fortified in Roman time and in the Middle Ages before the invention of fire-arms, it was regarded as impregnable, although Richard, the Lion Heart, once carried it by assault, or rather by surprise. In shape it is a rocky hill some two hundred feet in height and the huge walls and vast towers that crown it are almost inaccessible. At the northern end are two great round towers, one of them known as Caesar's tower. Inside of each is a circular roadway of stone winding to the top of the hill, up which a half dozen horse-men can ride abreast. These rendered the hill accessible for supplies without weakening its defense. But the main entrance is by a narrow gateway, closing the end of a rocky road that winds up the face of the cliff, every inch so exposed to the battlements above that it hardly needs for defense the massive port-cullis and pont-levis at the end. Overlooking the river on the south-west corner is the old royal residence, a fairly large chateau, not remarkable except for its site and view. Here in times of danger the last Valois kings retired for safety and it was here that the term Hugeunot was first used in French history.

The Calvinist or Protestant doctrines had been introduced into France from Geneva, and alternately protected and persecuted by Francis I and Henry II, had flourished widely in the South and West of France. Essentially deomcratic in its church government, it in the long

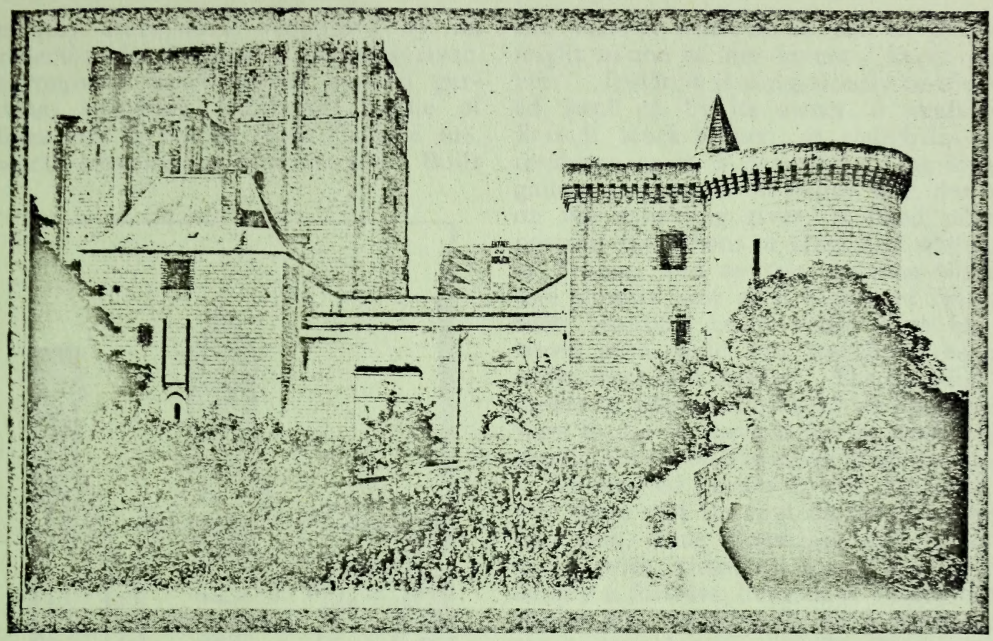


Fountainbleau

run, found little favor in the eyes of French kings. In 1560 Catharine discovered, or pretended to discover, a great Huguenot plot against the Guises, the Catholic leaders of France. Twelve hundred of the Huguenots were slaughtered in the streets of Amboise and these narrow crooked streets ran red with the best blood of France. A few of the leaders were reserved for an example. Four were hung from the iron balcony where the Chateau fronts the river, and the heads of the rest, cut down in the garden, were hung beside them. Mary Queen of Scots was but then a bride, married to Francis I, the oldest son of Catherine, and that bloody-minded old woman forced her to watch the massacre and would have dragged her half-fainting to see the bloody heads on the balcony had not Francis for once asserted himself and forbidden it.

If the outside of the castle is grim and frowning, with its beetling cliffs, its vast walls and towers, the interior is all gay and smiling. The top of the hill has been leveled and is all one beautiful garden. Shady alleys of plane trees, sunken gardens, fountains, great rose trees two hundred years old everywhere bloom, and lend sweet fragrance. A well has been cut in the solid rock to the level of the Loire, giving an inexhaustible supply of water and a very modern pump keeps the lawns and gardens green and blooming. The Chateau belongs to the Duke of Orleans and is a hospice for his old servants and retainers. On the South-east corner, on the very walls stand a little chapel designed and built by Leonardo da Vinci, the great Leonardo, painter, sculptor, architect, engineer and author. Driven from Italy he sought refuge here and built this chapel and his bones rest beneath the altar. It is said to be the finest example of pure Gothic, of the florid style in Europe. The vaulted ceiling is a mass of stone carving as delicate as lace work and the entrance with its sculptored legend of St. Hubert is the most ornate in France. In one corner of the garden is a little lodge overlooking the open country and its low door-way over which is carved the porcupine of Louis XII, was the death of the young Charles VIII. Runing out one summer day to join his cousin in a game of tennis he struck his head against the stone lintel and died from the effects of the blow.

His young wife Anne of Brittany had brought to France as her dower, the great Duchy of Brittany, an independent fief, long a thorn in the side of



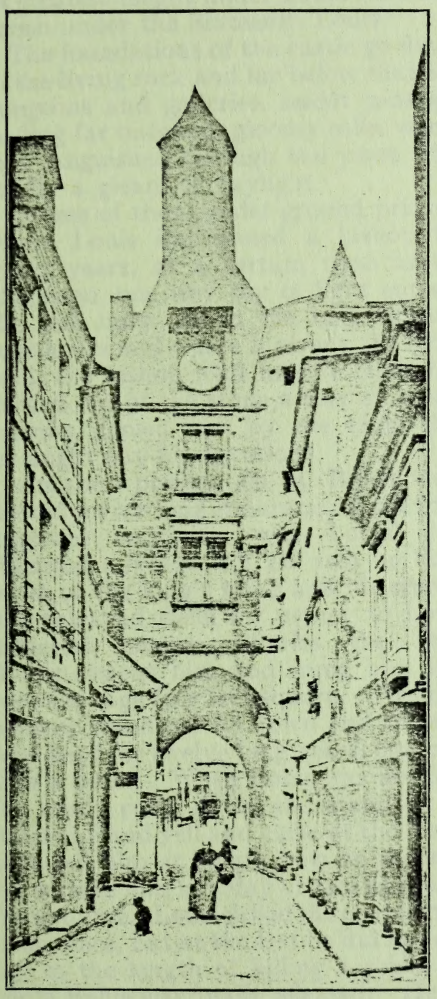
Castle of Loche. On the left the great donjon built by Fulk Nerra

France. It would not do to lose this great possession and Louis XII cousin and successor of Charles to save the province, promptly married the widow who was hardly allowed time to grieve for her husband before she had a new one.

The village of Amboise straggles around three sides of the castle up and down hill, narrow winding streets, in one of them a quaint clock tower that dates back to the time of Francis I. Rather a shabby little village that crouches at the foot of the lordly castle with something of the humbleness and submission of that bygone time when peasant and burgher existed only to feed and clothe the knight and man at arm. All of this is very beautiful and picturesque but as you see these vast walls, reared by forced labor, these sumptuous chateau, paid for by the peasant, the dungeons and torture chambers, you realize the hideous cruelty and injustice of that age; its whole life and system based on the monstrous falsehood that the great body of human beings were created to serve, obey and support the mighty few.

The more I see of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries the better I like my own. Eastward from Amboise an hour's ride lies Chenonceau and an hour beyond that, Loches, two chateaux, the most widely different of all these ancient places. Chenonceau was commenced by Diane of Poitiers while at the height of her power. When Henry died Catherine quickly drove the frail lady into exile, seized her chateau and completed it! We crossed a moat, that surrounds the whole estate by a draw-bridge, a moat where pond lilies were blooming, a swan and two cygnets placidly posing for a couple of artists, and a tiny's porter's lodge embowered in roses, where a pretty French girl sold us cherries as big as walnuts for a price so low that we couldn't make the change to pay her; we had nothing small enough. The moat I suppose was intended for purposes of defence at a time when even the homes of the most powerful were not exempt from rapine, from sudden assault and destruction. Beyond the moat is a pretty forest, where the road winds and twists through beds of wild strawberries fairly scarlet with their abundance, with an occasional deer grazing in the grassy vistas, and then all in a burst, Chenonceau is before you. A dream, flashing and gleaming in the sunlight, where it bathes its feet in the Cher, a chateau all pearl and

creamy stone-work, redoubled by its reflection in the smooth flowing river, surrounded by beautiful sunken gardens, splashing fountains, basins of lilies and forests of roses—believe me, worth crossing the ocean to see. Built

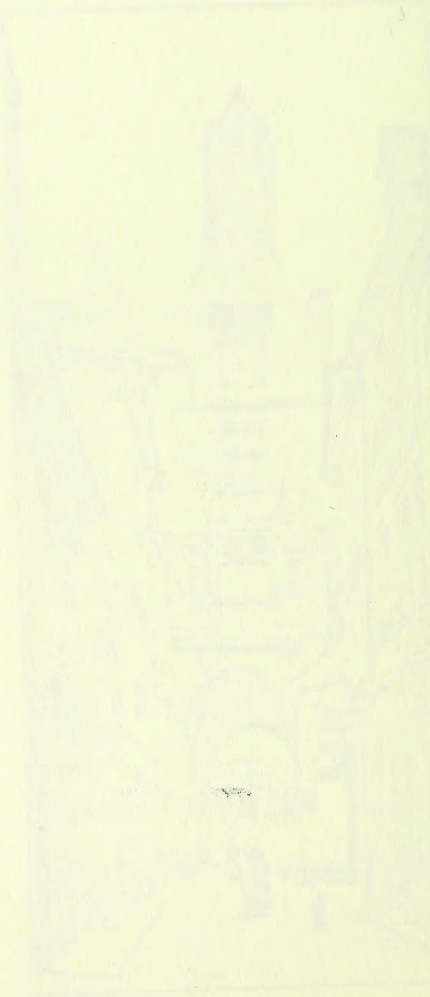


Clock Tower, Amboise

on piles it just spans the river, with a pont-levis at each end, depending for protection upon its water defenses, with no gloomy battlements or donjon towers, just a gay smiling, bewitching home. Diane, was beautiful, gay, enticing, artful, and Chenonceau is Diane in stone. From every point it beguiles you. You wonder about it and through it and go back for another look, and all the while it whispers to you as Diane might to one of her lovers, "Don't go yet." Inside it is sumptuously furnished, kept up by its owner, a wealthy French stock-broker, as delightful a residence as it is beautiful. One long gallery that looks on either side, down on the sparkllng river, is lined with portrait medallions of kings and queens of France, and as you examine them you wonder how such high-bred faces, such beautiful heads could have harbored such guile and treachery, such wickedness and cruelty. The blandishments of Chenonceau held us long; we were loathe to leave it for we knew we should not see its like again in all France.

We reached Loches in time for lunch, and there met the first motor party we had seen, some Americans and fraternized with them at once. Loches is simply a fortress, lived in of course but rather less comfortable as a residence than any American jail. The great donjon was built by Fulk Nerra, Fulk the Red, the founder of the House of Anjou, first of the Angevin princes who later ruled England. Built in the Tenth Century its vast walls thirty feet thick are as solid to-day as when Louis XI made this his favorite strong-hold. They are so vast they hardly seem like the work of human hands. There were later additions and in its time it represented the highest form of military art. Louis XI believed it impregnable and when the clouds lowered, and angry nobles confederated against him and his throne tottered, it was from here he negotiated with them, schemed and plotted till he had finally scattered and broken them one by one.

Louis, if a wicked king was a great one. He found France a loose confederacy of great nobles, each supreme in his fief-owning; no law but his own will. At the slightest show of royal authority they banded together and defied their nominal over-lord. Beside that Louis was confronted with powerful enemies outside of France. England was his constant foe. Charles the Bold of Burgundy made him sue for terms more than once. But he outlasted them all, and left France greater and more prosperous than she had ever been. One by one he subdued the great lords, executed them

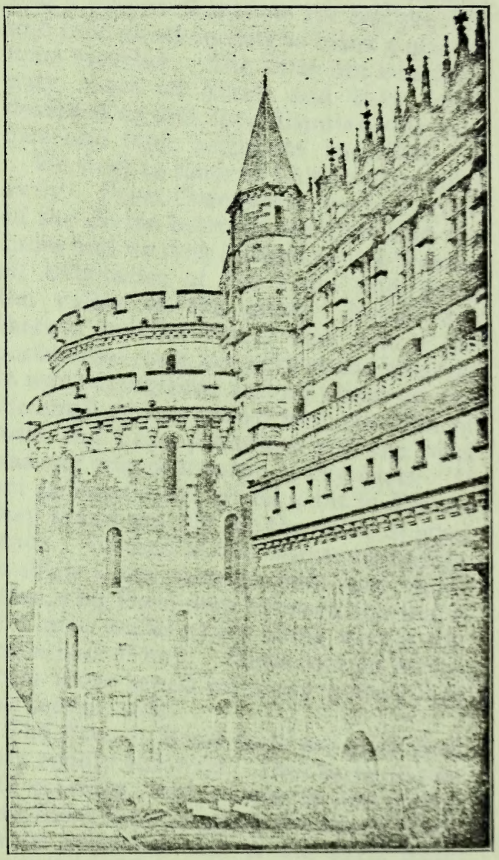


or made them bend to his power. He built up the towns, encouraged trade and gave the middle class for the first time, some protection by law. He was a bad old man, but unconsciously perhaps he did much good and he founded the French monarchy, that was to reach its greatest height under Louis XIV and perish under the Sixteenth Louis.

The foundations of the castle go down to the living rock and far below that are dungeons and galleries, secret passages leading far outward, gloomy cells, where men languished through the years with hardly a gleam of daylight.

In one of these under-ground prisons, where Louis imprisoned a bishop for many years, at a certain time in the afternoon one tiny ray of light entered the cell, only one in the long twenty-four hours and where it struck the stone wall, the bishop with infinite labor had carved out of the stone a tiny altar and crucifix denied him by the king, that he might pay his devotions.

Another bishop, de la Balue, celebrated for his long endurance of the most frightful captivity, was Louis' confidential adviser. Of all men he knew most of the king's mind and his secrets. He betrayed them for money to Louis' bitterest enemy, Charles the Bold. Louis caught him and hung him in a wooden cage four feet square. He could neither stand nor lie down and there he was kept for twelve long years, crouched like a beast. When Louis was not busy he would come down and stand on the stairway and yell and curse at the bishop and tell him at length how he proposed to torture him in a day or two as soon as he got time. Louis defied the church more than once, but at the last he did not dare go to the length of killing a priest and de la Balue was finally released. He had survived that twelve years imprisonment, and went to Rome, complained to the Pope, sought to raise a crusade against Louis, failed and died, not of his imprisonment but of unsatisfied revenge. They showed us a piece of the identical cage in which de la Balue spent his twelve years. Maybe it was. It looked quite modern to me but any way it gave one a realizing sense of what it was like and what humanity can endure and live. One of these dungeons longer than the others and better lighted, was the torture chamber. Louis enjoyed this room perhaps better than any in his castle. At one end was a fireplace for heating irons, and some of the instruments that he used are still there. The rack was a long frame, with a windlass at one end. The victims feet were tied at one end, his hands stretched over



Amboise. From this iron balcony four Huguenots and the bleeding heads of twelve more were hung by Catharine de Medici.

his head to the windlass and then the windlass was slowly turned till the joints were torn apart. To make it more comfortable, rollers with knobs on them were placed at intervals and the poor wretche's body stretched over them. And those knobs had been worn smooth by the naked bodies that had been dragged and wrenched over them. There were iron boots for crushing the feet;

special knives for cutting out the eyes and tongue; irons for branding and iron splinters that were heated red hot and thrust under the nails. Well, there were a lot more but this is enough. Once more I am glad I did not live in that splendid, hideous age.

Phillip de Comines was one of the few literary men of that ignorant age. He was a man of talent who served Louis in many capacities and served him well, chiefly as embassador to other princes. Louis suspected him of treachery and imprisoned him here in a cell four feet by six; imprisoned him just on suspicion that proved to be without foundation. But the cell had a window, a mere arrow slit, but through it Comines could see the sky and mark the hours and he was very grateful to Louis for this kindness. So grateful that when he wrote his Memoirs from which we get the best picture of these times, he softened many of Louis' deed and traits

Agnes Sorel is buried here and her marble effigy, beautifully wrought, lies above her tomb with two tiny lambs, in stone at her feet. Agnes was the mistress of Charles VII, he whom Joan crowned king at Rheims. Charles the Indolent, but Charles the "Well Served" as he was called, who finally drove the English out of France. Agnes was another frail lady but she had the wit to recognize in Joan a wonderful character, and it was she who more than any one induced Charles to give her sole command of his armies, and cherished and protected Joan in her first trials.

Anne of Brittany, Anne of the two husbands once lived here, and her emblem, the dog, is sculptured everywhere about the living apartments and a little monument to her favorite dog with a touching epitaph commenting on his faithfulness surmounts the mantelpiece in her bed-room.

Of course Loches has its *oubliette* who should need one more than Louis, and into its fathomless depths the racked and mangled remains of his victims were thrown when life was gone. Loches is a sizeable town and we were there on a market day. A quaint little square was filled with bleating calves, with sheep and geese and fowls, and every one was bargaining and chaffering. To see real bargaining you should watch a couple of French peasants negotiating a trade. A centime is only one fifth of a cent of our money and it is a pity there is no smaller coin for Jacques to dicker with. Time and again they part angrily, a few cents apart. They quarrel; their voices rise; they vociferate, gesticulate, part, come together again, renew the strife, and at last, maybe, they toss a coin to determine the last centime and both go off smiling to drink a glass of wine together. The little inn was filled with them at lunch and they fairly deafened us with their disputes over their own and their neighbors' bargains.

We were to sleep at Chinon fifty miles away. From Chenonceau we had crossed the divide between the Cher and the Indre and we now crossed to the Vienne, all tributaries of the Loire and down the valley of the latter. Never was there a lovelier ride. This was a departmental road, but perfect and smooth. It was haying time and all about us was the smell of new-mown hay, the odor of roses and Cape jessamine and the road was one long procession of hay-carts. If our farmers could travel a bit in France they would quickly see the value of good roads. Instead of four horses struggling to draw a ton through ruts and mudholes, a big Percheron between the shafts of a cart, walks easily along with a ton and a half of hay. Three fourths of the horse labor saved on every pound that the farmer sells.

The French Road laws are good and very rigidly enforced. One turns to the left meeting, and passes to the right. And there is no hogging the whole road. As we approach one of the carts from the rear, we honk, and instantly the load turns to the left leaving us plenty of room to pass. Never once did we have trouble. Every one knows the law and there appeared to be no prejudice against the automobile. Only once was there the slightest show of anger. We overtook an old peasant couple in a donkey-cart, and passed them swiftly as the road was wide. The donkey paid no attention but the old woman was startled, and very angry. As long as we could hear her she was standing up shouting "Cochon" (pig) at us.

Every mile or two is a village, just

one winding street, one story stone cottages, thatched or tiled, a post-office and a tiny shop or two and a row of smiling, chattering women and children who pour out at the first sound of our horn to see us go by. And what innumerable toothless smiles. I think there is not a peasant in France past twenty that has a full set of teeth. Dentistry is unknown except in the largest towns. If a tooth aches, out it goes and the French smile, always in evidence is mainly gums.

I had never realized before that dentistry was an American invention but true it is and all over Europe the proudest boast of a dentist, ambitiously displayed on his sign, is the fact that he is an "American Dentist."

No one lives on the farm in France. The holdings are tiny, rarely more than an acre or two, and the peasants live in the villages. This French farming is a curiosity to us. When the Revolution, confiscating the land of the aristocrats and the clergy, made practically all of France, government land, it was sold to the peasant occupiers, and paid for in the then paper money of the Revolutionary government, thus redeeming it. It was at a great discount and the peasantry of France took advantage of the opportunity to own their land. France is practically all owned by peasant proprietors; large estates are few. And from this land-owning, diligent, thrifty class, France gets most of her savings that are invested all over the world; that built the Suez Canal; tried to build the Panama ditch; and paid off the German war indemnity of a billion francs in two years. On the death of the owner the land is divided equally among all the children and it follows that the land has been divided and subdivided till many of the holdings are mere strips, often a rod or two wide but as precious in the eyes of the owner as fine gold. Nothing is so dear to the peasant as his land. He will not part with it and from the little holdings, a kitchen garden in this country, they raise their families, save money and educate one or more of the children for a learned profession. It was from a little farm of ten acres that the father of Emile Loubet one of the best of all French presidents, raised a family of ten and educated Emile for the bar. The Loubets still own that farm, and the old mother still conducts it.

Some years ago, this country was greatly devastated by the phylloxera, a worm that destroyed the grape-vines, but the Government finally discovered roots that were immune to the pest and the whole region is once more covered with vines and prosperous.

But we know so little of economy. The manure on each strip of road-way belongs to the abutting proprietor and one of the commonest sights is a man or woman too old for harder tasks with barrow and broom carefully sweeping up the precious fertilizer. Every bit of waste on the farm goes with this into the compost heap to renew the soil and this old land, tilled continuously since Caesar's time produces crops far beyond anything in America. Thrift, thrift, that is the watchword of France. Every little water-course is bordered and every bit of waste land occupied with pollard willows, cut off about five feet from the ground. From this they bush out and every two years the twigs are cut, bound in bundles and furnish the fuel of the house.

All day long over a little fire in the cottage hangs the "pot au feu" the soup pot. Into this goes every cabbage leaf and green onion top, everything edible that would be thrown away in this country. The result is: a nourishing soup, costing next to nothing that with his rye-bread and home-made wine is the worker's daily fare. "A fowl o' Sundays" and a little meat on holidays and soup, soup, soup, is the French farmer's bill of fare. They are terrific workers, from dawn till dark. Coming through Normandy on my first trip in France, where in that high latitude it is day-light at three o'clock in the morning, every one was at work at that hour in the fields. And darkness finds them plodding homeward. But they have many holidays, feast days and Saints' days and Sunday is the Catholic, Continental Sabbath, when after Mass in the early morning, every one spends the day in amusement. And at the last they are the most contented people in Europe. They are independent for they own their land and they know how to use it. Few emigrate,

and the Frenchman who leaves France does it with the abiding hope that he may soon return. It is a lovely land well beloved of its children and well it may be. The Vienne is a larger stream than the Cher or the Indre and its valley is just one long vista of loveliness. Pleasant, villages and little towns, here and there a great chateau, occasionally a great crag high above the river crowned with some ancient ruin and miles and miles of vineyard.

We spent two happy hours on the road to Chinon and reached the Boule d'Or in time for a visit to the castle before dinner. The Boule d'Or is another golden memory of French cookery, an ancient stone building with an immense court-yard, tiny rooms, exquisitely clean and looking far over the Vienne and a landlord and landlady whose insistent, almost obsequious desire to make us comfortable, made us almost uncomfortable. In front of the hotel, strangest of sights, was a display of American farm machinery. Some one-horse mowers and hay-rakes and one tiny self-binder. They bore the same relation to our harvesting machinery that their farms do to ours and even then were only intended for the larger proprietors.

Chinon is another fortified hill, considerably farger than Amboise, and in its day regarded as the strongest fortress in France. I believe it bears the record of never having been captured by siege or assault. It is in ruin now, the battlements are mere piles of stone, and the roofs of the old chateau have all fallen in, exposing the chambers where Charles the VII with Agnes Sorel wasted in idleness the poor's, revenues his little remnant of France left him, till Joan came and reclaimed him and made him king. For it was here in one of these very rooms, roofless now, that Joan was introduced to the Court. She had never seen the Dauphin Charles, and so to try her, they dressed a courtier as prince and Charles hid among the crowd. Joan made no mistake but disregarding the puppet went straight and kneeled before the true prince. Here for days and weeks she wrestled with his indolent temper, his cowardly advisers, till at last Agnes Sorel and Dunois, a loose woman and a bastard, got her command of the soldiers and started her on that brief career of glory that ended in the stake and burning faggots at Rouen. One great round tower, still stands nearly intact. It is called the Governor's tower, has no doorway and is accessible only by ladder to a lofty window. Here Joan was lodged while at Chinon, for it was the only place where she could be safe from the licentious soldiery that formed the castles guard. Think of it! There in the very presence of the king, such were the morals of the time, such the license and lack of disicpline among the soldiery, that this innocent girl, come on a sacred errand to save France, could not be protected from the lust of the king's own guards, but must lodge in this gloomy inaccessible tower. What an age it was!

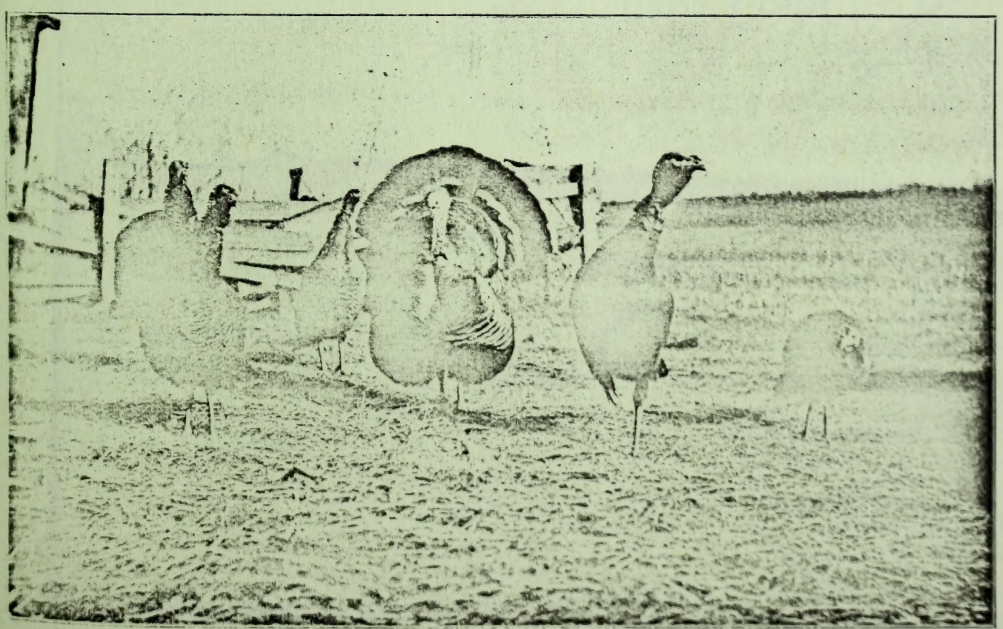
The only access to the castle is a steep stairway cut in the rock from the town and half way down, in the chalk cliff was a great wine cellar where we paused, although paused is hardly the word. In fact I stayed an hour. It was very cool and pleasant back there in the cavern in the cliff, with barrels and tuns piled in long rows. Very pleasant too was the sparkling Vouvray and the pale yellow Sauterne. Not at all bad even, the wine of the country, for the characteristic wine of Chinon is a red wine, very dry, and purchaseable at ten cents a gallon. I bought enough of both to last us back to Paris without missing the change.

The town of Chinon, is the cattle market for all that region, a really bustling sort of a place, dating from the Tenth Century and it certainly looks it. Rabelais was born here, and I tried to get a picture of the automobile before his birth place, the Twentieth Century and the Fifteenth but the light was not good enough.



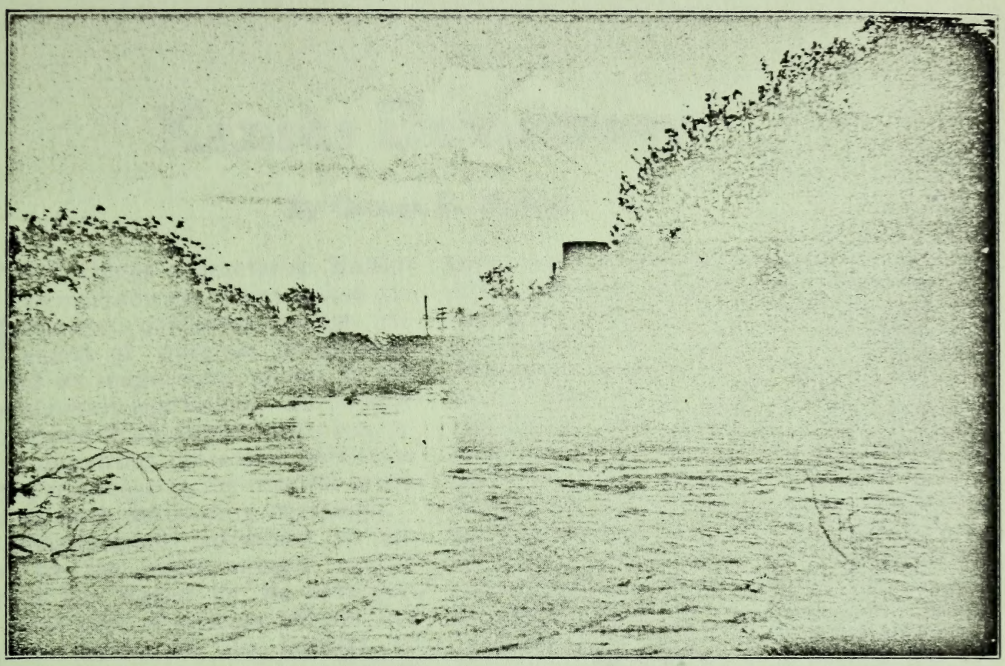
"LOVER'S LANE" 3 MILES EAST HAVEN, KANSAS

Photo by Ed Walter — First Prize

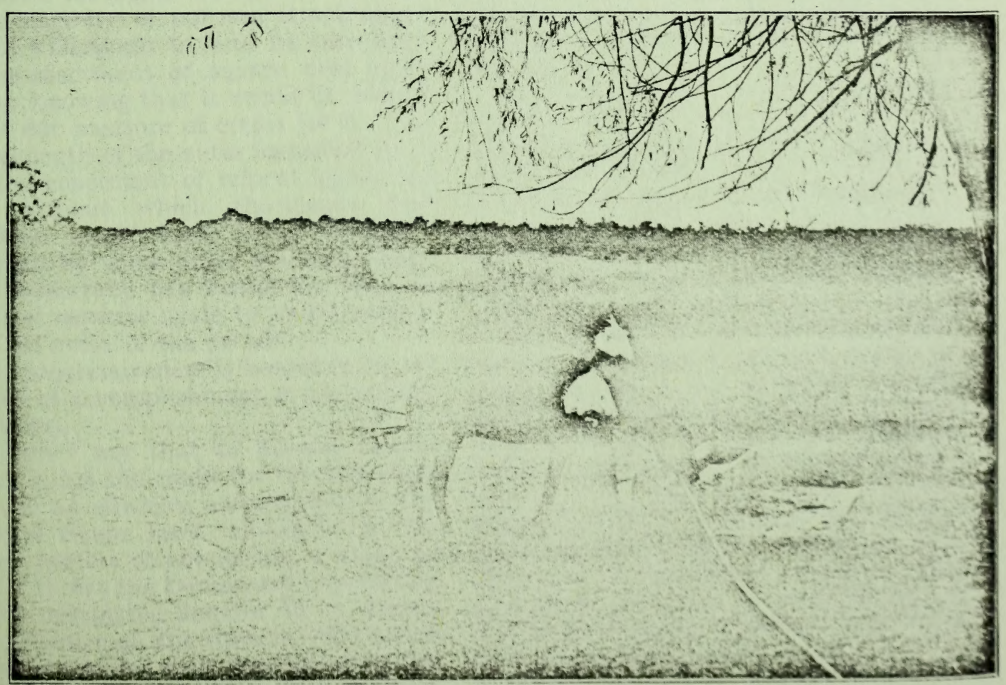


JOYOUS THANKSGIVING IN KANSAS

Photo by L. M. Vance — Fourth Prize



"AFTER A SHOWER" ON THE COTTONWOOD RIVER, AND SANTA FE BRIDGE
Photographer please write the K. M. FLORENCE, KANSAS Second Prize



AGNIFFE SPRING AT INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS. THESE SPRINGS FURNISH WATER
Photo by C. C. Jones FOR THE CITY Third Prize

Kansas Democracy

By George H. Hodges

FIVE things characterize Kansas Democracy: its disinterested patriotism, persistent courage, sincerety of purpose, progressiveness and its magnificent record in the matter of reform legislation. Its courage is manifested in an almost unbroken record of disastrous defeats in this state and its persistence in the renewal of the battle in each succeeding campaign.

Its disinterested patriotism is witnessed by the undiscouraged warfare which it has waged for its principles with scant hope of success, till now the things for which it has battled are triumphantly appropriated by a faction of the republican party which seeks thereby to avoid the wrath of an outraged and angry people and save its face, its place at the public crib, and its ambition for higher things.

Its sincerity of purpose is evidenced by its willingness to lend its assistance to the enactment of square deal legislation, knowing that it would be robbed of its due measure of credit for it. On the strength of the votes furnished by it for the enactment of reform legislation and without which the square deal machine would have been hopelessly wrecked by some other machine, Kansas Democracy has heard the buzz of the *new machine* made to sound mighty like the voice of the people.

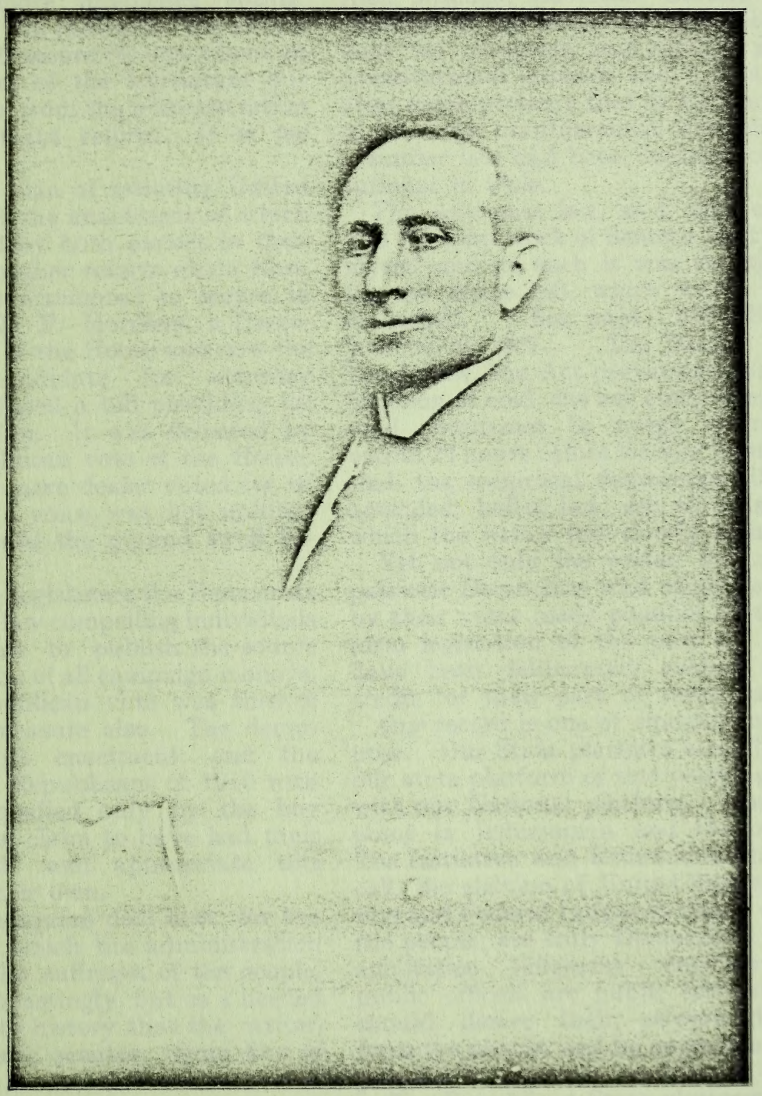
Its progressiveness is bespoken by its record of accomplishment in the matter of reform.

When I say that to Kansas Democracy is due the credit for the first steps toward an effective enforcement of the Kansas liquor laws especially in the larger centers of population, I make no jest. It was the Democratic convention which nominated Senator W. A. Harris for governor of this state in 1906 which definitely broke with Resubmission and declared war on violators of the law. Before that time no serious attempt had been made to enforce that law in the cities. Senator Harris laid stress on that plank in his platform which pledged the enforcement of all laws. *It is in the Democratic platform this year and, strange to say; there is no such pledge in the Republican state platform.* On that issue Governor Hoch met near-defeat and the public sentiment aroused by Senator Harris in that campaign put the republican party, for the first time, on its good behavior in the matter of closing the joints. To save itself from certain defeat something must be done. A little has been done, but nothing substantial to compare with the amount of valiant boasting that has been put out by the administration's press agent. But what has been done has been forced by the attitude of the Democratic party, and the writer is proud to have had the honor of first voicing that attitude as temporary chairman of the Harris convention in 1906.

Reference has been made to the fact that no credit has been given to Kansas Democracy for its record of accomplishment in the matter of reform legislation. A faction of the republican party has persistently and falsely appropriated the whole credit for every good thing that has been accomplished in the way of leigslation in the past six years.

The fact does not seem to be generally known,—in truth, it has been skillfully concealed—that the so-called "square deal" Republicans have never at any time in the past six years had sufficient votes to pass any of the reform legislation of which they now boast. In the House the best they could muster for the most important reform legislation was 35 out of 92 Republican members. To pass these measures it required 29 of the 33 Democratic members, and they gave them their hearty support.

In the Senate, in committee of the whole, the Anti-pass law and the pri-



HON. GEORGE H. HODGES

Democratic Candidate for Governor of Kansas

mary law got through by a bare majority of one vote and that one vote the writer had the honor of casting.

The Massachussetts Ballot which is one of the pledges of the democratic platform this year is a measure which will compel more intelligent voting. Kansas people will remember the efforts of the writer to secure its enactment at the last session of the legislature but he got no help from the administration for this important reform. *It is too square a deal.*

The Oregon plan of selecting United States Senators the enactment of which is now pledged by both parties in their platforms is another reform which Kansas Democrats attempted to secure in 1909. Hon. T. F. Morrison, a Democratic member of the House and now the democratic candidate for attorney general, introduced a bill providing for the Oregon plan. It was defeated by the solid Republican vote of the House. Not a single square dealer voted for it. The governor's voice was not uplifted in its favor until the ground swell became visible.

In the same legislature the Democrats tried to pass a law compelling individuals and committees to publish the source and expenditure of all campaign moneys. The solid republican vote was thrown against this measure also. The democrats pledge its enactment, and the "progressive" Republicans of 1910 with impudence equalled only by the boy with the pups, claim to have had their "eyes opened" and appropriate this measure as their own.

Of the nine square deal laws, for the enactment of which the administration is claiming the suffrages of the people, I say it, not boastingly, but as a needed contribution to history that the writer, as a Democratic senator, wrote five of them.

One of the most important measures of the past six years was the bill making a horizontal reduction of freight rates on grain and grain products. The committee on Railroads drew a bill in accordance with my resolution and it became a law. The writer was its sole supporter, at first, in the committee, but he succeeded in winning over a majority to his view and it was reported and passed by the senate. This enactment saves the farmers and shippers of Kansas thousands of dollars annually. The bill imposing an excise tax on express companies was also the writer's and it netted the state $12,000 last year. Alex Mitchell, Governor Stubbs' floor manager in the house and now a candidate for congress was against it on constitutional grounds and it was only after much pressure that he was induced to withdraw his objections, even though a similar law had been declared constitutional in Ohio.

The Anti-pass law, as it now exists, was the joint work of Senator Getty and myself and as such it was substituted for the Stone bill, which was a weak makeshift. See page 585 Senate Journal of 1907. The Hodges Rock Road Law, the Act preventing the confiscation of coal, the act compelling railroad companies to weigh their cars within 24 hours before loading them with coal, the reciprocal demurrage bill, the amended ballot law, are all acts with which the writer was closely identified.

Yet not only the writer, but all the patriotic Democrats who supported and by their votes made possible all the reform legislation of the past six years, have been deliberately robbed of all credit for their part in these matters.

Our record is one of sincerity of purpose. Our State platform accords with our state platform of two years ago and with our National platform. Our view point is Jeffersonian and Democratic. The Initiative and Referendum, the Recall, the election of United States Senators and Federal Judges by direct vote of the people, are truly Democratic. They emphasize Jeffersons' doctrine that public officers are public servants and should derive their powers directly from the people, and be amenable to the people.

The Republican State platform is not in accord with the National Republican platform, which is the *ultimate authority for what is Republican.* In so far as the republican state platform appropriates planks from the Democrats it is only shamly Republican, and the appropriation can have but one purpose, the purpose so aptly illustrated in the familiar lines:

"When the devil was sick
The devil a monk would be,
When the devil got well,
The devil a monk was he."

There is another matter with which the Kansas Democracy has identified itself. The conservation of Kansas resources. The preparing our people for the day when high priced land will compel more scientific farming to make small farms yield greatly increased crops. To this end we pledge greater attention to our country schools and to our agricultural college and to the establishment of convenient experiment stations. There is a conservation which interests Kansas more than that which was discussed at the Minneapolis wind fest. Kicking Dick Ballinger out may be left to the strenuous one who took him from Seattle and made him Commissioner of the General Land Office and left him to President Taft as an inheritance, marked O. K. The Governor of Kansas has great questions at home to deal with, if he will get busy with them.

The Democratic platform pledges the people a dollar's worth of service for a dollar's pay, not as a joke, or meant for the small office holder, but for all up to and including the governor.

We pledge a reduction of the number of commissions and inspectors, a reduction of an enormous contingent fund. We are for the repeal of the inheritance tax law which is conceded in its present form to be unjust and a hardship in many cases.

Finally we repudiate the assertion, so often made that the two candidates for governor stand for the same things. We stand for lifelong convictions. We approach these things from entirely different points of view. The Republican approaches these things from the Hamiltonian view point and with that view point stamped on his mind by education and inheritance, these measures are not likely to be given the full import which one who approaches them from the view point of Jefferson will give them. To the Democrat they are not expedients but principles. In truth and in fact Kansas Democrats *stand*, not grand stand, for a square deal.

Resolution

I'm tired to-day! O Christ, I know it is a weakling's part
In me to falter on the way, faint in mind and heart.
But Lord, the burden on my back!—Forgive my halting fear—
Is greater now than all my might, and I must lay it here
Awhile and rest. But I will rise and take it up again
And if my strength can bear the load Thou knowest I'll not complain.

GEORGE WRIGHTMAN.

Governor Stubbs Declines

IN planning the reading matter for this issue of The Kansas Magazine, we concluded that an article from Governor Stubbs on "Kansas Republicanism" and an article form the Democratic candidate for Governor on "Kansas Democracy" would be especially timely and very interesting to our readers. We wrote our request for the articles over 30 days before copy was needed for publication. Mr. Hodges responded promptly with the article that is published herewith.

We regret very much that Governor Stubbs has been unable to write for us the opposing view as the intention of the Kansas Magazine was to give a fair and equal display to the views of both candidates.

We print below the Governor's reply to our request in order that our readers may know that an equal courtesy was extended by us to both Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Hodges.

STATE OF KANSAS
W. R. STUBBS, Governor
TOPEKA

September Fifth, 1910.

Mr. F. Dumont Smith,
Wichita, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Your valued favor of August 23rd was duly received. I regret to advise you owing to the fact that I am so very busy it will be be impossible for me to perpare such an article as you would like. I thank you, however, very much for your kind offer.

With kindest regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

W. R. STUBBS,
Governor.

The Valley of Vision

By Myra Williams Jarrell

"IT ain't that I've got anything special against you, Simon," said Wesleyan Morgan, nervously plaiting and unplaiting her apron, "but seems like I'd *bust* if I didn't git away, somehow. There's somethin' inside o' me, that don't give me no rest, night or day, but keeps urgin' me on."

She paused, and fixed her faded, wistful eyes on her husband's face. His jaws were working tremulously, and his eyes were downcast. The whole expression of the man, even of his bulky frame, with bowed shoulders, spoke eloquently of the plow and the hoe, of droughts and floods, of discouragement, disappointment and failure. Yet the face was strong rather than weak. He looked like a man who would not be downed by the reverses of fortune, but would take up his burden again, and yet again, until the problem of living should be solved for him, and his hands should have earned their rest.

In a daze he heard Wesleyan's apologetic tones again: "I never meant that you should know all this, Simon—for you've been real good to me."

"I know I ain't been a very good provider, Wes, but I done the best I could," was his weary rejoinder.

"Oh, it ain't that," she hastened to correct him, "honest, it ain't that, Simon. It's only—" her pale face flushed a little, and she clasped her bony hands together, "somehow, seems like I can't live no longer without love."

Simon raised his head and looked at her as though he did not understand her. "Onct," she continued, in a high, strained, voice, "onct you told me't you loved me, and you kissed me."

"That was before we was married," he said in a surprised tone.

"Yes, I know 'twas. And I s'pose I ain't no call to expect you to keep on tellin' me for twenty years, special as you have to work so hard, an' have such bad luck. But it's just that that ails me. Seems like—seems like I just can't live no longer without love."

"Why—Wes—" he faltered awkwardly.

"I ain't never had any love," she cried, her embarrassment now gone. "Ma, she never did show me much affection, bein' always kind o' harsh with me, an' I don't remember Pa. And I never had no brothers nor sisters. Then there was you,—and course I couldn't expect you to put in the hull endurin' time a' makin' love to me. I uster wish—" the dull glow again crimsoned her face, which was working with emotion, "I uster wish that I'd have a little baby to love. I uster to cut out all the pomes about babies that I could find in the papers, an' lots of 'em I learned by heart. And I uster think that when I had children, I'd recite 'em to 'em. And seemed like, if I just had a baby to put to sleep on my breast, I could *sing* to it,—and I'd never been able to keep on the key in my life, in church."

Her husband turned his eyes away from the ineffable glory of Motherhood, which shone in her usually plain face. She had let go of her reserve, and was shamelessly laying bare her holy of holies, for his inspection, and an emotion sweet as it was unusual, began to take possession of his work-hardened soul.

Suddenly her voice dropped. The eager cadence, as she dwelt on the ecstatic expectation of those early years, changed to one of hopeless neutrality. "But seems like there must a' been some hidden sin in me, so's I wasn't considered worthy—for no little one ever came to me. And there's Mis' Simpson, with 'em all ages, and forever complainin' that they're always under foot, and in the way. And Mis' Watson, whose children are all growed up, who says children are a thankless lot, and not worth their raisin'—and *me—me—*"

Her voice choked. Then she went on in a matter of fact tone: "I've always wanted to see things, too. Never been twenty miles from home in twenty years. Nights when you've been sleepin', I've laid awake an' thought how I'd like to travel, to see a real big city, an' ride on one of them electric cars Mis' Green told me about, an' go to the picture gallery, an' to the theayter. I don't care if it is wicked, I want to go to the theayter. I reckon if I'd had children, I wouldn't a' had any of these immoral cravin's. I can't help it, even if my folks did name me Wesleyan."

"I ain't a' gainsayin' but what you're right in goin'," said her husband earnestly, "You've had a hard life, I know that. And it don't seem to be in me to let on about carin' for you. And now that your Aunt Elviry's died and left you all that money, you've got a right to see the world. Only—only you ain't a' leavin' me for good, are ye, Wes? You ain't a' goin' to get no deevorce, are you?"

"Why, no, Simon, I ain't. But I don't want to be bound by no promise to come back at a certain time. Seems like there's somethin' real dev'lish inside o' me, tellin' me to go off and lead my own life for awhile. But I'm goin' to leave half of this money for you, Simon. There's all the experience I need in $1000, and with the other thousand, you could buy that new reaper you need so much, and get things in kind o' good shape on the farm."

"No, Wes, I ain't a' goin' to take that money. I ain't denyin' it would help out consid'rable, and if we was partners still, it would be diff'rent. But seems like you're a stranger to me now, and I don't feel like bein' beholdin' to you."

"Well, you can do as you please about usin' it, but I'm a' goin' to leave it for you to take care of. If I was carryin' so much around with me in the city, I might get robbed."

"When do you calculate to start?" Simon asked with an assumption of indifference.

"Well, le's see. To-morrow I'll iron the clothes I've washed to-day. Then Wednesday I'll give the kitchen and sittin' room a good reddin' up. That'll throw my baking day a day late, but I guess it don't matter none, as I'm goin' to begin leadin' an irregular life anyway. I dunno's I care to leave on Friday. And Saturday's a bad day to get anywhere on, so I guess I can't start then. And it would be a' temptin' of Providence to start on the Lord's Day. That throws it to Monday again. It's terrible shiftless to go anywhere on wash-day, but I reckon if I'm ever goin', I got to break some set rules, anyway, so I calculate I'd best be startin' on Monday."

They sat in uncomfortable silence for a few minutes, and then Wesleyan said softly, "I'm a plannin' to leave quite a lot of stuff cooked up for you, Simon."

"Oh, don't bother about me. I'll take care of myself," he said, rising heavily from his chair, and walking out.

Wesleyan could see into the other room, as he took his hat off the peg in the kitchen, and passed out-doors. There was something in his bearing that brought the quick tears to her eyes, but dashing them aside, she said angrily to herself, aloud—a habit she had formed long before—"Don't be an old fool, Wesleyan. The halter's off now, and you can run right through the medder gate and live your own life."

Monday, when Simon had eaten his early breakfast in silence, he rose, and asked with labored politeness, "Shall you want old Tom to drive to the train with?"

Wesleyan's face wore a strained expression, her eyes a worried look. "No," she answered slowly, "I arranged with Mr. Green to take my trunk, and I reckon I can ride with it."

"Well, I guess I must be gettin' to my work. Ploughin' seems kinder hard these days. I s'pose it's because I'm gettin' old." He started slowly toward the door, took his hat off the peg, and stood fingering it awkwardly, and watching her as she began briskly gathering up the dishes, stooping to hide the moisture which had gathered in her eyes.

"I've got quite a batch of stuff baked up, Simon, so's you won,t suffer for awhile. They's half a dozen pies, a batch o' doughnuts, a biled ham, a baked chicken, a mess o' cold slaw, and five loaves o' bread. I s'pose they'll be a terrible scandal 'bout my goin'

away. What you goin' to tell folks?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm a' goin' to say as how you're so wore down with workin' so hard, that you've gone to the city to get rested up."

"Well, all I've got to say is, after the clean wears off the house, don't let Mis' Simpson or Mis' Green in at that door. My ears would burn somethin' awful, no matter where I'd be, if they should see my house dirty," Wesleyan said, as she deposited the dishes in the dish-pan, preparatory to washing them.

"Well, I guess I'll be goin' " Simon said, jamming his hat down on his head. Then with an attempt at jocularity, "Take good care of yourself, Wes, an' don't buy no gold-bricks. An' when you get tired of the city—why, there's always home, you know."

He turned to go, then with his hand on the knob, he said without looking at her, "I wish't I'd a' been different, Wes. I wish't I'd a' been brought up to,—well, to—you know what I mean,—to talk out an' tell folks how I feel. But, somehow, I never could. I s'pose, bein' a bound boy with no folks of my own, and no one to care for me,—I kind o' didn't form the habit.—Well, goodbye." and he had opened the door and gone before Wesleyan could reply.

"T'ain't no manner o' use cryin' over spilt milk," she told herself firmly, as the tears began trickling down her cheeks. Then, plunging her hands into the dish-water, she added, "I've set my hand to the plough an' I'll not be turned back."

* * * * * *

"Well, pipe your Aunt Priscilla from the country," shrilled a boy's taunting voice. There was a rattling of wagons, the bells of the surface cars, and the clang of the elevated trains. There were the sirens of automobiles, the swearing of the drivers of unruly teams. There were all the confusing ear-splitting, nerve-racking noises of the city ringing in Wesleyan's ears, and high above all, the boy's note of ridicule, which her sensitive soul told her could mean no other than herself.

She turned just in time to hear another boyish voice say, "Aw, shut up. Ain't you got no manners?" and then an alarmed shout, "Hey, there, look where you're a' goin'." and a small figure darted forward and jerked her back to safety, just as a fast speeding touring car dashed by.

When she was safe on the curbing, and panting a little from the excitement of the danger she had been in, she turned toward the child who had saved her. He was an undersized, underfed, wizened old boy, of possibly eight years of age, but with all the experience of the great city in which he lived, written in his sombre eyes.

Before she had finished her survey of what was to her a totally new type of childhood, the voice of the boy who had first spoken, was heard right behind her, "Well, you saved your old country auntie, didn't you, Rags? Bet you she gives you a penny fer it."

"Aw, melt away," was the scornful retort of the small boy; and then to Wesleyan: "Say, don't ye pay no attention to him. You come with me, and I'll show you a place where you can feed peanuts to the squirrels."

"But I ain't even asked your name yet,—nor give you anything for what you done," quavered Wesleyan tremulously, fumbling for her purse.

"Do ye have to be interduced to me before ye'll accept me escort to de park? Well, den, me name's Rags, an' I sells papers on dis beat. I charges five hundred dollars per dozen fer rescuin' ladies. When you travels in bunches, it makes the figurin' easier. So save your money, for I couldn't change a $500 bill to save me."

Wesleyan was too bewildered to make anything of his gibberish except that he did not want any money for saving her life. She allowed herself to be conducted submissively away from the roar of traffic, up past stately mansions, until finally she found herself seated comfortably on a bench in a vast, beautiful park, underneath a huge tree, which gave grateful shelter from the warm spring sun.

"It feels sort o' good to rest," she said as she relaxed. "I've been walking around for several hours, ever sence my train got in, tryin' to find a place to stay in. I'm a stranger in the city," she explained simply.

"Yep, I sized you up, all right," and

the boy nodded sagely, "But you know, you'd oughtn't to be wandering around without no def'nite aim. You might get pinched."

"Get what?" she asked fearfully.

"The cop might get you, and haul you in the Black Maria as a vag, and then you'd get thirty days on the Island."

"Young man, though I don't speak your language, I seem to sense that you mean I might get arrested," she said, with dignity.

"Yep, you're on," was his reply.

"Well, that's one thing I ain't afeared of. I kin give an account o' myself, all right. I'm Mis' Simon Morgan, of Four Corners," she said with some show of pride.

"Well, see here, Mis' Simon Morgan, I didn't mean no offense, an' if you'll let me, I'll look after you, an' find you a clean respectable place to stay while you're in the city."

"That's real kind of you—what did you say your name was—Rags? Ain't you got no other name. I shall call you Reginald whiles I'm with you. That was what I was goin' to name my son,—only I never had none."

"Say, don't you call me no such name when any of the fellers are around," he protested.

"No, I shan't call you that, except when we're alone. And now, Reginald, I'm agoin' to eat my dinner, and I'd be almighty proud to have you accept of my hospitality," and Wesleyan proceeded to open a huge shoe-string bag which she had been carrying over her arm, and which bulged with packages.

"Those are high soundin' words, but I s'pose that means I kin feed my face at your expense. But, say, Mis' Simon Morgan, no offense meant, but would you mind if I went and got Bunch, and give her my share. I ain't hungry, honest I ain't—but Bunch is,—she's always hungry."

"Who is Bunch? Your sister?"

"No, I ain't got no sister. Bunch is just Bunch. You see, her mother died, and there didn't no kin show up to take care of Bunch—her father bein' dead too, so I adopted her." The boy puffed out his shrunken chest as he spoke.

"And say, you'd oughta see Bunch. The way she wrinkles up her nose an' laughs, kinda makes things seem right, even when you know they ain't. She's not quite three yet, but the smartest little trick ever."

"And where do you live? Does your mother take care of Bunch?"

"My—*what!* My *mother*? Say, that's rich. I ain't never had no mother."

"Never had a mother? Why, what do you mean boy?"

"Well, there uster be a woman claimed she was my mother, and I didn't never know no different till I seen Bunch's mother."

"Did she tell you the other woman wasn't your mother? Maybe you was kidnapped from royal parents," exclaimed Wesleyan, who dearly loved a romance, and fancied she scented one here.

"Nop, more likely they was cheap skates what kidnapped theirselves away from me. She never told me nothin,' but the way I knowed the woman wasn't never my mother, was that mothers are different. Why, what do you think," the boy's voice dropped confidentially, "Bunch's mother uster *kiss* her an' hold her on her lap, and do all kinds o' stunts like that!"

Wesleyan moved closer to the boy. Here was a kindred spirit, and all unconsciously, her hand found and clasped his, which he seemed not to notice, as he went on with his story.

"So after she died, I took Bunch. She's my baby now. But it's awful hard keepin' her out all day till night comes. Course, I can't have her with me when I'm sellin' papers. The gang's too tough. You seen for yourself what I mean. It'd keep me fightin' all the time. I've only had her about two months now, an' the days has been pleasant, but I'm aworryin' about what I'll do when winter comes."

"Why, havn't you a *home*?" asked Wesleyan, her clasp tightening on the boy's hand.

"A *what*? Oh, you mean a place to sleep. Yep, I've got a place to sleep her in. They's only one bed, an' that's just a pallet, an' she sleeps on that. I roll me coat up fer a piller fer meself, an' gets along all right. But mornin's, soon's it's light, I got to git that poor, sleepy little kid out before Pop gits in."

"Then you have a father?" asked Wesleyan, who found herself vitally interested in the child's story.

"Nop, he ain't really my Pop. He's the "steenth husband of the woman what uster say she was my mother. She run away about a year ago. That was soon after Bunch's mother moved into the tenement, an' I seen what mothers was like."

"But what about this man you call Pop? Is he good to you?"

"He don't beat me when he don't ketch me." Rags answered tersely. "He sets type in a big print shop, when he ain't too drunk, an' works nights, so's he don't use his rooms only mornin's. I wouldn't dass to let him ketch Bunch there. They's no tellin' what he would do, he's so v'lent."

"Then where is Bunch?" Wesleyan asked eagerly.

"She's here in the park, just a little ways off. She's a good baby an' minds me, an' don't go beyond the limits I sets fer her. Then they's a friendly cop on dis beat, what's got kids of his own. I've told him about Bunch, an' he keeps his eye on her. Noon's I bring her a bite to eat, an' nights, when I've did well with my papers, I takes her to a cheap joint, an' we has a *meal*, yessir, a real meal, of beef an' beans an' coffee, all for fifteen cents."

"Well, you go get Bunch right this minute—only I'm goin' to call her Gwendolin, that's what I was agoin' to call my daughter, only I never had none. And when you get back with her, we'll all have dinner here together,—a regular picnic lunch. Somethin' must a' told me to put them extry doughnuts in. But she was talking to empty air, for before she had gone farther than to tell Rags to bring Bunch, he was off like the wind.

"Seemed like I wasn't goin' to like the city," Wesleyan told herself, "but, anyway, I'm glad I come."

In an incredibly short time Rags reappeared, half dragging, half carrying a chub of a child, with a mass of tangled curly hair, merry blue eyes looking out from an undeniably dirty face, a saucy little nose, and an adorable mouth.

"Here she is," gasped Rags. "An' Bunch, make your bow to the lady. She's Mis' Simon Mogan, o' Four Corners. I'm tryin' to learn her some manners, though I ain't got none myself," said the boy, in an explanatory aside.

Bunch stuck one plump forefinger in her mouth, and gravely surveyed Wesleyan for a full minute. Then suddenly her little nose wrinkled up, as a smile spread all over her baby face, and she deliberately climbed up in Wesleyan's lap, leaned her head confidingly against her breast, and said, "I likes the pretty lady."

Wesleyan's heart nearly burst with joy. Never, even in the freshness of her youth, had any one called her pretty. It must have been the reflection of her starved soul, which had craved, and been denied Motherhood, that made her seem fair to this ingenuous little one. And far and above the sop to her vanity, was this same Mother instinct which made her clasp the child close in an ecstasy, as she rocked back and forth on the bench, murmuring, "You darling baby, you darling baby."

Back into that long-ago past, she fled, holding in her arms a little warm figure, that clung to her in love. Her heart sang it's paean of joy, all of the exquisite, unsung lullabies of motherhood bubbled up, pleading for utterance.

It was Rags who recalled her to reality by saying, "Say, Mis' Simon Morgan, if it's all the same to you, les eat."

"Why, of course, you blessed boy. We'll spread it out on the other end of the bench. There now,—there's ham sandwiches an' chicken sandwiches, here's pickles,—here's doughnuts, and some apples. It beats all what made me put up such a big lunch, like's if I never expected to get another square meal," she murmured, awed by the mystery of her big adventure.

"You must have had a hunch," said Rags, his mouth full of sandwich.

It was while she was nibbling at a pickle, and watching the hungry children making way with the home-made viands, with which their stomachs were unfamiliar, that the Great Idea came to her.

This was why the unrest had come upon her, she told herself. It was the vision of unfulfilled hopes, and unsatisfied longings which had driven her from

her home,--which *was* a good one, she reflected, as she thought remorsefully of Simon's patience with her whim. And it was a Something she could not comprehend, which had directed her to these two little ones, who needed her as much as she needed them. It seemed, to her pious sense, a Divine Command, to give them shelter, in her home and heart.

At the conclusion of the repast, when Rags was filled with that beneficence of spirit which comes to Man when he has been well-fed, she broached the subject, and disclosed her plans. She wanted them both for her very own, she told him. She even took out the secret of her starved life for his inspection, for she discerned that the hardships he had endured had made him wise beyond his years, and she felt he could understand.

He pondered the matter gravely, looking earnestly at Bunch the while. "It's a cinch," he conceded, "that you kin give Bunch a better home than what I kin. An' of course, if I went along, I'd always be there to look after her. I might miss the city, but somehow, I believe I'd like the country. It's like this, ain't it?" waving his hand vaguely up toward the trees of the park.

"Yes," Wesleyan assented, "an' it's awful peaceful an' quiet. You just hear the frogs a' croakin' an' the birds a' chirpin', an' the hens a cacklin,' an' the roosters a' crowin' an' the pigs a' gruntin' an' the cows a' mooin', an'—"

"Well, that's noise enough fer me an' Bunch, I reckon," interrupted Rags, and then he added hastily, "I'll go if you won't call me that sissy name what you said you was agoin' to name me. I sure would bust myself laughin' every time you called me, an' I would fergit that t'was me you was a' wantin'. You kin call me Bill or Sam, or any old name but that."

Wesleyan relinquished her long cherished name with a sigh, and they compromised on Will. "But I can call Bunch Gwendolin, can't I?" she asked wistfully.

"Ye—es," Rags doubtfully replied, "Just so's you don't expect me to call her that."

They then arranged to go to some decent lodging place for the night, after she had outfitted the children properly, and the next morning they would start for home, reaching there in about five hours time.

* * * * * *

Simon Morgan was ploughing in the south pasture Tuesday morning, his back bowed a trifle more than usual, when he heard a voice calling him from the road. He turned around, and seeing Mrs. Watson leaning over the seat of her spring wagon, he stopped the plough-horse, and walked heavily over to the fence, mopping his forehead as he did so.

"Good mornin', Mr. Morgan. How's your ploughin' comin' on? I just stopped to ask if it's true, as Mis' Green says, that Mis' Morgan's come into a fortune, an' gone off to the city to spend it?"

Simon chose his words carefully: "It's true that Mis' Morgan's come into a fortune, if you call $2193.78 a fortune. I think them's the exact figgers. 'Twas left her by her Aunt Elviry, that lived up to Marionsville. An' she's gone to the city to rest up a spell from the twenty year she's been a' workin' without a vacation. I want that she should have a good time."

"Mis' Green says thet Mr. Green says thet judgin' from the size of the trunk she took, it looked like she had taken all her things, an' did'nt expect to come back very soon," persisted the woman.

"Well, of course, naturally she wanted to make a good showin' in the city, bein' as she ain't never been there before," was Simon's cautious reply to this innuendo, "so's she took clothes enough to last whiles she was there. I must be gettin' back to my ploughin', Mis' Watson."

Mrs. Watson clucked to her horse, and slapped it's back with the lines as she delivered her parting shaft, "It's lucky she kin throw off responsibility that away. I'd be oneasy every minute, if t'was me, for fear a mouse might git into the flour, or a moth eat my settin' room carpet. But every one to his notion. I'll bid you good-day."

Simon went back to his work with a dull ache at his heart, and the question which had ceaselessly presented itself ever since Wesleyan had first announced her intention of going away, again became uppermost in his thought; would she ever came back to him?

When the noon whistle in the village a mile away sounded it's warning, he unfastened the old horse, and led him home. Leaving him in the barn with his dinner, he turned slowly toward the house, his feet dragging as though reluctant to enter.

So engrossed was he in his thoughts, he did not notice that there was smoke coming out of the chimney. He opened the door, and hung his hat on the peg. "How-de-do, Simon. Be you surprised to see me?" asked Wesleyan's voice in more cheery accents than he had ever heard from her, as she emerged from the pantry, bearing a loaf of bread in her hand.

Simon rubbed his hand across his eyes, and looked again. Yes, it was surely his wife, and yet there was something unfamiliar about her, too. There was an expression he had never seen on her face before. She wore the same faded kitchen apron she had worn the morning before—was it only the day before that she had left him? But Wesleyan never smiled with her eyes, seldom with her lips, and to-day she radiated joyousness.

She looked like a glorified edition of the girl he had married twenty years before. But these thoughts scarcely found tangible lodgement in his mind, which seemed incapable of grasping anything beyond the fact that she had come back to him.

Wesleyan returned his mystified gaze with eyes which twinkled, and then she called out, "Come on out, children, an' get acquainted with your new Pa,"—this last with a shy tremor in her voice.

Out of the pantry behind her, came the two children, Rags and Bunch, made over by their complete outfit of city clothes. Rags seemed to have dropped some of his cock-sureness, with the city air, but had lost none of the manliness which his early responsibilities had engendered. Bunch was more engaging than ever, with her curls neatly smoothed and tied with a big bow, and her merry little face rosy and clean.

While the children were taking stock of the man who was to figure in their new lives as their father, and he was staring with open-eyed astonishment at them, Wesleyan, in jumbled phrases, half laughing, half crying, told Sam how it had all came about.

Her story did not convey much to his befuddled brain, except that the boy had saved her from being run down by an automobile, and that she had brought them home to live with them, to be their children—their children—the words sounded sweet in his ears.

"Now you take 'em out an' show 'em the chickens. The pore little mites ain't never seen live chickens, nor dead ones either, for that matter. Whiles you are adoin' that, I'll get dinner ready, an' then ring the bell. And, Simon, they's no call for you to plough this afternoon, for you can get Jonses boy to do it to-morrow. Why not stay in an' get acquainted with—your *family!* An' I calculate that about to-morrow afternoon, after I get straightened around here, we might all go to town, to get that reaper, an' some other things that we need real bad."

Simon had never heard of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. If he had, he would have been certain that some one had kindly rubbed the lamp in his behalf. All he knew, was that he was bewilderingly happy, as he went out to the chicken house with one child on each side of him, and his woman in the house cooking dinner for him.

Wesleyan hummed a song as she moved about the beloved confines of the little kitchen—her kitchen—and stopped occasionally to wipe a stray tear from her eyes. Finally she told herself, accusingly, "Wesleyan Morgan, you don't deserve to be so happy—an' you a' cherishin' immoral cravin's for the theayter only the other day! But I guess the good Lord knew what you wanted more'n excitement, a'n give it to you. An' I guess you needed to have your eyes opened to know that Simon's part of that happiness. I reckon I ain't agoin' to lie awake nights any more, a' snifflin' because I ain't got no love. An' if I had'nt been as blind as a bat, I'd a' seen that Simon likes me some, even if he ain't no hand to let on. There now, everything's done. I reckon them little ones is holler clear down to their toes, an' Simon, too."

When they came in, Simon was carrying Bunch, and she had her arms

around his neck, and her soft little cheek pressed against his rough one. He still looked like a man in a dream, a dream so sweet, that he feared to awaken and find it only a sleeping illusion.

Rags was walking close beside him, and chatting as man to man. "Say," that young hopeful exclaimed enthusiastically to Wesleyan, when they were in the kitchen, "me for the country! I wouldn't go back to the city, for a brown stone front. And Bunch wouldn't neither. Would you, Bunch?"

Bunch tightened her clasp on Simon's neck, as she lisped, "No, Bunch is goin' to stay with new Pa."

After the children were seated at the table, Simon went over to the wash basin, which stood near the stove, where Wesleyan was dishing up the dinner, and said, "The boy's a peart little chap; wants to help take care o' the chickens, an' learn to milk, An' the little girl—" his voice failed him, and in lieu of words, he soused his face in the water and came up gasping.

He dried his face thoughtfully, and then went over to where Wesleyan was pouring the coffee, preparatory to carrying it to the table, and said with a clumsy attempt to be easy in his manner, "I'm mighty pleased with them children, Wes. I ain't much good at lettin' on—but—I'm mighty pleased to have you to home again, too," and he dropped his hand awkwardly on her shoulder.

It was'nt much. But it was an unusual demonstration for Simon, and Wesleyan understood, and her heart sang for joy. She had achieved the fulfillment of her Vision.

Bill

BILL was one of the quittin' kind—
Never could quite make up his mind
To finish anything; he'd jest git
Fairly started and then he'd quit;
Start onto somethin' else, and then
Purty soon up and quit again;
Potterin' 'round from sun to sun—
Busy, but never got nothin' done.

Neighbors would wink and smile, but still
Everybody liked old Bill—
Trouble or sickness anywhere,
He was the first one to be there.
Kids they loved him the best of all—
Come a whoopin' whenever he'd call,
And Bill 'd say, with a kind o' grin,
"Well, guess I'd better quit agin."

Felt purty sad, one cold, dark day,
Watchin' with Bill as he passed away—
Folks all solemn, and whisperin' low,
Voicin' their grief as they seen him go.
But Bill jest said: "Well, the Lord knows best.
Reckon He thought I was needin' rest—
Never hev doubted His mercy yit;
So good-bye, friends, I'm a goin' to quit."

J. C. Bradshaw.

Dr. S. J. Crumbine and His Work

By William R. Kercher

THE day's search for that elusive, mysterious thing we call News, had been barren as to net proceeds. No "statesmen" had saved the situation with an "open letter," a common device of the politician to save postage and printer's ink charges in getting his views spread broadcast before the people. No one had that day entered the lists on the "Public Forum." Even Veritas and A Good Citizen were silent and moody. Crop nor bank report; semi-annual nor bi-ennial dry-as-dust statistics had come forward into the breach. "Nothing doing," in the vernacular of the local room, summarized the verdict.

I met the postman coming into the east wing of the State house. A huge bag of mail, on whose outside more was clustered than was crammed into its capacious cavernous interior, humped up his back like a camel's. I bethought myself of the suggestion of a veteran treader of the grapes of the newspaper vineyard "that interesting things are news"—things that happen over and over again, day after day, but go unasked about and unchronicled because of their very familiar repetition. The psychology of that idea I determined to inflict experimentally upon this unsuspecting, guiltless and defenseless distributor of Uncle Sam's mail.

"Who gets the most letters in the State house?" I asked him. That was my probe.

"The State Board of Health," he replied, shifting his sack and the hang of his mouth to the same side, and pegged along, without giving me any further chance of getting into conflict with the rigorous Federal statutes concerning the interruption of the United States mail.

"Why should the State Board of Health get the most letters in a big State house like that of Kansas, with its many departments and their widely diversified ramifications?" was a natural question to ask of one's self, for like the advertisement, "there's a reason." On second thought I paraphrased that advertising slogan with "there's a man." And it gave up the correct answer.

Turn back the calendar to September 17, 1862. While on that day at Antietam one of the bloodiest battles in the world's history was being fought.

Samuel Jay Crumbine was born at Emlenton, Pa. His mother was of Scotch-English ancestry. Her people were of the Revolutionary period. His father was of German extraction, in whose heart Lincoln's call for volunteers found ready response. When Appomatox came around, the father was buried in far-away Southern lands, a victim of Libby Prison, literally starved to death. The future Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Health was an orphan before he had reached the age of three.

Ambitious for an education, he began working for himself when he had reached a sufficient age, and saved his money for knowledge to be gained from books and cloistered halls. Mercer Academy at Mercer, Pa., gave him his preliminary education. He served an apprenticeship as a druggist and worked four years at that profession. Then he began looking about for a medical education. He was attracted to the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery. His meager savings carried him through to almost the end of the first year, but ran out just at the most important part of the term. Things looked dubious. The landlady had to be paid. It was either a job, or quitting. And he got a job. It was with a patent medicine house distributing samples and circularizing the city of Cincinnati.

That was decidedly anomolous. And Samuel Jay Crumbine kept his job a dark secret. It seems funny now when one thinks of how he has often mustered

up his heavy artillery and unloaded it upon patent concoctions—but that in those days helped him win his sheepskin. He desperately dodged the other students while out passing about sample bottles and tacking signs to telephone poles. For the world he would not have had them know the work he was doing. His dodging was ridiculous, and successful.

But with determination he hung on and finally graduated. A gold medal was awarded him for general excellence in all examinations. And then for a location to try his pills and knives.

Horace Greeley's advice determined him, and he came West. In March, 1885, he landed at Spearville, Ford county, Kansas, with a medical education, a good start on a beard, lots of determination and thirty-five dollars in the coin of the realm. Those were his net assets, and he proceeded to cash them.

Part of the $35 went for buckskin ponies. He became a frontier doctor. And he "made good" right at the start. His were the experiences of a doctor in those care-free and easy days. Soon he located at Dodge City. No trail was too long, no night too dark for him to trek those endless plains in response to a call. He has a world of fine stories of those days, happy, pleasant, laughable incidents of frontier doctoring. He built up and grew up with the country. His whiskers also grew up.

In that same March of 1885 when Dr. Crumbine first looked upon Spearville, the Kansas State Board of Health was organized at Topeka. Dr. Crumbine wasn't asked to help—no invitation went to him. He was not thinking about it either; for he was after a "start." With it came a fine reputation for skill, conscientious and faithful service to the people of those Ford county plains. And in 1898, when Governor Stanley assumed the reins of the State's government, he named Dr. Samuel Jay Crumbine a member of the Kansas State Board of Health.

In those days the Board met periodically, and adjourned. That was about all there was to it. Dr. Crumbine kept studying the stuation. He dug around in the Kansas statutes to see what kind of medical laws were contained therein. At the September meeting in 1901 he moved that a committee be appointed to frame a law to be presented to the legislature concerning a medical practice act. That was the source of the medical practice act in the present Dassler compilation. It requires that regular graduates of recognized medical schools may practice in Kansas upon passing an examination before the State Medical Board. Up to that time most any man could hang up a shingle and label himself an M. D. But that law sounded the death-knell of the "fakir." The mountebank who came from the East and settled himself down upon Kansas as a qualified medical practitioner, also took the count. It set the Kansas medical profession upon a high plane.

The province of the State Medical Board in those days consisted of holding quarterly meetings and issuing quarterly statements from counties concerning contagious diseases, births and deaths. There was a general supervision provided for in the way of quarantining epidemice. But there ended the chapter. Thers was nothing in the way of food and drugs laws as to-day; in the way of hotel inspection, individual drinking cups, tuberculosis crusading, weights and measures laws, sewage disposal legislation, and all of these things which we have found so good and vital in our day—and our day is but a few removed from 1900.

Then the Secretary of the State Board of Health occupied one little room in the basement floor of the State house. His clerical force consisted of one stenographer. The secretary's salary was $1200 a year. An hour a day at his office answering letters was all the time needed—many times he did not have to be there that much. He published no bulletins. He consolidated his quarterly reports into annual statements. By that time these reports were old and were in need of the clippers in a barber shop. Their whiskers were long and waving. The secretary of those days was not asked to give his whole time to the work. He carried on his regular practice, and the $1200 salary as secretary was but an added sum to his net proceeds. There was no law under which to work. The things that were specified he did. That was all there was to it.

It needed a creative man. When Dr. Charles Lowry was named to fill Dr. W. B. Swan's unexpired term, Lowry was elected for an additional year, with the understanding that Dr. S. J. Crumbine of Dodge City was to be Secretary at the end of that time if he desired the place. Dr. Crumbine was uncertain about it. He had a good practice at Dodge. He hesitated about going to Topeka and starting over again. But the educational advantages of Topeka for his two children decided the question. He came; he saw, and conquered.



DR. SAMUEL JAY CRUMBINE
Secretary Kansas State Board of Health

He had concluded some years before that there was a useful existence for the Kansas State Board of Health. Also he concluded that operated under its limited scope of those times it had no real right of existence. So he began to look around and think it all out.

First he concluded that the quarterly reports were useless and of no purpose. So he required monthly reports from county health officers. Under the quarterly system an epidemic might come and go before reported. So he demanded monthly reports and published them, being his own printer, and the mimeograph the printing press. To-day he receives weekly health reports from all over Kansas. Faster still he makes the work go in important matters. The recent outbreak of infantile paralysis was a matter which even our fast mails could not handle quickly enough. So the doctor got "down to lightning" and had such cases reported by telegraph.

Then he decided upon a bulletin. He got them out monthly, just one sheet, and off the mimeograph. But the doctor had more to say and more to report than that one page would hold. It didn't look right either. The reporters looked for that one sheet of mimeo-



graph bulletin as an important and timely piece of news. It always had something in it that the newspapers called "live." The Monthly Bulletin grew out of that one sheet mimeograph report. To-day the Monthly Bulletin, first printed in July 1905, contains 32 pages, and has a circulation of over 10,000 and goes all over the country. It is live news, up-to-date, chuck full of information, is crisp with epigrammatic editorials. It is the guide, philosopher and friend of the zealous enforcer of the health laws of Kansas, in whatever city or county of Kansas he may be.

In the meantime the doctor had been reading the Kansas statutes. There are lots of things there that people ought to know, but with out which they go their ways serenely unacquainted. Read your statutes and the Bible and you learn and multiply in knowledge. The doctor wanted to know all that there was in the statute books in those days about Kansas health laws. He raked that heavy compendium with a fine tooth comb. And to his surprise he found that back in the early eighties a law had been passed making it unlawful to adulterate foods. No one remembers who was its author. When Dr. Crumbine learns his name, that man's picture will be framed and given a prominent place in the State Board of Health Hall of Fame. That man was wise for this is what he put upon the law books: "If any person shall knowingly sell any kind of diseased, corrupt or unwholesome provisions, whether for meat or drink, without making the same fully known to the buyer, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months or by a fine not exceeding $100."

There was the law; a wise law, and a good one. It was limited, of course. Adulteration was prohibited, but it afforded no provision for the purchase of samples; their analysis; and the law implied that each person had to start his own case. In short the person behind the case had to be his own treasury, his own laboratory, and his own attorney and legal machinery.

Dr. Crumbine got his cue and his grip right there. Upon finding that statute he wrote to Attorney General Coleman and asked if some of the Board's expense money could be used in buying samples of food for analyzing purposes, under that statute.

"No," replied the attorney General.

That didn't subside Dr. Crumbine. You can't subside him. He is gentle and quiet; always pleasant and smiling; but he has a six-inch vein of fight in him when he gets on the right scent. He doesn't look for trouble; he is the last man in the world to do that. He looks for things that are wrong, and then he buckles on, instead of a red sash and a sword, the law books of Kansas, a microscope, an outfit of analyzing utensils, and marches right up the hill and finds out about it. He usually comes back with the facts and then before he goes home to supper he has the machinery started in straightening things out.

Just at that time occasional articles appeared in the magazines concerning the crusade against food adulteration. A sort of general movement was in its inception, but not yet crystallized.

He thought it all out, stuck his hand into his own pocket, pulled out a $20 bill and marched down Kansas Avenue in Topeka. Some couple of hours later he dragged back to his office a fine assortmen of wienerwurst, syrup, canned meats, jams, jellies, tomato catsup—in short a *hoi-polloi* of manufactured food products. He had enough to run a camp for a regiment of soldiers.

Then he went down to Lawrence and saw E. H. S. Bailey, professor and director of the department of Chemistry at Kansas University. He told Bailey his story. He told him that there was no money for samples or for making analysis. And Professor Bailey, like the good man and gentleman he is, agreed right then and there to make the tests for nothing.

And when those reports were made public there was a commotion over the land of Kansas some seven miles long and seven miles wide. The report went all over the country. The doctor published names and results. He had found adulterations. Borax had been found in the meats and benzoate of soda in the fruits, preserves and jellies. That report put the department on its feet so far as the people of Kansas are concerned.

Don't think that the doctor wasn't lampooned. He was right merrily lambasted by some of the concerns upon whom his report heaped criticism. He was "talked to" about it. Then those who felt that they had been hurt went to Governor Hoch and made complaint. But the Governor marched them down to the doctor's office and gave the latter full control saying: "I think that the doctor is doing good work." The crusade was on.

A world of stories could be told of the battles which he had in the days which followed, after laws were placed on the statute books at the doctor's suggestion. He met up with concerns which sent their heaviest legal artillery against his little basement quarters in the State house. But they never phased him. He battled for right. He organized his "poison squad" of dogs, feeding them pure foods, and then feeding them foods adulterated with the chemicals which he had found in foods which the chemists had analyzed. Those reports made another commotion. That same year, 1906, the National laws were passed, and the next winter, the Kansas Pure Food Law.

In those first days when Dr. Crumbine took charge, the annual appropriation for the State Board of Health was $2720, of which $1200 was the secretary's salary; $720 the stenographer's pay, and $800 for expenses for the Board. Dr. Crumbine worked that stenographer almost to death, before the Legislature came along with additional help. He punished himself with work just as mercilessly, and still does it. Many a time, as he came into the office, starting on something new, that stenographer would ask: "Well doctor, what next?" And there always was something more to do.

To-day thirty-seven people are employed in the Kansas State Board of Health. Seventeen of these give their entire time to the work—the secretary, six clerks, six traveling food and drug inspectors, one bacteriologist, and three attendants at the Tuberculosis exhibit. Besides that, there are in connection with the State University and the Manhattan Agricultural College a state engineer and assistant, three food and drug analysts and their three assistants, with some ten extra student assistants, and two water analysts. Then there is always some help from hospital doctors. Only those who give all their time to the work are paid from the State Board of Health appropriations. The others do their work for the salary which they receive from the schools with which they are affiilated. To-day the annual appropriation for the Kansas State Board of Health is $42,500—not nearly enough, when one considers the wonderful work which Dr. Crumbine is directing, and the amount which eastern states—running into the millions—are spending. Truly a great advance, from a Secretary and one assistant to thirty-four scientific workers in only a half dozen years. To-day the State Board of Health has one whole half wing in the State house. It is a lesson worth while to go through it.

The fine lessons to be gathered from the Weights and Measures laws and their economic value to the people; the health-giving virtues in the extensive sewage and water laws; the work in hotel inspection—all of these and many more are in themselves subjects for chapter upon chapter. The printed work which goes out of that office would furnish topic upon topic. The tremenduous mail, with the endless queries, and the scientific and just way in which they are administered is another mine for research. It is all a wonderful work; tremenduous; fine; worth while.

What for instance of the "Swat-The-Fly" story? When Dr. Crumbine got to that phase of this work, he took for his cue the accumulated knowledge that many of our most serious infectious diseases are insect born. Yellow fever is due to the bite of the mosquito; malaria also. Sleeping sickness is carried by the tsee-tsee fly. Plague is born of the rat flea. Sambon recently found out that pellagra—and you remember the yards of newspaper articles just recently about it—is not due to spoiled corn but is due to a very tiny sand-fly. The old fashioned typhus fever—not typhoid, for that is one or more removed from the other—prevalent in tropics and coast cities is conveyed by the bite of the body louse. During the Spanish-American

war the fly was the carrier of typhoid fever in Chickamauga park. A number of typhoid fever epedemics broke out in small Kansas towns just before Dr. Crumbine began his crusade against the fly. He made an investigation. Positive proof was obtained that the infection was due to flies. That brought the lesson right home.

A fews days later an inspector reported that a certain dealer would not keep his lemon pies covered from flies as he had been directed, even though there was no general law at the time. Dr. Crumbine went to see him.

"These are fly-dots," he said to the dealer, noting with a pencil, on the pies.

"They are not," stoutly denied the dealer. "They are burnt sugar."

"I'll take the pie and see," was the doctor's answer.

He had the department bacteriologist put the microscope upon them. "They are fly dots," was the verdict, "not burnt sugar."

"Incubate them," ordered the doctor.

The next verdict: A fine colony of germs of the fermenting group were hatched out—and they were actual pus forming groups, the producers of intestinal irritations and disease!

That was another notch in the doctor's shooting iron. Stories without number like this could be told—some of them nauseating in their barren truth. Read the "Fly Bulletin" if you want a jarring story of things as they are.

And how did he get the phrase "Swat the Fly?" One day the doctor was at a ball game in Topeka, for he is a fan. One man was "down," and a man on third for the home team, and one run needed to win. It was the last half of the ninth. A poor batter was "up."

"Hit something—anything," yelled the crowd.

"Swat a fly," yelled a stentorian voice. That enthusiast wanted a deep fly to center, for the runner could get home ahead of the throw-in even though it was caught. The batter swatted a fly, and saved the day.

"That would be a good slogan for my fly campaign," said the doctor to himself. "Swat the Fly." And so it came about. To-day the name and the crusade is famous. It has done great good. English medical journals have repeatedly asked for information concerning the Kansas method. When Dr. Crumbine met Dr. Woods Hutchinson at Washington recently, the first thing the latter said was: "I'm glad to meet you. You are the man who made "Swat the Fly" famous—and it was a great work."

Utterly pathetic are the stories which introduced the fight in Kansas against tuberculosis. Out in Western Kansas lived a widow woman with two daughters. Two sons were married. The mother had consumption. Finally one of the daughters contracted the disease, and rapidly sank under the dread and crushing Reaper. The other girl was left alone with her mother. The brothers would not come to her rescue, afraid of the sickness. The doctor told the girl that she too would fall a victim unless she got away from there. So she wrote to Dr. Crumbine: "My sister is dead. My brothers are afraid to come here. Mother is dying. The doctor says I will go the same way. In the name of Heaven cannot the State of Kansas help me some way and care for my mother?"

And Doctor Crumbine with tears in his heart had to write back that the State of Kansas was helpless.

An Indian father brought his boy into the doctor's office one day. "They have put something into the eye of my boy at Haskell where he has been at school," said the father, "and the eye got red. They say he has tuberculosis and can't stay at school. Tell me about it."

The doctor explained and recommended out-door living and careful treatment. That father—Indian though he was—was grateful in his thanks—and went away with his arm about his boy—to face the battle.

The county health reports were coming in just then and Dr. Crumbine noticed on one that three people of the same name in one township had died of consumption in one month. He wrote back to the County Health Officer to see if they were of one family. "Yes," was the answer, "father, mother and sister died of tuberculosis. Two are left in the family, and one is in Colorado now

fighting the same disease."

Such were the stories, and the sorrowful list of them could be run on an endless chain. These people were fighting the best they could—but knew not how. They did not understand that infection would carry from sick to well and so cut them out in mournful routine.

The first thing Dr. Crumbine put upon the Statute book was a ruling that tuberculosis sick rooms and houses should be disinfected. That was the first ruling of its kind in the country. Many other States have it now. It is on the Kansas Statute book—and the disinfection is now compulsory and done at State expense. An exhibit telling of tuberculosis, its ways of encroachment upon victims, how to battle against it, is now continually traveling in Kansas under the direction of the State Board of Health. Some $2000 are invested in it. Efforts are made to stir up the people to a realization of what tuberculosis means; for them to carry on the fight against it permanently. That exhibit is going into every county in Kansas, and in many of them into several towns. The literature which it distributes is simple and plain and for the layman. The school-teacher and the school-child are told the story of tuberculosis. A moving picture film of the fly and what it is and does—rather gruesome—tells with crushing force the story and leaves an indelible effect upon the mind behind the eye that sees it. So it is that the Red Cross of Lorraine is being carried through Kansas. This Cross is the emblem of the State Board of Health in its tuberculosis campaign. The Crusaders of old carried it emblazoned upon their banners, wrought in silks by their ladyes fare, and under its shimmering folds sought to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. To-day the new crusaders under its folds are trying to save the people from the sepulchre.

And so the story must end half told, with only here and there a salient feature pointed out. More might have been said of the man; but his work speaks for him. He is a quiet, gentle man. A Bible always lays upon his desk. He is a tireless worker. Serious, determined, fighting—but utterly judicious and calm of poise. He is the judge and prosecutor combined of his court. But every man can get a hearing. The doors to his office always swing inward. He is eminently fair. There is not even an indication of autocracy in his disposal of the thousands of matters that fall before him. Always willing to give every man a chance; always willing to do the right thing, he wins a belligerent by that very fairness. But under that gentle gloved hand, is a lining of hard steel that knows not fear nor compromise. Always honest ,always fair, always just; always considerate—yet he demands for the people that which has been written into the law books by the people—and he gets it. There are many men who can "start things," who can make complaints, who can stir up the dust and sand; but few there are who can go ahead and do something about it. Dr. Crumbine is one of the men who does something about it. He finds the evil; and he finds the remedy—and both are specific. He certifies to himself and the man with whom he deals that the cause is just—and then he demands and gets what is coming to the people.

It is the duty of the coming Legislature to provide for an enlargement of the State Board of Health. Dr. Crumbine is supervising the entire work. He must be relieved of detail, by being given appropriations to employ division directors, so that he can devote his time to the general work. Furthermore it would behoove Kansas to compensate Dr. Crumbine better for his magnificent services. The writer has never heard him complain of his pay—but just as a suggestion to Kansas, there may be some other State with its eye on Crumbine, which will pay him in a measure what he deserves. He is a faithful public servant; he is a worth-while public servant; he is fighting the good fight. Dr. Samuel Jay Crumbine is an institution.

The Real Victor Murdock

By F. Dumont Smith

THERE are just two opinions about Victor Murdock, only two. To one crowd he is a crazy anarchist without judgment, sense or discretion, bent on the destruction of all the ancient landmarks and existing institutions, offering nothing in their place—spectacular, sensational—a sort of a Congressional Herr Most.

To the other crowd he is a young Archangel, armed with the flaming sword of Righteousness, impeccable, infallible, whose "strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure." There seems to be no middle-ground, no half-way house when Murdock is spoken of. But, and here is a curious and very significant fact, both crowds agree on one point—and that is, that he is sincere, honest in every conviction and absolutely fearless. Let us stick a pin there. That is a point worth remembering and we will come back to it presently. Much has been written about him recently from both standpoints; but both have missed the key note of his character; both those who admire and those who depreciate, those who love him and those who hate him; that key-note is an ardent, unflinching, unflagging hatred of injustice. Stick another pin there for it is that characteristic that has influenced Victor Murdock's whole career in poltics.

Before we come to that, though, I want to discuss some other misconceptions regarding him. One is his lack of judgment. Many of his admirers as well as those who dislike him agree in his lack of judgment; that he is unbalanced, erratic. It might occur to those who hold this view that a young man who has in eight years made himself the center rallying-point, inspiration and embodiment of a movement like the present Insurgency, before whose assaults the strongest political machine, ever known in America, is toppling to its fall; who has made himself not merely one of the most popular men in his own state but a national figure known everywhere and sought as an advoeate of certain policies, both in the East and the West, has not displayed very bad judgment in his choice of policies. While he has been doing this, many gentlemen, sometime distinguished for their "judgment," their balance and sanity, have been getting smaller and smaller in the public view and many of them have been this year elected to remain at home and will presently vanish utterly from the stage of public affairs.

But very early in his career "Vic" manifested a judgment rather uncommon among young men. He was born of wealthy parents, that is wealthy as the term goes in the Middle-West. We know from all history, fiction and biography that rich parents are a heavy handicap for any young man. Very few overcome it. Victor didn' t try to. Just as soon as he was old enough he discarded this burden, bolted for Chicago, got a job at "fifteen per" and proceeded to learn the newspaper business in the best and hardest school in the world. And he learned it, for whatever else he may ever be, Victor Murdock will never cease to be a newspaper man; he was born with the instinct and so highly trained to it that he can never escape it. He has the neswpaper man's power of observation, his sense of what the public wants; what it will take and what it will reject. He knows what news is; knows how to get it and how to use it and above all he knows the value of publicity and how to use that as well as Roosevelt, who, by the way, is another born newspaper man. After a time he came back to Wichita, to his father's paper, the Eagle, and in its conduct displayed the same good judgment. He pulled it out of the rut, changed it from a country to

a city paper, chose his instruments wisely, never made a mistake in a man and very largely put the Eagle where it now is, one of the concededly great papers of the West. I know of but one other man in Kansas who ranks with him as a newspaper man and that gentleman is running the other Wichita daily. It would beat any school of journalism that was ever established if we could watch Victor Murdock on the Eagle and Henry Allen on the Beacon in daily rivalry, where each had to extend himself to his fullest capacity.

When there came a question as to who should succeed Long in the Seventh District, there were many candidates but there was only one who was not bitterly obnoxious to either faction and as a result Murdock was nominated. Some judgment there I should say. So there was Murdock in Congress; there was his start. Kindly point out to me any lack of judgment he had shown up to that time, the crucial time of his youth.

When he entered Congress the Cannon machine was in perfect order, in undisputed possession of the great popular branch of Congress. Everythread of control was in the Speaker's hands. It is idle to call names, to say that Cannon was a Czar or merely a "representative of the majority." Power is in the fact not the name. Many a boss in America has greater power within his particular realm than Nicholas in the Russias. Vic did not object. He was used to machines and bosses. He liked Cannon. He approved of him; he worked with him.

What started the ruction? A very small thing, grating on that master characteristic of Murdock's character, his hatred of injustice. He found that the railroads of the country by a hocus-pocus in weighing mails were getting five millions a year that did not belong to them. Vic, called attention to it in Congress, supposing that the mere mention of such a fact would be sufficient to cause its correction. To his surprise no one seemed to care much about it. A little matter of five millions a year did not seem to arouse any one. He started a fight. He won in the Committee. The Committee took it to the floor of the House but the House refused to correct the condition. Later on the matter was corrected by Executive Order after Congress had refused to do anything about it. There was where the trouble started. He found these hoary abuses intrenched behind the House machine. It was useless to reveal them, prove them, denounce them; as long as Cannon said "no" they could not be corrected. So very quickly it was borne in on Murdock, that the House lacking self-government, having surrendered its authority to one man, content in its little playing at legislation, its empty shell of power, could and would do nothing. He saw that all legislation must of necessity bear the Cannon brand, whether good or bad; that any tariff bill must be a Connon tariff; that any finance bill must be a Cannon bill. He did not conceive that his certificate of election was a mere power of attorney for Cannon; that he had fought for his nomination and election to be a mere postal card advising Cannon that here was another vote for him. The bitter injustice of it drove him to revolt, to insurgency, to a rebellion that is now in fact a revolution.

He started it; kept it alive; gave up everything else to that. For a long time all he could do was to dig up one of these ancient abuses, borrow time from a democrat, for the Speaker would not recognize him, strip the wrong of its concealments and display its naked injustice on the Floor. That was all he could do. He was always "out of order;" he never got anywere apparently except to make a nuisance of himself.

Nevertheless the public began to take notice. Invariably beaten he as invariably renewed the fight and a few papers took it up. His real help came when Cannon refused to consent to the reduction of the duty on wood pulp. The great newspapers of the country never for an instant discovered or revealed to their readers the facts about the Cannon machine till that machine refused to give them cheaper print paper. Then they awoke. Yes, that is absolutely true and it is a sad commentary on the Palladium of our Liberties. It took the pinch of self-interest to awaken them. Let us do them justice. Perhaps they had not thought of it till they had this concrete illustration; till they

found that with all their power, their organization, they were easily blocked by one old gentleman. When they realized from this one lesson that the House of Representaitves had ceased to exist, Victor Murdock found some help. "Down with Cannon" became a war cry that found its way into editorial columns that had utterly ignored the name of Murdock and the Insurgent Party began to increase from one to several. It was strong enough the spring of 1909 nearly to change the rules, but in the tariff fight it was beaten overwhelmingly. The band-wagon ran over it not once but many times, and when Congress convened in December the Insurgent faction had pretty nearly dwindled to Victor Murdock again. That was perhaps the darkest hour of the Wichita Congressman's career. With all the help the enwspapers had been able to give him he had failed to accomplish anything definite. Many of the near-Insurgents had openly deserted. Most of the others were scared. For a time the rabbits who form a majority of the House were afraid to be seen talking to Murdock for fear Cannon would think they were plotting insurgency and wreak vengeance on them. Every man who showed any sign of independence lost his committee assignments and was reduced to the ranks while in the organization of the new House the faithful were rewarded with exceeding great rewards.

It was impossible for a while to secure any meeting of the Insurgents; Murdock never flagged. He kept up the plan of unearthing and ventilating abuses and grafts. He gave out inflammatory interviews. He fought on the floor of the House and was beaten with unbroken regularity. But all the time the leaven was working. The newspapers were keeping up the fight and the members began to hear from home. An Insurgent organization was formed that gradually grew in numbers. But in that very organization Vic, met the usual fate of reforms. When it came to choosing officers, leaders, members of committees, and what not, "Murdock is too radical," they said, and Victor got no assignment of that sort. Another man was chairman of the organization. Other men headed Conference committees, another man was selected to lead the final assault, on that great day when to the surprise of every one but the insurgents, the Speaker was thrown off the Committe on Rules, and but for a few of the cooler heads might have been deposed as Speaker. It was a great day, a day that began the end of the Old House and the old machine, it was Murdock's day, Murdock's victory, due to him and Norris of Nebraska and on that day he was just a private, fighting in the ranks. However that has not fooled any one and the world knows who licked Cannon and the machine. It was Vic Murdock.

This fight showed two things, the Murdock hatred of injustice and the Murdock clear sightedness. The Cannon machine was unjust, arbitrary, unfair. It followed naturally that much of its legislation must be unfair or unjust. What was the use, said Murdock, of trying to cure the symptom, let us get at the disease. Why fight the effect? Let's kill the cause. Destroy the entrenchments of privilege, make the fight in the open and right then and there it is whipped. Privilege cannot fight in the open; it must have breast-works and entrenchments, "rules" and "machines," or it is helpless. Victor Murdock saw this first, saw it more clearly than anyone else saw it all the time, never allowed himself to be diverted from that one object, treated all the other questions, tariff wrongs, railroad and express company wrongs, and all the other grafts and wrongs as merely effects, symptoms, things that would disappear as soon as the cause was removed, the disease cured. That was clear-sightedness, judgment was it not? If at times he was too radical, too bitter, if at times he made a nuisance of himself, that was his hatred of injustice or work under defeat, working against open opposition and secret indifference, working at disadvantage, rasped by contempt and sneering comment, till his nerves were raw.

So much for what he is. Now for what he lacks.

We must freely admit that Victor Murdock is not a constructive statesman. He could not frame a Tariff law

or a Bank bill. He rather lacks the synthetic, constructive order of mind. He cheerfully admits that he knows nothing about the tariff but also declares that no one else does. I think he is right. As long as the tariff continues to be a game of swap and dicker, no one will know much about the tariff. He knows little and cares little about "finance" in the ordinary political acceptance of the word. He is greatly interested in the kind of finance that would give every man an equal show, an equal chance, that would alike give Capital a fair return and Labor a decent wage.

He lacks one very essenital quality of a legislator; I mean the kind of legislator who helps to frame legislation. He does not know how to compromise, and all legislation at the last is the result of compromise, of finding the middle-ground between conflicting views, of knowing how much to give up and what to retain. Vic has never studied that, probably never will. He has not a legal mind; he does not know the ins and outs of the Constitution, how far it is safe to go in battling a trust without running up against the Federal Courts; or how much ginger can be put in a bill, without spoiling it. He is likely to look for jokers where there are none, suspect every lawyer who tries to keep a bill within constitutional limits. He is impatient of the slow growth of public opinion. He wants to go faster than the crowd is ready to follow. He will not dress ranks, wait for the word of command, fight in a genteel, orderly way according to the accepted rules. In fact he likes to bushwhack a good deal by himself, and pick off the other fellows, one at a time with his own kind of ammunition. He will always be on the skirmish line in any fight and he won't stop to look for his supports.

I freely admit that a Congress composed of Victor Murdocks would be a grotesque affair. It would raise many kinds of Hades and probably accomplish very little. But the Victor Murdocks to my mind are considerably more important to such a body than the little "safe and sane" fellows. We can always find oodles of the latter kind. We don't often find a Victor Murdock.

A Victor Murdock who hates injustice wherever he finds it and however masked and can trace it right back to its origin and then fight its cause year in and year out without asking quarter till he kills it; who is fearless, honest, sincere, clear-sighted and very little self-seeking would be a valuable asset to any parliamentary body of the world.



Who Arms to Win

For him who arms to win or fight again,
The gates of Honor ever backward swing,
Nor timid doubt makes idle questioning:
For him defeat shall turn to larger gain,
Shipwreack to Joy and Power spring from Pain,
And when on Victor's shield his corse we bring,
Beyond he hears the chorused welcome ring
His joyous entry to a new demesne.
But he who buckles sword for fell retreat
Is beaten e'er the fight is well begun;
For him no laurels twine, no songs are sung;
No captive foes attend his tardy feet;
With gloomy Fear his little race is run
And shrinking Shame shall weave his winding sheet.

C. L. Williams.

Portland Cement---Its History

By Vanton O. Foulke

THE industrial development of the United States in the last half century may be considered the greatest wonder of modern times. American inventive genius and business acumen are proverbial. Within a few years our country has arisen from practical obscurity in the world of business and finance, to a position of commanding importance among civilized nations. Industry is the basis of the fabulous wealth which has been one of the controlling factors in making the United States a dictator of world policies: and from this same source chiefly, has come not only the great private fortunes for which our country is famous, but also the high average of material prosperity enjoyed by the people as a whole, an average not equalled by any other nation on the face of the earth.

Probably the most conspicuous example of this phenomenal industrial growth is that of the manufacture of Portland Cement. In 1890 the production of cement in the United States was, according to government reports, 335,000 barrels. It is predicted by competent authorities that the production for the year 1910 will exceed 70,000,000 barrels, an average annual increase of more than 1000% for twenty years. Probably no other American industry has grown so rapidly, and it is certain that no other has, at the present time, so bright a future. This product is now as staple as wheat and is in universal demand.

In the early 90's we heard much about American-made tin and the great advantages which would accrue to our country from the home manufacture of this article of commerce. Cement was not, at that time, considered as being of any special importance, although its manufacture was amply protected by the tariff legislation of the day. However, without any particular stir, and unknown to the great majority of the American people, Portland Cement has crept out from the darkness of oblivion and to-day occupies the second place among American industries. This is all because of the utility of cement in a great variety of applications. It may be of general interest, in view of the importance of the cement industry in the United States, and of its rapid growth, to state a few facts with reference to its history.

It should be stated in the beginning, that modern Portland Cement is a combination of lime, silica and aluminum. The ingredients must be mixed in proper proportions, in the raw state, and then burned. The resulting clinker when ground, is the cement of commerce.

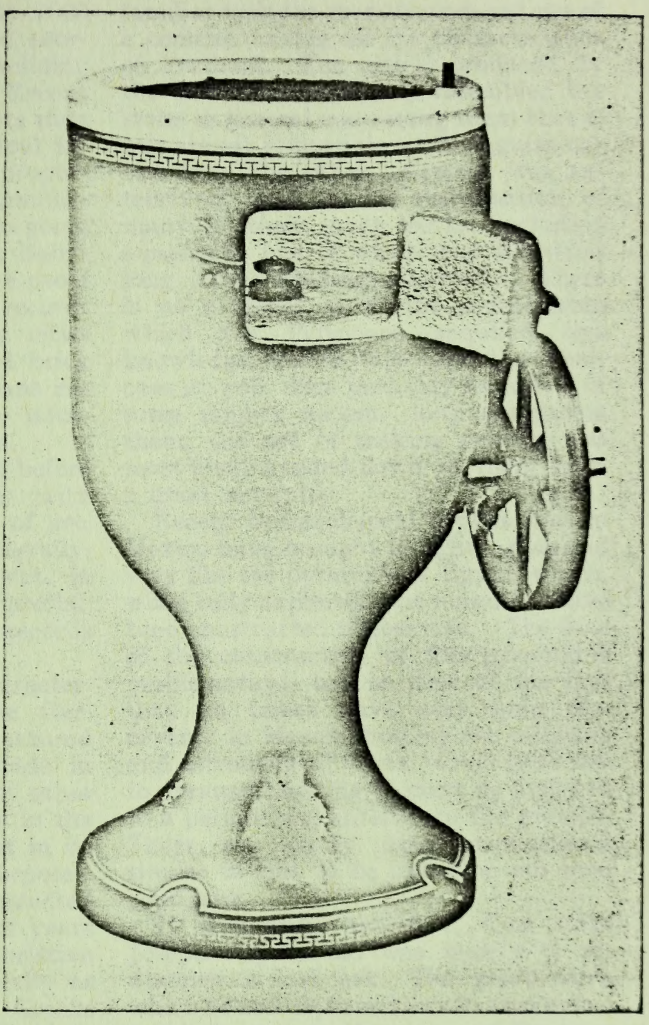
In the year 1824, Joseph Aspdin of Yorkshire, England, after many trials, succeeded in producing a bluish looking powder by burning at a high temperature a mixture of mud from the Medway River, and pulverized chalk rock. This powder when combined with water, congealed into a stone resembling in color and texture the rock taken from the famous quarries of Portland, England.

Hence the name, which does not in any way characterize the process of manufacture. Two years later General Pasley produced cement after a formula differing somewhat from that of Aspdin, the Pasley formula approaching more nearly to that used in the manufacture of cement to-day than the Aspdin formula. This was the beginning of cement production in modern times.

Aspdin believed himself the inventor of a cement adapted to constuction work in general, but subsequent researches have demonstrated the fact that cements containing the three principal ingredients, lime, silica and aluminum, and almost identical chemically with our modern Portland, and quite as durable, were manufactured and used extensively

long before the beginning of authentic history.

The civilized nations of to-day are inclined to consider themselves as representing the acme of human development, whether intellectual, moral, mechanical, or industrial. We are apt to place the ancients in the children's class, believing ourselves to be full grown, even though we may have barely passed our majority. Now, in some respects this may be true, and in all probability is true, for it is difficult to believe that the law of evolution does not tend constantly toward a higher and still higher type of humanity. It seems, however, to have been fully demonstrated that the human race is millions, rather than thousands, of years old and that nations even further advanced than we in art, science and mechanical appliances, have arisen, run their courses, and vanished from the face of the earth in times long antedating authentic records. There can be scarcely any doubt that much which we herald as modern development has been known and utilized thousands upon thousands of years ago, and that most of the so-called discoveries in our own time are simply re-discoveries of principles once well known, but long since forgotten. For the most part, the historical documents handed down to us, touching upon these early developments, are fragmentary; but the monuments in the way of buried cities, works of art, pyramids, etc., speak eloquently of the greatness of their builders. "There were giants in those days."



A novel application of concrete. An efficient potato peeler.

Now, a remarkable fact in connection with all this is that many of the works of those to-day unknown and forgotten races of men, the antiquity of which is unquestioned, were executed in cement, and stand to-day in almost a perfect state of preservation. We are indeed indebted to this product for a large part of the historical records left us, for many of these were written in cement and, owing to the practical indestructibility of the material, have survived the disintegrating forces of nature during all the intervening centuries.



The Babylonians from 5000 to 7000 years ago manufactured and used enormous quantities of cement in building edifices and for public works. Recent explorations show that the cements then used contained the three principal ingredients, of course in varying proportions, which are now used in the manufacture of Portland. The excavations going forward on the sites of ancient Babylonian cities, furnish us conclusive proof of this statement. The extensive records now being unearthed in these cities were made on a cement covered brick and upon these records historians are obliged to depend for much of the information contained in their works.

The Egyptians, probably even before the Babylonians, were familiar with cement, and used it in works of art, and in construction work generally. The great pyramid of Cheops was, in all probability, built out of this material. Many of their *bas reliefs* and records were executed in it.

The Greeks, who in mental characteristics, very much resembled the Germans of our own day, manufactured cement scientifically, having made in their day greater progress than any other nation up to their time, not only in the manufacture of this product, but in its use for a great variety of purposes. Many of their monuments, constructed out of this material hundreds of years before the beginning of the Christian Era, are standing today, practically as perfect as when erected. The Greeks taught the art to the Romans, their conquerors, who in turn manufactured and applied hydraulic cement, more extensively than any of their predecessors. Their ports on the Mediterranean were provided with piers built out of cement, and their great works, those which are standing to-day, were made largely by its use. The dome of the Pantheon, probably the most perectly preserved ruin of ancient times, was covered with cement, and the stones out of which the superstructure was built, were held together by cement.

What is true in a general way of European and Asiatic countries is also true of North and South America. Pizzaro, in the conquest of Peru, discovered that this people had long been familiar with the manufacture and use of a cement, having all the characteristics of Portland. The article produced by the Peruvians so closely resembled the stone in general use among them that it was almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other. Cement was extensively used in the construction of many of their great works, including aqueducts, one of which was 400 miles long, public buildings and roads. There is no evidence as to the source from which the Peruvians acquired this knowledge, but as they, and the Mexicans at well, were probably remnants of some mighty nation, long antedating them, the art of making cement was most likely handed down to them from a great antiquity.

Recent archaeological explorations in Mexico have brought to light a pyramid very like the pyramids of Egypt, which, when fully explored, was found to have been constructed of concrete. The date of the construction of this pyramid is problematical, but in view of the fact that no tribes have ever been discovered in Mexico, holding the religious and astronomical views, which gave rise to pyramid building, it must be assigned to a period long anterior to the present. There are many other monuments similar to this to be found on our own continent.

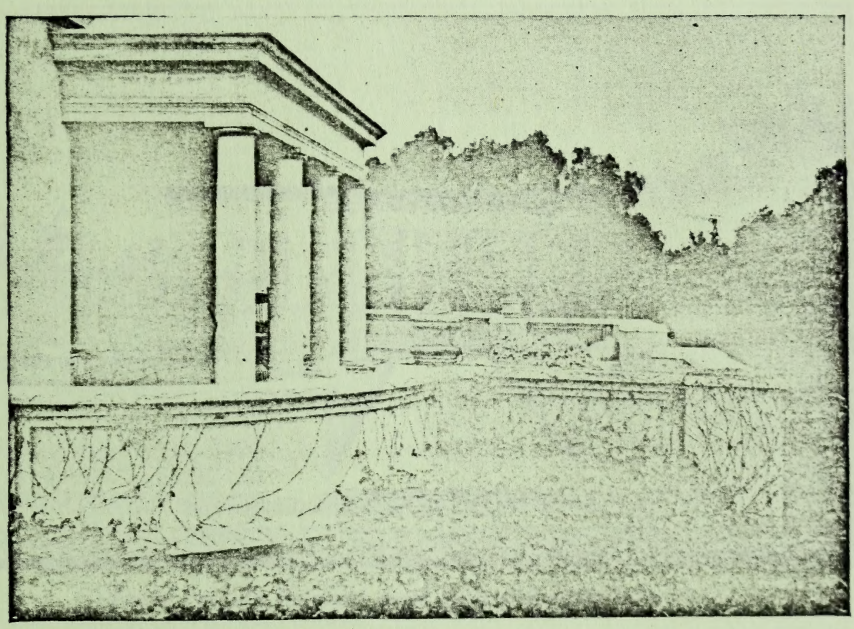
It is certain, therefore, that what Joseph Aspdin did was merely to rediscover a lost art. The great work which he accomplished was to turn men's minds in a new direction, so far as a material for the purpose of construction work was concerned. His case is similar to that of Bacon, whose fame rests subsantially upon the fact that in philosophical matters he set men to thinking along a new line and to using methods, not new, but in his day not generally applied. Aspdin did not invent any thing, for, strictly speaking, "There is nothing new under the sun." Nevertheless, that which he did has been of the utmost importance in the development of the modern world.

England was the first in modern times to manufacture Portland Cement. For many years the methods employed were crude and unsatisfactory. It remained for the Germans, a quarter of a centur

after the discovery of Aspdin, to take up the subject scientifically. After a long series of experiments, and many analyses and tests, and the application of a great variety of mechanical devices, the Germans developed the formula for producing Portland, substantially as we now know it. For many years German cements were regarded as the standard of the world. In Germany, cement has been more scientifically applied and more extensively used, in proportion to population, than elsewhere.

It is only about twenty five years since the manufacture of Portland Cement began in the United States. Up to that time there was but little demand for this product on this side of the Atlantic, as many of the uses, to which cement may be put, were then unknown. Importations from Germany and England supplied such demand as there was. At that time cement users also doubted the existence of any proper materials in this country, out of which cement could be made. It was then that the period of industrial development, which has so strongly characterized the last quarter of a century, began in the United States, and the minds of progressive business men were turned in many different directions, seeking opportunities for the increase of wealth, and the possibilities in the manufacture of cement did not escape their notice. Investigations then, and for some years thereafter, carried on, demonstrated the fact that materials, well adapted to the manufacture of the highest grade of Portland, exist in many parts of the country, nature having bountifully supplied us with the requisites to the highest development of this industry.

Under such conditions, therefore, there seemed no reason why the home market for this product should not be supplied by the home manufacturer, and the beginning was made in the Lehigh Valley in Pennsylvania, where a deposit of rock had been discovered, containing in almost exact proportions, the ingredients required in cement. German methods were employed, the burning being done in an upright kiln, and the grinding by millstones. The machinery used was very crude and the production small, but the product was found to be up to the highest standard of the time. The business gradually grew, extending to other parts of Penn-

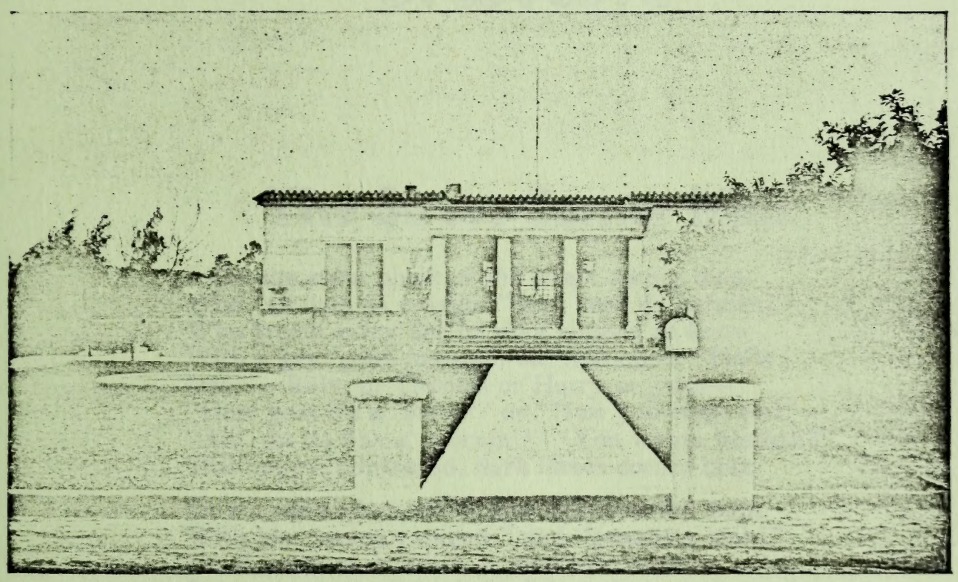


A Concrete Terrace and Porch having the appearance of an Italian Villa



sylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, and New York. Experiments in machinery and appliances, tending toward cheaper production, were extensively carried on for ten or twelve years after the building of the first plant, and, thanks to the genius for invention, which characterizes Americans, we were eventually able to produce the best Portland Cement made in the world, and at the lowest cost. Much of the machinery in use today in the best cement factories of the world is of American invention.

It was not, however, until some twelve

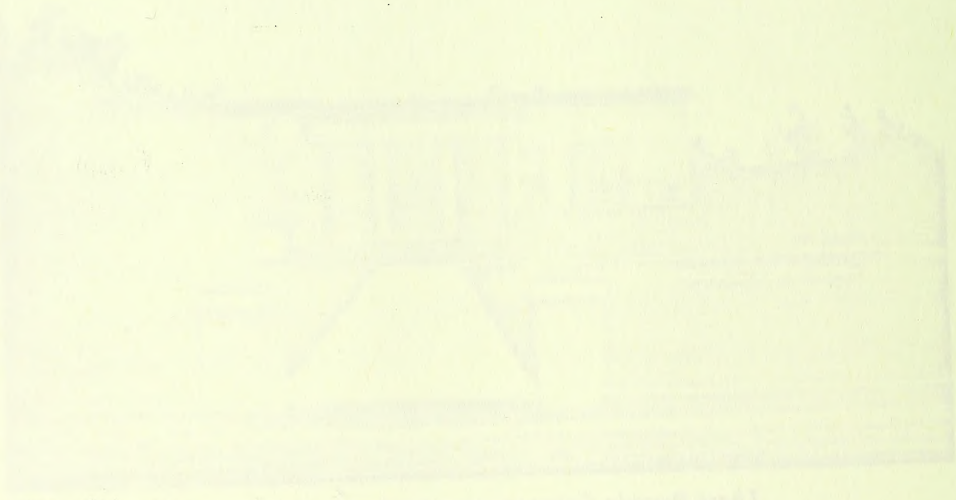


These Pergola Columns were built of Cement Pipe

or fourteen years ago that the people began to be familiar with the good qualities and general utility of cement. When the users of materials, adapted to construction work, began more fully to appreciate the importance of this product, then the demand began to increase by leaps and bounds. The production kept pace with the demand as best it could, so that a very large part of the development made in cement manufacture in the United States has come in about the last decade.

As the demand for Portland continued to increase, new locations were found for the erection of plants, some using marl, some rock, and some slag, as raw materials. These plants were erected chiefly in the west, in Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Kansas, although the production in Pennsylvania has, from the beginning, been greater than that in any other state. In these later years Kansas has reached a position high up on the list of cement producing states, the first plant having been erected in this state in 1900. It may be said in passing that no section of the country contains materials better adapted to the manufacture of Portland than Kansas, nor is there any other state having a more profitable market at its doors, owing to the newness of the surrounding country and the rapidity with which it is developing.

If we keep in mind now, the fact that, generally speaking, the United States is largely undeveloped, when compared with the older European countries, that its resources are practically unlimited, and that its population is vigorous, progressive, and rapidly increasing, it will be apparent that this industry is even yet only in its infancy. The many new and varied applications to structural and other work must lead to a constantly growing demand for this product. While we have carried the art to the highest stage of development yet reached, and are now producing and using more ce-



ment than any other nation in the world, it is certain that the end is not yet. American made cements are now the standard, showing higher tests and producing better results than those made anywhere else. In this, as in many another field, we are the leaders, even though as yet only a beginning has been made.

The Street-Corner Man

I like the stern pluck of the street-corner man
Who "sweepa da crossin' " and "sell da bannan;"
Who greets every one he may happen to know
With a gay, good-natured, old-fashioned, "Hello
Doc,"—Billy, or Thomas or Harry or John—
"How goes dis a 'morn?" or "How you come on?"
"Ain' dis da fine a' mornin'?" "You wanta bannan?"
This happy, contented, dark street-corner man.

He's a right good fellow, this street-corner man,
With his "bannan wagon," and "peanutta stan;"
In all kinds of weather, in sunshine or rain,
In summer or winter he's always the same,
Content with his lot tho humble his sphere
He's there at his post faithful year after year,
With his glad, "Hello, wanta buy da bannan?"
This little, dark, "Italione" street-corner man.

A lesson I'd learn from the street-corner man
To do my work always the best that I can,
To be at my post in the sunshine or rain—
Tho the prospects be blue why should I complain--
To smile and be glad every day, everywhere,
For the world, without mine, has plenty of care--
I thank you, good friend, I've got more than "bannan"
From you, humble teacher, brave street-corner man.

CHARLES CLEON SPENCER

The Homesteader

By Devere Helvern

DUKE JONES strode into the bunk house where his three cowboys sat pulling off their boots, and pausing in the center of the room, gave vent to his feelings in the following words:

"It certainly beats h—l!"

He threw his hat on the floor to emphasize his remark, and looked at the three to see if they had anything to offer to the contrary.

The cowboys were respectfully silent, and bowed their heads in acquiesence, while Jones took a seat.

"If anyone ever mentions the fact, boys, that Duke Jones is a fool, don't make yourselves rediculous by opposing the statement. Also, if anybody ever tells you that two miles of this creek controls fifteen square miles of range, tell him that he is crazy as h—l."

The boys began to realize, by this time, that they were not responsible for Duke's ill-humor, and took heart accordingly. They looked up with a show of anxious concern, and Featherbone, the youngest and most indiscreet of the outfit, presumed to ask:

"What's the trouble now?"

The square, red-bearded jaw of the little ranchman went shut with a snap, and for full half a minute, he looked at the floor in silence; then his spirit boiled up once more, and his mouth opened to relieve the pressure.

"It's a pity you fellows never tried to earn your salaries by keeping your eyes open when you rode the range. If you had, it might have dawned on you that there was a spring among the limestone breaks on top of the divide."

Policy Pete thought it wise to refrain from mentioning, at the present time, the fact that he had once suggested that there were indications of an underground spring, on top of the north divide; and that Duke had at that time pronounced the idea too visionary to interest a practical man; he, accordingly held his peace.

Featherbone's enthusiasm got the better of him once more:

"If there's a spring up there, someone had better put a filing on the place at once," he said. "Just think what a ranch you'd have, Duke, with a water station at the north limit. Why, that spring is worth five thousand, at the least calculation."

Duke Jones withered the youth with a look.

"You are a shrewd young man, Featherbone," he said with rage too deep for violent expression. "It's a pity you are not in the Senate. Such brains as yours are wasted on a cattle ranch. In fact, I guess I will pay you off in the morning."

The little ranchman did not condescend to waste further words on Featherbone; but turned to Policy Pete:

"What's your idea, Policy ,for getting rid of that d—d blockhead who has squatted up there?" he asked.

"What manner of guy is he?" asked Policy.

"He comes from somewhere down east; has a wife and three kids; a good team; the same bein' about his only asset I think; and a distorted imagination. He thinks he's going to farm."

The jaw went shut once more, and Policy bowed his head in thought. Featherbone came out of his withered state, and brightened under the stimulus of an idea.

"Buy him out!" he exclaimed, half rising from his seat.

A long string of oaths rose to Duke's lips, but he suppressed them; he only glared his contempt.

At last, Policy Pete spoke:

"Probably, the surest way of cleaning him out is to let him go ahead and farm; meanwhile we will keep track of his paper, and when he is properly tied up

with mortagages which will be the case very shortly, if he is as close run as you say, we can easily put him out of business."

"Well, Policy," said Jones, "if you think you can handle it, I'll just turn the job over to you. I'll be too busy to fool with it myself, but I'll stand by anything you do. I will expect you to have a filing on that place before the end of a year."

He walked out of the house with his jaw set harder than ever; though the boys could hear him swearing as soon as he was outside.

The next morning, Policy rode over to where the covered wagon stood on the divide, for the purpose of studying his man. It was early in spring, and the air was soft and balmy.

He found Rogers a big, sober individual, stamped with the pecularities of the East; but frank and good-natured, and very enthusiastic over his prospects.

By dint of hard work and careful economy, he had managed to save up a few hundred dollars; then he had cut loose from his job in the city and came West to try farming.

"I don't know whether all men are the same or not," he told Policy; "but with me there came times when it seemed as though I just must get out and dig in the moist earth and smell the sweet fresh air that comes of growing things. I wanted to get out where I had plenty of room, and could be alone once in a while, and where things are as God intended they should be; and not as man has planted them.

"I expect I got a little far west for farming; but I hadn't money enough to buy a farm so I had to get out where I could homestead, and even here I don't suppose I would have made it if I hadn't by the luckiest chance in the world, got onto this spring up here, for as you know the ranchmen have got everything along the creeks, and not being a salamander, I can't live on a claim where I can't get water."

"Yes, you've got the situation figured out about right," said Policy. "All a fellow has got to do out here is to get a mile or so along one of the dry creeks, and he practically controls a strip of range that reaches from one divide to the other on either side of his place."

"It's going to be a great change for my family and me," Rogers said, "after starving for years in a crowded tenement house in the city, to be turned loose out here. This air seems so sweet and good to breathe. I never knew what spring meant before."

Policy looked across the wide stretch of yellow grass, conscious of the fact that he was uncomfortable.

"If you can only hold out for a year or two, you will be all right," he said, with a show of encouragement, as he swung into the saddle.

"If you knew what I have gone through with in the past few years, you would not doubt my staying with it," answered Rogers with a smile.

"It don't matter much," mused Policy, as he rode off. "He'd go under, anyway, trying to farm here; and it's but an act of kindness and consideration, to shorten the struggle for him. If I hadn't seen it tried too often, and didn't know just how it will turn out, I'd hate to do it; but, as it is, I feel all right."

Yet Policy did not call often at the little sod house. He hated to see people make such fools of themselves, as to be elated over the prospect of farming in such a country. He could draw far more inspiration for his task, in contemplating, from afar, the long, dark strip of broken sod, at the north limit of the range.

It was an unusually wet spring, and Fortune seemed about to smile on the farmer's first efforts. His sixty acres of barley promised a remarkably good yield. However, he had been compelled to borrow money for everything.

"He is very weak, right now," Policy told himself; "but, if he ever sells that crop, he can hold out two or three years longer. With his prospects, he wouldn't sell out, now, for any money. It's the one year out of twenty, that he could have struck here and made it. He'll have to have a binder, though, and I'll see that he mortgages his team instead of his crop, to get it. I had hoped that Providence would freeze him out, without any interference on my part; but it seems to delight in prolonging the poor devil's struggles. Out of mercy, I guess, I will have to volunteer my as-

sistance. Yes; it will, perhaps, be necessary that lightning strikes his stacks, some night during a dry thunder storm." After which reflections. Policy rode in to dinner looking particularly sour.

One evening in the latter part of June, Rogers drove home with his binder. He ate his supper, and then, he and his wife walked out to look once more at the field, on which all their hopes were centered.

The long, half-ripe heads waved and glistened in the last rays of the yellow sun, and the man and woman were as light hearted as children.

"It will be ready to cut inside of a week, Jennie," he said, "and then, it's goodbye to all our debts and troubles."

She threw her arms around his neck and the tears started to her eyes.

"It's too good to be true, John. It don't seem right that we should have made it so easily. We will try to be worthy of our good fortune, anyway."

If Policy could have seen them, his over-taxed heart would certainly have failed him; but he did not, and so, that night he called Duke down for another conference.

"Kingman holds all of Roger's paper," he said; "and he has agreed to push things faithfully. If Rogers will put his grain in the stack, now, instead of leaving it in the shock, all will be well; and I feel pretty sure that he will, for I told him, the other day, that he would probably have to wait two or three months on a thresher, and that it would keep better in the stack. You see, my scheme is to—"

"Never mind telling me your plans," interrupted Jones. "I am perfectly satisfied with the way things are going. Just do the thing the way you think best, and it will be all right with me;" and Duke Jones walked out of the room, feeling thankful that he had such a man as Policy Pete; while the cowboys turned in for the night.

About midnight, Policy sat up in bed, wide awake. There was an ominous stillness in the air, yet a distant rumble could be heard. He went to the door and looked out. The sky was overcast, and the night was as black as ink, save where the distant flash lighted up the greenish clouds. The wind seemed roaring in every direction; but, at the bunk house, it was as still as death.

Suddenly, a hailstone as large as a walnut struck the roof; and, ten minutes later, they lay two inches deep on the ground.

The next morning, when Policy rode up to the little sod house on the divide, Rogers was out looking mournfully at his field. There was not a straw left standing, but all had been beaten down and pounded into the earth.

"It's hard luck, old man," said Policy; "but that's just it, in this d——d country, if one thing don't down a man, another will."

There was a mist in Roger's eyes when he looked up, and his voice was husky and low.

"It's not for myself that I care," he said.

"I have never known anything but trouble and disappointment all my life, anyway; but when I think of Jenny and the children, it almost makes we wish I had been born without a heart. We have been very happy, for a few months, and, I suppose, we ought to be thankful for that; but it's a hard awakening, brother, a hard awakening."

A few nights later, Duke Jones was with the boys, in the bunk house, once more.

"It's just this way, Duke," saidPolicy, "Providence seems to have taken this matter out of my hands, and I take that as a sign that I am not the proper person to go on with it; however, the opportunity is right, at present, and the matter should be closed up at once. Kingman was to go out this morning to settle up with Rogers, and he had my instructions to grant no extension of time. I am satisfied that, if you will go up in the morning and offer Rogers enough money to get back East on, you can get his relinquishment; then you can have Featherbone file on the quarter at once."

Duke Jones would rather have admitted almost anything than that he could feel sympathy for a farmer; nevertheless, he did not want the job of buying out Rogers, and he hastened to make an excuse. But Policy was not to be so easily disposed of, and an hour

went by before the point was settled.

Jones was just on the point of leaving when the door was suddenly thrown open and Rogers burst into the room. His eyes were sparkling with excitement and he was all out of breath.

"There's a gang going to run off some of your cattle, Mr. Jones," he said, as soon as he could speak. "Get your guns and your horses, and bring one for me. I'll tell you all about it as we go. There's four or five of them, and they are going to drive the cattle into the Sand Hills on the Arkansas."

There was a mad rush for the corral. Then followed a lot of swearing, some hap-hazard roping and struggling with refractory bronchos; but in the end five ponies were dragged out and saddled and the party armed to the teeth, took the trail.

"Now, tell us all about it, Rogers," said Jones. "Do you think we are ahead of them?"

"I am afraid not," said Rogers. "You see I didn't dare move until after they rode off; then I flew for here as fast as I could, but I had to come on foot, I—I havn't any horses any more.

Jones made no reply, but he looked across at Policy and they both groaned inwardly, Had they not been so pressed for time they would have perhaps, stopped and kicked each other by mutual consent.

"My getting onto them," continued Rogers, "was purely accidental; I was feeling pretty blue after supper and I started out to walk it off. Well, I never noticed how far I had gone until I suddenly pulled up a mile and a half west of my place among the brakes. I sat down on a rock, and I think I had been there about ten minutes when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs. They seemed to be coming right down on me, and, as I didn't care to talk to anybody, I stepped behind a rock, thinking they would ride on by and not notice me. Well, when they were just about opposite my hiding place, one of them stopped to tighten his girts. Then they all dismounted, and, after talking it over, decided that it was most too early, and that they would wait a while in the breaks. They were so close that I could smell the smoke, when one of them lit a cigarette; and, though they talked low, I could hear every word they said. They expect to reach the Sand-hills by daybreak, when a fellow, named Walker, will take charge of the bunch."

"I'll be d——d if he will!" said the little ranchman; and the square jaw snapped shut and remained so until the moon rose and shed its soft light over the rough breaks along White Creek. Then the party dismounted, and, glancing at the trail, saw that they were on time.

Policy ran a little ways back up the trail and, laying his ear to the ground, listened. Yes; they were coming not more than a mile away. The earth and air seemed to quiver with their mad rush.

He hurried back, and, rushing Featherbone into his saddle, handed him the reins of the other horses, and sent him flying up the creek.

"Get behind a bluff," he said, "and keep the horses quiet, until you hear the first shot fired; then, come like h—l, and be ready to shoot, too.

"The rest of us will get behind rocks, and cover the men, in the order of our positions. We will get, two on each side of the trail, twenty or thirty yards from it, and each one take the man nearest him. I will give the order to halt, and, if your man don't fetch up, don't be afraid to shoot. If he tries to fly, aim at the horse's shoulder. Now hide out."

They were scarcely out of sight when the herd was before them. The great creatures came plunging along in their mad stampede, their tongues out and the froth running from their mouths. Their wild eyes flashed with terror, and their hard drawn breath, their clashing horns, and muffled bellowing blended in a confusing din.

It was a new scene to Rogers; and, as he stood fascinated, watching the mad, heaving mass, he half forgot what they were there for. His head rose above his breast-work; and, the next instant, a bullet buried itself in the soft rock, and sent its flour-like dust in his face.

He never heard Policy's cry to halt; he never even saw the man he was supposed to have covered. In the wild confusion of the next few seconds, a score of shots seemed to merge into one long re-

port. Streaks of fire were flashing in every direction; and yells of rage and pain mingled with the general uproar. Dark shadows flitted before him, and were swallowed up in the haze of dust which hung over the scene.

Suddenly, he saw a horse plunging toward his position; the next instant, it sank down, and its rider went over its head. He lit on hands and knees, and, without rising, crawled hastily into the shadow of the rock. He was watching, over his shoulder, the spot where Policy was; and, hence, did not see Rogers; though, the latter stood within three feet of where the man knelt.

The shots ceased; and as Policy stepped from behind his rock, the man muttered a fierce oath and raised his gun. Then it was, that Rogers made the first use of his Winchester: he brought the barrel of it down on the man's head, and bowled him over like a tenpin.

Policy had reached the trail, and was bending over the fallen men.

"How many of them did we bag?" asked Duke, coming from behind his intrenchment.

"Only two," answered Policy, "and the worst of it is that neither one of them is McDuff."

"Unless this is him that I've got," said Rogers, as he came up dragging a limp form behind him.

"What! Is that you, Rogers? Well, this beats me. To tell the truth, I didn't think you would amount to much, at this business; but d—d if you aren't better than you look. Of course, that's McDuff:" said Policy, "I used to know him, before he went in for this business."

The individual under discussion suddenly sat up and gazed about him in a bewildered way; then he reached for his gun.

"Never mind, old man;" said Policy, "you won't need it. The game is played out. Two of your men escaped and two of them went under. We'll give you a body guard and a free ride to the county seat."

When the cattle had been rounded up, the two dead men lain out on a flat rock, and McDuff bound, the party sat down to wait for daylight, or until Featherbone should return from the ranch where he had been sent for a team and wagon. Then it was that Jones addressed himself to Rogers:

"Are you tired of farming yet?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know as I am tired of it;" answered Rogers, "but I shall have to give it up, I guess. I'm all in." And the trouble, which he had forgotten in the excitement, came back to him.

"Is it the farming, Rogers, or is it the country that you like?" asked Jones. "If it's just a matter of having a home out here and making some money, I have a proposition to make to you; but, if you are wild about farming, it's all off; for I can't treat with a d—d farmer."

"Let's hear your proposition," said Rogers, his face brightening. "I'm open to most anything, just at present."

"Well, I want you to turn cattleman," said Jones. "I want you to give me a watering station at your place, and watch the north end of the range for me. I'll stand the expense of fittng up, and pay you seven hundred a year; and you can turn in about a hundred head of your own on the range, and you will be in a way of making something. You see, it is impossible to get water anywhere in this country, except along the creek, and that makes your spring located, as it is, on the divide, especially valuable."

"Why, your proposition is good enough for anybody;" said Rogers, "but I don't see yet where I'm to get the hundred head of cattle."

"You don't know, then," said Jones with a smile, "that the combined rewards on that fellow, McDuff, amount to three thousand dollars?"

"No," gasped Rogers, "I didn't know that."

"But you do know," resumed Jones, "that you captured him; and that, if you hadn't done some pretty nice work just when you did, he'd have downed Policy, and, probably, me too."

It took Rogers three hours the next evening to read over and explain to his wife, Jennie, the various provisions of his contract with Jones, and then he stopped, only because it occurred to him that it was perhaps childish and undignified in a man of thirty years to be constantly kissing his wife, and this

seemed the inevitable result of talking over the contract.

"The only regret I've got now," he finally told her, "is that I broke out that sixty acres. Just think it would have fed six or seven head of cattle the year round; and it will take at least three years for the grass to come back. ButI guess it's as Jones says, 'A durned farmer ain't responsible for what he does anyway.' "

Sunny Kansas

There's a balmy, breezy freshness
In the radiant Summer days;
There's a rich and mellow tincture
To the sweet Autumnal haze;
And the moon shines clear and bright
On the cold, crisp winter night;
And the meadow larks are gay
In the merry month of May,
Out in Sunny Kansas.

There's a welcome hand to strangers
'Round the hearth of every home;
There's a sympathetic comfort
In the blue. ethereal dome;
O'er the broad expanse of prairie,
Where the wild birds love to tarry,
Where the coyote howls his song,
Where is music all day long
Out in Sunny Kansas.

There's a rippling, roaring laughter
In the farmer's jovial call;
There's a fount of joy and gladness
In the hearts of one and all;
The Sunflower's golden bloom
Drives away the misty gloom;
Life is airy gay and free,
Earth is full of bliss to me—
Out in Sunny Kansas.

CARL OSTRUM.

Camping with the Citizen Soldier

By Z. G. Hopkins

PLAYING at war, under the rules of the modern game, is work rather than play. A joint camp of instruction, such as the camp at Ft. Riley at which the Kansas National Guard spent two weeks in August, along with two regiments of the Nebraska National Guard and several thousand regular soldiers, is an impressive demonstration of the fact that the new military establishment of the United States government is well drilled in the idea that present day soldiering is not a loafing job.

Military service nowadays, even in times of peace, has a serious and a practical side. It is this side of the service that is strikingly developed at manoeuver and instruction camps. It is at these camps that men learn the lessons of sanitation, learn how to take care of themselves in the field, come to know how to live properly as soldiers as well as to comprehend something of the duties that will come to them if they are ever called into the field to face an actual military foe.

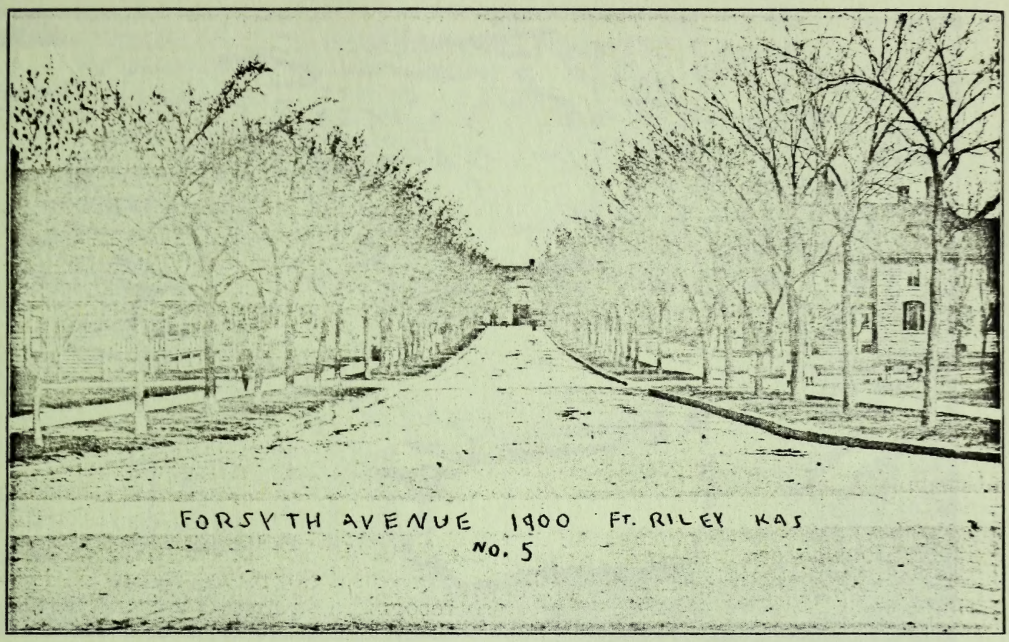
It is not only the National Guardsmen who learn these lessons either. Time was, when our frontier was wild, that the regular army was much in the field in Indian campaigns. Nowadays the regular spends most of his time in garrison duty at comfortable posts like Ft. Riley and Ft. Leavenworth and frequently the regular needs the experience and the knowledge that is gained in manoeuver and instruction camps almost as much as does the National Guardsmen.

Experience is the teacher that works the transformation from the "rooky" to the veteran. In a measure, a similar transformation is worked in raw military organizations at these great camps of instruction. Work, and mighty hard work, is necessary to work these changes. Service in camp is not all dress parade by any means. In fact, at Ft. Riley this year, there was an absence of dress parade surprising to most civilians.

The serious side of it all forced itself on all who were closely in touch with the work and spirit of the camp. The underlying spirit was unquestionably that of ardent patriotism on the part of both officers and men. Willingness to work and sacrifice when necessary was marked. It is on this spirit that armies must depend for effectiveness. So it may be set down as certain, and it is so recognized in army circles, that the National Guard would prove effective, and wonderfully so, within a very short time after the organizations had taken to the field. Patriotism is the mainspring of the National Guard, the same patriotism which as a cohesive force has before welded citizens from all walks of American life into resistless armies.

The period since the Spanish-American war has been one of marvelous development in the military establishment of the United States. This development has been too, along lines that were shown to be weak during that short conflict, which if of material benefit to this nation in no other direction was beneficial for the lessons it taught as to our vulnerability, from a military standpoint.

It has been an American boast that ours is not a military government. Our regular military establishment has hardly been large enough that it could be expected to do more than federal police duty. Our great battles have all been fought and won by citizen soldiery—American volunteers. In the new scheme of things military, there is no disposition to change from the principle that has proven so well fitted to American institutions, but there is a disposition to correct its weaknesses. The work done at these manoeuver camps strikes at these very weaknesses.

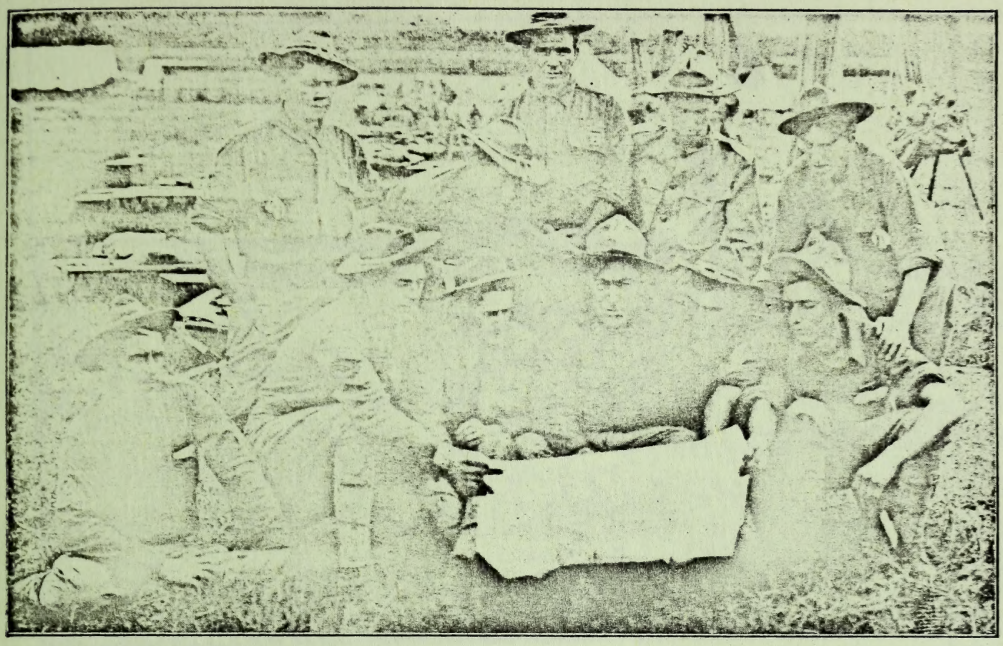


From pioneer days to the Spanish-American war, the United States government after a fashion maintained what was termed on organized militia. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war it was promptly discovered, in most states, as it was in Kansas, that this militia was useless or well nigh so. Organizations were poorly equipped. Their arms were for the most part old and out of date. Officers and men in most cases had little training and that little was of an indifferent sort.

The outbreak of another war would find us in a greatly different and much improved condition, so far as the militia is concerned. Under the provisions of the Dick law, which created the new National Guard, the militia organizations in every state will shortly be armed and equipped according to regular army standards. More than that, these National Guard organizations will go into the field, if called upon for active service, as well trained as were most of volunteer regiments during the Spanish-American war ninety days after they had been mustered into the United States service. Ninety days delay in getting a strong and effective fight force into the field in event of war might mean success or failure in an aggressive military movement.

Out of experience in the great military camps of the Spanish-American war and out of the experience that is coming to officers and men of the army at these camps of instruction under the new order of things is coming another great benefit, perhaps the greatest benefit of all. Never again will disease reap such a harvest of death in American military camps as was reaped by typhoid and kindred fevers at Chickamauga, Camp Alger, the Presidio, and other camps for volunteer troops during the Spanish-Amerian war.

Whatever else the Guardsmen learned at Ft. Riley this year, it is certain that they learned too, to care for themselves in camp. They were kept busy every day, men and officers, learning the lesson of sanitation and cleanliness. The greatest testimonial to the utility of the new sanitary systems, to the practical results that are obtained by the new methods, was the fact that at Ft. Riley, with upwards of nine thousand men in camp, there were no cases of malaria, fever of any sort kindred to those that in the old days attended great camps of soldiers.



Captain Martin going over plans of battle with Non-Commissioned Officers.

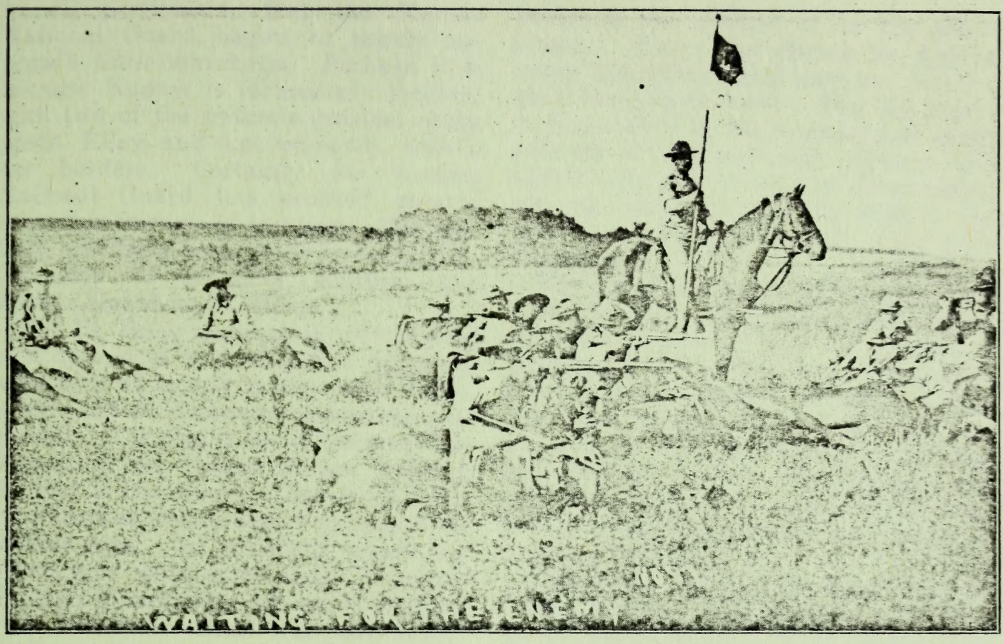
Officers were shown their responsibility for the physical condition of their men, for the sanitary conditions that existed in their camps and the impossibility of normal physical conditions unless natural laws were regarded scrupulously, particular emphasis being at all times laid on the fundamental that absolute cleanliness is essential in modern sanitation. Regular army officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned, were on detail with the various National Guard organizations instructing officers and men in their duties with regard to sanitary conditions. More attention was paid to drill in taking care of men than to such drill as is provided for in the drill manuals.

Into this constant campaign against unsantiary conditions crept some amusing incidents. In one company was a man who declined to bathe when the judgment of his immediate superior officer was that he should do so. A detail of his comrades promptly was ordered to conduct the recalcitrant to one of the camp bath houses where he was forcibly put under the shower, clothes and all.

An experienced officer had been detailed to look after the sanitary conditions of the camp of one of the Kansas regiments. One morning, while making his rounds, he heard one of a little squad of men who had been detailed to clean up around a headquarters kitchen, complaining that he was not used to such work. "What do you do, at home?" asked the captain. "I am a bookkeeper in a bank," was the reply.

In one company of one of the Kansas regiments, practically all of the enlisted men were found to be either professional men, clerks or students. Conversation with the company commanders develops the information that that it is the custom to investigate as to reputation, habits and character of applicants for enlistment in order that the undesirable element may be bept out of the service. Frequently men are refused enlistment because it is not believed that their influence as members of the Guard will be "for the good of the service." More frequently, men whose course in the Guard has shown that they are not of the right type are discharged "for the good of the service," without completing their terms of enlistment.

The Kansas National Guard, officers and men, is composed of the very best element of the young manhood of the



state. It is the rule, rather than the exception, that the officers make financial sacrifices in order that they may properly discharge their duties as National Guard officers. Under the new system, both officers and men are paid for the time they spend in camp, but few receive military pay equal to what they would earn were they at home. In the main, their service is imposed by a patriotic spirit and it is as earnest and devoted as though there were immediate and pressing necessity that they take the field in the national defense.

There is another thing about the personel of the Guard that is striking. That is the number of both officers and men who have seen service, either with the regular or volunteer armies during the Spanish-American war or with the National Guard of other states. Almost fifty per cent of the commissioned officers in the two Kansas regiments served in the army during the Spanish-American war. Of that fifty per cent, perhaps half were either commissioned or non-commissioned officers. The remaining fifty per cent is almost entirely made up of men who have either served with the National Guard of some other state or have been five or more years in the Kansas National Guard.

So it may be seen that these officers are not green. In fact they are competent to take their commands into the field for active service and efficiently discharge their duty. It is particularly pleasing to Kansans to learn that this is the opinion of regular army officers who have served with these Kansas Guardsmen in manoeuver camps. And well may they do so, for have they not learned by being pitted against them in the manoeuver field that these same Kansans solve the military problems that are put up to them with about the same facility and dispatch as do their brother officers of the regular army.

Experience in manoeuver camps each year for the past decade has taught most of these officers practical lessons that volunteer officers have heretofore learned in the field under fire in actual warfare. Their association in camp and post, with regular officers, seasoned by campaigns against Indians, in Cuba and the Phillippines, have been highly profitable and out of this association has come a respect for the National Guard officer and soldier that is far removed from the old time contempt which the regular army officer had for militiamen.

Of course the National Guard lacks much of reaching regular army standards

in all particulars. But the Kansas National Guard begins to nearly approach those standards. Perhaps it is because Kansas is fortunately located, with two of the nation's greatest army posts, Riley and Leavenworth, within her borders. Certainly the Kansas National Guard has profited greatly from this fortune of location. Particularly has there been profit from the opportunity to annually mobilize the Kansas Guard at Ft. Riley.

The Ft. Riley reservation, comprising as it does close to twenty-five thousand acres of land mostly in the virgin state, affords almost ideal camp and manoeuver ground, The post is one of the most important, in the United States, it being the seat of the Mounted Service Schools for officers as well as of service schools for enlisted men. An excellent school for bakers and cooks is maintained and the National Guardsmen got great benefits from this latter school this year, learning many things regarding the preparation of food that they may need to know. Ft. Riley has been the scene of so many manoeuver camps too that the regular army officers stationed there have learned much as to how best to teach the National Guard the lessons the men go to camp to learn.

Riley is a beautiful military post, rapidly becoming the most picturesque in America and its reservation is peculiarly fitted for the uses to which it is put. The reservation lies on two sides of the Kaw river, with the Republican river making its southern and western boundary line. For the most part the reservation is very rough and hilly, with level flats in the river valley which are utilized for camp grounds. Just incidentally, the camp on Pawnee flats this year was mighty picturesque from a scenic standpoint, the view of the Kaw valley from General Drew's headquarters with the background of green bluffs, being one of the most beautiful the West affords.

The first week in camp this year was given up mostly to battallion and regimental drills. It is the theory that the men have had all the company drill they need at home. But they are worked hard each forenoon at battalion and regimental drills. Small manoeuver problems are worked at in the afternoons. Every day during the stay in camp the officers and men are given a good hard day's work. The day starts at five o'clock in the morning and camp activity of one sort and another continues until nine o'clock in the evening, although the hard work for most of the men is usually over shortly after mid-afternoon.

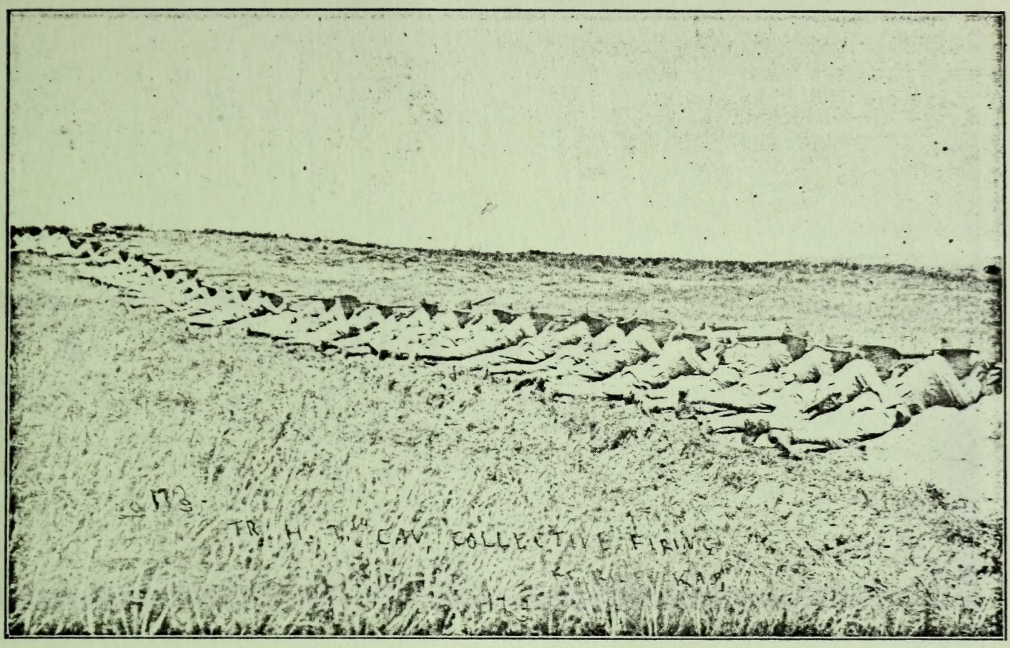
The small manoeuvers in the first days of the encampment are but preparatory to the larger ones to come. It is to these larger manoeuvers that the men look forward with greatest anticipation. The manoeuvers are taken very seriously by the men of both the regular army and the National Guard. An interest and attention is given to every detail that brings to the big movements a marked touch of realism.

Just how deeply the men became interested may be judged from the fact that in one instance at least, soldiers intent on the solution of a field problem were seen to fall to the ground from nervous shock when fired on with blank cartridges unexpectedly by an ambushed foe.

The First battalion of the First Kansas, while maneuvering as the advance of a strong brown force, was closely pressed by a red advance party twice its strength. Taking advantage of a deep ditch which the brown command crossed, three of the four companies took a position, entirely hidden from sight, in this ditch. The remaining company continued to retreat and in crossing the brow of a hill so exposed itself to the scouts of the enemy as to lead them to the conculsion that the entire brown party was retreating hurriedly.

The scouts of course so reported to the main body of the reds, and in taking a short cut to intercept the retreating browns, the main column of the reds headed straight for the ditch in which the three companies of browns lay in ambush. Ahead of the reds perhaps two hundred or so yards were several scouts. When these scouts reached the ditch, they were quickly and quietly captured, having been completely surprised.

The brown force, all unsuspecting and with minds intent on overtaking the retreating enemy, continued to advance



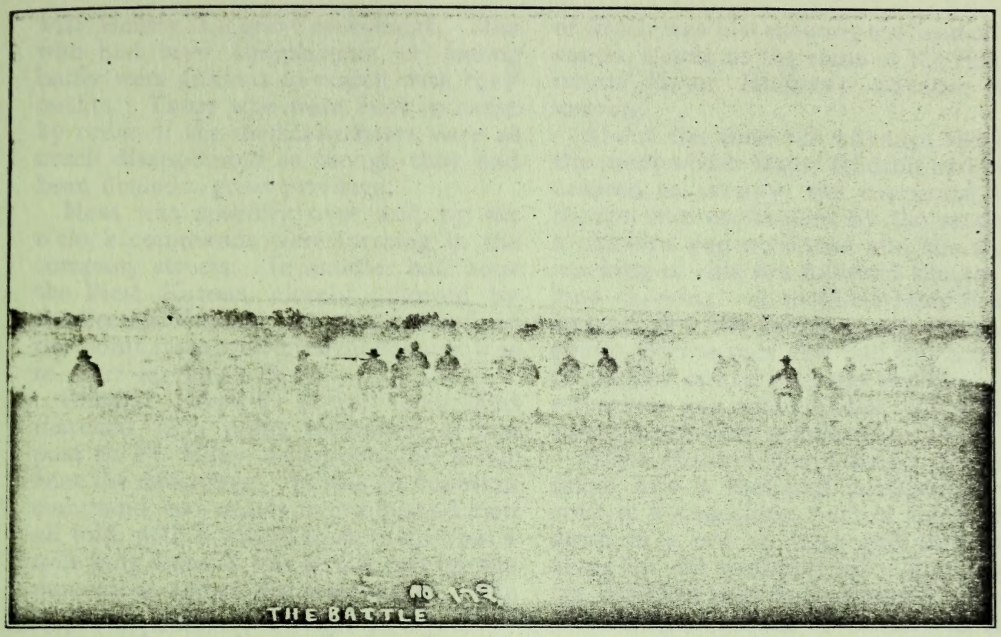
toward the ditch. The suspense among the watiing browns was intense. The reds came on, talking, laughing, still unconscious of danger. When their line was inside fifty yards from the ditch, the command "Fire" was given to the eager browns. The report of the volley, the three companies firing almost as one man, was the first warning to the ambushed reds. Two more volleys from the ditch followed quickly. The reds were thrown into panic. Men actually collapsed from nervous shock and fell to the ground at the first fire. The umpire was frightened, so real had been the action, for fear that ball cartidge had been issued by mistake, and that some of the reds had actually been shot.

The third volley from the ditch ended the engagement, the umpire ruling that from the position they occupied the browns would quickly have wiped out all of the red command that remained after those three tremenduous volleys at close range. The officers and men of the red command were all broken up at the misfortune that had overtaken them, and it is hardly likely that they would have felt more downcast at a sure enough defeat in real service, so far as the sting of defeat is concerned.

The big manoeuver at Ft. Riley this year was the last one in which the Kansas Guard participated. In this manoeuver all the troops in camp took part. From a spectator's standpoint it was perhaps the most interesting and spectacular manoeuver that has ever taken place at Ft. Riley. It had all the air of the real thing except casualities and it was heartily enjoyed by the men who participated.

In the brown army, which was under command of Briagdier General Charles P. Drew of the Kansas National Guard were the First and Second Kansas Infantry, the First and Second Nebraska Infantry, Battery A of the Kansas National Guard, a squadron of the Seventh Cavalry, a detachment of the Signal Corps and a battalion of engineers.

This command successfully convoyed a wagon train of one hundred wagons across the reservation from the bridge over the Republican river near Junction City in a northeasterly direction to another brown force operating near the little town of Stockdale in Riley county. It was General Drew's problem to get this wagon train safely through the reservation, he having warning only that the patrols of the red army had been seen in the neighborhood through which he was to take the train. He was not



warned as to the strength of the reds, although it developed that he had nearly two regiments of regular infantry, a full regiment of field artillery and two squadrons of cavalry opposed to him.

For several days before the maneuver General Drew and his officers had been riding over the reservation selecting a route over which they would attempt to move the train, taking advantage of all possible cover to screen the wagons from artillery fire. It was finally decided to take the train up a canon which at most places along the way afforded cover.

The orders for the movement did not come down from headquarters to the various commands until nearly ten o'clock the night preceding the manoeuver, when the regimental commanders returned to their own quarters after having been hurriedly summoned to General Drew's quarters, where each Colonel had been told just what would be expected from his organization.

Battalion commanders were in turn summoned to regimental headquarters and in turn given their orders, each being told what was expected of him in the way of results, the manner of achieving those results being left largely to him. To the First, Major Hudson's battalion of the First Kansas, was given the advance party position, the First Kansas being the advance of the brown army, operating behind a cavalry screen.

Orders were issued to company commanders that fifty rounds of ammunition to the man should be drawn. Taps had sounded before this order was issued and men were hustled out of bed to draw ammunition. Company officers were all summoned to the Major's tent and informed as to the plans for the battle, the positions to be occupied being pointed out on the map.

From battalion headquarters company officers returned to their own commands to explain to their non-commissioned officers what was expected of them, the whole proceeding following the receipt of the orders being an excellent illustration of the organization methods of the army, of the system, demanding that each man do his duty, do his part, regardless of what anyone else or everyone else is doing or may do.

There were no laggards in the morning which broke cloudy and cool. The whole camp was astir at five o'clock and it needed no practiced eye to discern that a great movement was to take place. And the movement of five thousand men out of camp, quiet, orderly, and

with facility is a great movement. Men who had been complaining of feeling badly were anxious to march with their outfits. Those who were kept in camp by order of the medical officers were as much disappointed as though they had been denied a great privilege.

Mess was speedily over and by six o'clock commands were forming in the company streets. In another half hour the First Kansas, closely followed by the Second Kansas, was on the march to the point from which the manoeuver was to start at nine o'clock.

General Drew's entire command marched to a point southwest of the post at Ft. Riley, assembling on a flat near the rifle range. It was an imposing command, too, nearly five thousand men all told, with a wagon train more than a mile long when it was strung out for the movement across the reservation. The advance began promptly at nine o'clock, the cavalry at the sound of the bugle, swinging into a brisk trot through a trail leading over the bluffs which skirt the rifle range on the north. Major Hudson with the First Battalion of the First Kansas, followed quickly but kept well to the left of the canon up which the wagon train was to move. His orders were to advance to a point some three miles away as quickly as possible. If he encountered the enemy there hold them until his support came up. He had no other orders. The men were tense with excitement and there was little talking in the ranks. In fact there was a grim reality about the movement that can best be compared to the determination with which an athlete trains his every thought and energy on the wining of the game in which he may be engaged. It had none the air of play, though.

While Major Hudson's advance was hastening toward its objective, the remaining two battalions of the First Kansas, under Colonel Wilder S. Metcalf, and the Second Kansas under Colonel P. M. Hoisington, were moving forward almost as quickly to take positions on the right of that which Major Hudson was hastening to occupy. The two Nebraska regiments followed the Kansas troops, with part of them remaining with the wagon train, the head of which was just entering the head of the canon, a mile to the right of the line on which Major Hudson's advance was moving.

About the time the advance reached the point which Major Hudson had been ordered to occupy, the command was thrown into excitement by the rattle of a machine gun up ahead and the sharp cracking of rifle fire followed shortly by loud cheering. A moment later it was learned that the brown cavalry had encountered the reds and had put a troop of cavalry out of business and captured a machine gun and that the reds were in strong force only a mile or so away.

Major Hudson doubletimed his command into a sheltered position at the crest of a long slope, part of them lying down in a row of trees and the others along an old sunken trail. Red infantry was to be seen on an exposed hillside, advancing in strong force, but in such a way as to subject themselves to an enfilade fire from Major Hudson's position. The little advance opened a hot fire at a range of six hundred yards and upwards. The fire was hotly returned but owing to the protected position of the browns they suffered little although holding the position against a greatly superior force. It was simply a question of time until they would be wiped out though unless supported. Colonel Metcalf, who had by this time come up onto the firing line was quick to grasp the situation and he ordered Major Butler with the Second Battalion to support Major Hudson. Within a few minutes after Major Butler had gone into position the advance of the reds in this direction had been checked and it was learned that the umpires had penalized them severely for losses in attempting to advance on the position occupied by the Kansas boys.

Colonel Hoisington, with the Second Kansas, had in the meantime taken a position on the right of the First regiment and most of his command was hotly engaged. Before the Second Kansas was well settled in its position a red battery was wheeled within easy range of fire from the Kansas position as well as of one of the Nebraska regiments. This was really a turning point of the maneuver as the reds had sighted several



wagons of the train exposed as they crossed a slight raise a mile and a half away and it was planned to open on the wagon train with fire from this battery. But the red battery was so exposed to infantry fire that the umpires ruled it out of action before it had fired a half dozen shots and before it had done serious damage.

By this time the line of fire was at least two miles long and the scene was one of almost indescribable confusion to one who did not understand the plan of action and know that behind every movement was a well formulated plan and that the results were being worked out as accurately as the expert checker player figures the way to his opponent's king row.

What with the booming of artillery, the clatter of machine guns, the constant crack of rifle fire, the skurrying hither and thither of mounted officers, with the bustle and roar of the continually changing scenes, it by this time required little imagination to picture the scene as one in actual warfare. Carnage was the only thing lacking to make the scene entirely real, and excitement was so intense that the asbence of casualties was hardly noticeable. Certainly, the men could not have been more intent, each one doing his part toward victory than were these soldiers playing at war, and certainly officers could not have exercised greater care and judgment in taking advantage of every opportunity to turn the tide of battle.

From a spectator's standpoint, it was just at the close of the engagement that the most spectacular feature of the manoeuver was staged. A brown battery had gone into position near Morris Hill, supported by only a few infantrymen. Swooping around the point of the hill in three lines, two squadrons of the Seventh Cavalry, charged the battery, eventually capturing it but after heavy losses. The scene was one of indescribeable grandeur as the three hundred odd horsemen in unbroken lines, dashed on toward the battery at full speed. The charge seemed resistless. Fire from the artillerymen was reserved until the charging force, or its first line, was almost upon them and then it broke loose in a withering volley. What it may have done to the first lines was not developed as the two remaining lines came on so quickly behind that the umpire ruled that the battery was out of business.

Just following this charge of the reds, recall was sounded, the umpires having ruled that in view of the heavy losses that

had been entailed on the reds in the two hours of continuous fighting, the wagon train had advanced to a point which would have made it easy for the browns to have taken it on to Stockdale without further serious danger from the remaining red forces. So it was that victory rested with General Drew and the National Guardsmen of Kansas and Nebraska, who though opposed by a force composed almost entirely of regular soldiers, had successfully solved their problem.

Of course, it wasn't real war. There were no dead and dying. That fact made success only sweeter. It was unmixed with sorrow. But the movements of the forenoon had shown practically all the trappings and trimmings of warfare except bloodshed and tears. The men had been given a training almost invaluable in the movements incident to similar situations in real warfare. The same spirit of patriotism, reinforced by discipline, that took those Kansas and Nebraska boys on an eight or ten mile march, part of the time double timing over rough and rocky hill sides, keeping pace and place in spite of fatigue and phsyical discomfort, is the spirit that has before brought victory to American arms. If occasion ever demands their service in the field, those Kansans and Nebraskans will be better and more efficient soldiers by virtue of their experience amid the hills of the Ft. Riley reservation, because this same playing at war has involved hard work solving some of the problems that go to make up modern military science.

Keepsakes

My keepsakes! When at last
My tryst I keep
With Silence in that long,
Abysmal sleep,
Their care to other hearts
Were weary task,—
A duty which of Love
'Twere wrong to ask.

This— with a glance laughs Youth,
"What funny sleeves!"
Age lingers wistfully,
And softly grieves.
Ambition, Love and Grief—
The Past's full scope—
(Thank God, ne'er dealest thou
In keepsakes, Hope!)

Their signs, oh kindly fire,
To thee I trust!
Return me but their white,
Refined dust.
No alien, then, o'er them
May jest, or weep:
Commingled, we that tryst
With Silence keep.

Amy A. Morgan.

Wessie Livers

By J. E. Torrance

CHAPTER XI.

THE stirring experiences of the school-teacher reached the patrons and pupils of the school before she returned to her duties, and many were the congratulations she received for her brave conduct and happy escape from the fangs of the wolves. The incident had much to do with bringing her nearer to the hearts of her pupils than she had ever been before, and made it correspondingly easier for her to inculcate industrial habits and enforce her ideas of school discipline. If she had possessed a strong hold upon the school before that time, she now had absolute control of every detail of the school work and almost every emotion of her pupils. The days and weeks thenceforward passed off pleasantly and she felt almost a regret at the approach of the end of the term. The antcipated return of Billy Osgood with the promised New Year's present was a pleasure perhaps superior to the hours spent with her pupils, but nothing else gave her greater delight than to meet daily the bright, cheerful faces of her pupil-friends who had learned to realize and appreciate the fact that this young girl was really and truly absorbed in the praiseworthy work of trying to better their condition.

Samuel W. Moulton, then a comparatively young man who had not attracted much public notice in that sparsely settled State, was already developing those very qualities of statesmanship which afterwards compelled the esteem and devotion of the people even beyond the borders of his State, regardless of political predilection, and which secured him the honorable political preferment to which he afterwards attained and which he so richly merited. When Mr. Moulton left the old Bay State for the wilderness of the Mississippi Valley, he carried with him a good education and a rare quality of courage, and almost immediately upon his arrival in Illinois, he saw the great importance of the common free-school system as a factor in the upbuilding and perpetuity of that vigorous young commonwealth. Long before he was known outside of his immediate neighborhood, he was laboriously planning a system of free schools while others were reaching for the rich acres of black prairie soil or river bottom land. It was Mr. Moulton's motto, if not his religion, from his earliest youth, that it is easier to form character than to reform it; and few men ever worked more faithfully or hewed more closely to the lines of work laid out for themselves; indeed, they are very few who have more to show for their philanthropic labor.

The Legislature of 1823 passed a fairly good school law; but in 1829, before schools had been organized, or its provisions could be made effective, the Legislature amended the life out of it, and in the language of a modern historian, "From that time until 1855 the schools of Illinois lay prostrate." Here and there in the more densely populated settlements they had subscription schools, but there were practically no

free schools. It was during this period —the dark ages of education in Illinois —that Shad Breeman and his compatriots of Cold Spring arose superior to the subscription school idea and furnished inspiration for the advocates of a state-wide system of free schools

Mr. Moulton, a native of the old state of education and culture on the Atlantic Seaboard, upon his arrival was quick to see the lack of school facilities in the new State, and at once began to work faithfully and effectively to make the school law something more than nominal.

The free school system of Illinois and the State Normal School near Bloomington are monuments of the wisdom and devotion of Mr. Moulton to the cause; for, subsequently, as a member of the Legislature of the State, he worked heroically for the bills, and, by his indomitable courage, had much to do with forcing them through both Houses, which established the present educational system of that great state; and throughout his young manhood, middle age and ascent to an honorable old age, he enjoyed with deep satisfaction the results of his marvelous success.

It is not strange, therefore, that he should have been interested and even have drawn some inspiration from the little prototype of his pet schemes—its anticipation, we might say—the Cold Spring school, organized and presided over by Miss Wessie Livers. It was the day before the last day of school that Abraham Lincoln came to Shelbyville to attend Court. He and Mr. Moulton were genial friends and the latter, therefore naturally discussed with him his educational projects then in the embryo stage, and, on learning of what Mr. Moulton designated as his "Model School" at Cold Spring, Mr. Lincoln was at once prepared to accept an invitation to visit the school on its closing day and learn more of its teacher and pupils, and observe for himself its practical workings. Eager to forward his plans by enlisting the interest of such a philanthropist as Mr. Lincoln had already become, Mr. Moulton could hardly wait until the next morning to conduct his lawyer friend to Cold Spring.

Mounting their saddle horses on the morning of the last day of school, the two pioneer lawyers of Illinois rode across the country some ten miles to the Cold Spring school house. Wessie Livers had just called the school to order in the morning when she saw the horsemen approach, dismount, and tie their horses to the limbs of a tree and approach the door. She readily recognized Mr. Moulton as one of the men and guessed from the description she had read of Mr. Lincoln that he was the other visitor. When the men reached the door, Mr. Moulton said:

"Good morning, my dear;" bowing politely, "permit me to introduce to the handsomest girl in Illinois, the ugliest man on earth. Mr. Lincoln, this is my little friend, Miss Livers. Lincoln is a brother lawyer, Miss Livers, Abe Lincoln, he is called, but I presume you have never heard of him."

"Yes, I have heard of him quite favorably," remarked Wessie.

"Glad to know you Miss," said Mr. Lincoln, grasping the hand of the little teacher and smothering it in his broad, brawny palm, while a twinkle danced merrily in his deep-set eyes. "Sam as usual," he continued, "has gone to extremes; and the saddest part of it is, he has given me the worst extreme. However, I shall not worry about that, feeling sure that the difference between us will grow less as you grow older."

"Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, for the doubtful comment," said Wessie, pleasantly. "I shall be contented to yield up to time some of my beauty if by so doing I may acquire a portion of the wisdom for which you are famed. Be seated, gentlemen. I am indeed glad to receive this call."

During the forenoon the distinguished visitors watched the little teacher carry out her daily program with real interest, noting the complete mastery of every detail of instruction, without relaxing a particle of her hold upon the perfect decorum and discipline of the school. When the forenoon exercises were completed, a few minutes before time for the noon recess, the teacher said:

"Children, you have behaved very nicely this morning, for which I am truly glad. I shall, therefore, reward you by requesting our visitors to favor us with speeches."

"You speak first, Sam, as you have your speech already written out," remarked Mr. Lincoln, smiling covertly.

"My dear girls and boys," began Mr. Moulton, "I am tempted to reply to Mr. Lincoln's sly thrust at my unpreparedness to make an off-hand speech, but he has the last chance and I know I should easily get the worst of it. I will say to you, however, that extemperaneous speaking is too often at the expense of accuracy; should you take the cue from Mr. Lincoln's little joke and conclude that what I shall say to you has been carefully prepared, you will also feel that what has been prepared with care may be received with safety.

"I am a friend of schools and of education for all the people, as no man or woman can be good and great without the knowledge of good and evil, neither can a State—a commonwealth—be good and great without a population of conscientious, trained thinkers. The State cannot be better or wiser than its people —cannot rise in wisdom and goodness above the knowledge and virtue of its individuals. I believe in the education of the masses,—the rich and the poor,—and I long to see our youthful State distinguish itself by the establishment of a free school system at the public expense, whereby the means of knowledge and culture may be brought to the door of every citizen of this splendid young State, whether he be rich or poor. So long as I live, I shall use my every talent and devote my entire energy if need be, to the end that this may be accomplished. If I needed a renewal of courage to urge me forward, I have it before me. If I required a model school after which to pattern the work I have in contemplation that model is the pioneer school of Shelby County, located at Cold Spring. Let me, therefore, urge upon you, my children, that you work diligently to supply your minds with good thoughts and your hearts with pure sentiment that you may be prepared to take your part in the great work that the people of Illinois are mapping our for themselves; for, mark what I tell you, our commonwealth will, in its good time, produce some of the greatest statesmen the nation has ever known, and there may be among you, statesmen—governors, congressmen, or even a president. Remember, therefore, that there is nothing beyond the deserts of a true American, and there is nothing that a boy or girl of ordinary talent and sufficient industry may not attain to. While you may not all be great men, you can all be good men, and, after all, every good man is a great man."

Such was a part of Mr. Moulton's speech.

MR. LINCOLN'S SPEECH

"Mr. Moulton's remarks remind me," said Mr. Lincoln dryly, as he arose and kept arising until his bushy hair almost swept the low ceiling of the school room, "of Josh Armstrong's dogs. Josh got it into his head that by special care he could raise a superior breed of coon dogs. When he had acquired several generations of puppies and considerable fame, a particular friend of his drove out from Springfield to purchase a pair of dogs. The friend picked upon two very fine looking full-grown dogs and inquired the price. Josh quoted them to him at one dollar for the pair. His friend then looked at a pair of half-grown puppies and was informed that they were worth two dollars a pair. The gentleman then turned his attention to a pair of little fellows who had not yet gotten their eyes open, and was astonished to learn that the price of these puppies was ten dollars. Noticing the man's surprise, Josh explained that the full-grown dogs were known to be worthless, and the half-grown dogs were remarkably like the full-grown were at their age; but the little fellows could not yet be proven worthless and he thought the chances that they might make fine coon dogs was worth ten dollars.

"If there are any presidents here, they must be concealed in the chances that some of the little fellows may make them, for Sam and I are full-grown and are of no account. I know this is a hard thrust at Sam's ambition, but, like my friend, Josh Armstrong, I am bound to tell the truth.

"But, my dear boys and girls, cleanliness is not only typical of inward purity, but one of its chiefest elements; and I notice a sweetness and freshness about your persons and a tidiness about your

books and desks and school-room that commends you and your teacher, and gives me great hopes for your success in life. Mr. Moulton has well said that a State or Nation cannot be better or greater than her people; and I see here in Mr. Moulton's free school system, the rod of Moses that shall guide us in our Nation's darkest hour, which I am deeply impressed cannot be more than a generation ahead at farthest. When that hour arises, we shall need clear heads and pure hearts—trained men and fearless statesmen, the stoutest-hearted the world has known. I may not live to see it; my friend Moulton may not be here when it comes; but come it must and surely will, and may the good Lord raise up men equal to the hour."

During those remarks, Mr. Lincoln looked inexpressibly sad. Then a relaxation began to transform his homely features, which gradually merged into a smile as he continued without any apparent regard to relevances:

"My pious old friend, Deacon Conley, had a large family of unpromising boys who gave him and his good wife a great deal of concern. Every night and morning while at family prayers, the Deacon urged the Lord to make good men out of those bad boys. The results, I am sorry to say, were scarcely noticeable. At last the Deacon's wife could stand it no longer and she suggested to her husband that perhaps they were trying to shift too much of their parental responsibility upon the shoulders of the Lord. The old gentleman took the suggestion and immediately accumulated an arm-load of hickory sprouts and proceeded to make good men of his boys in the natural way. It has often been said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. I would like to extend the same so that it will read, 'The hand that spanks the school-boy is the real architect of true statesmanship.' "

Such, in brief, was the character of a portion of the speeches made by the two men, one of whom, at least, was uncousciously destined to remove from the Nation the inhuman institution of slavery. It is to be regretted that what each of these men said on that occasion could not have been preserved verbatim, but reporters and stenographers were not numerous in those days, and great men like Abraham Lincoln and Samuel W. Moulton were not accustomed to write out and preserve their speeches. The two men accepted the invitation of the teacher and pupils to a basket dinner and remained throughout the afternoon exercises, which consisted of declamations and dialogues, winding up with an old-fashioned spelling-match in which a prize was awarded to the pupil who could stand up longest.

It was not without some regrets that Wessie Livers took the hand of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Moulton at the close of school, and it was with tears that she bade good-bye to her Cold Spring pupils. There was, however, in Wessie's heart, great joy in the anticipation of the approaching New Year's day when she expected to greet Billy Osgood on his return from Kentucky and receive the promised present.

CHAPTER XII.

A WEDDING ON HORSEBACK—PROF. FLYNT WRITES A SCIENTIFIC TREATISE ON GHOSTS

As they galloped gaily along the wagon road shadowed by emerald foliage of the Oak and Elm and the stately Sycamore, discussing the details of the coming event, with as much gravity as they could force upon their bounding spirits, Wessie said:

"I think it will be ever so nice to get out regular wedding cards and invite a few of our friends and have the stylish young Episcopal minister from Shelbyville perform the ceremony in the parlor; after which we will have dinner and then some dancing. Don't you think that will be nice, Billy?"

"No, I don't. You know how we failed miserably when we tried to court in the parlor and how nearly I came to losing you afterwards. I want to have it in the open air and under the broad canopy of the just heavens and the trees of the forest—while I am being bound I want to feel free. I would like to have Dr. Crocker and all the old settlers present. They, of course, would not feel just right in a parlor bedecked with orange blossoms, blushing brides and a galvanized minister. Aside from all that

you could never go through without some kind of a thrill. I have a plan to submit for your approval. We will have a big barbecue in Radcliff's grove, to which we will invite everybody. We will not have any cards or tom-foolery of that kind, but will simply set the date, make the arrangements, and then you and I will get on our horses and ride around and invite the guests verbally, to be present, every one of them, on horseback. We will have the Methodist circuit-rider there on horseback, and we will be married on horseback. How does that strike you?"

"I don't see how you can make that work, Billy, for the Methodist circuit-rider walks, you know. He believes it is a sin to ride on the backs of the beasts of the field which the Lord God has made."

"Oh, I had forgotten the good man's fad, but maybe we can persuade him to ride just this once. We will call on him first and if he will not yield the point, it will then be necessary to change our program."

"All right, Billy, I am ready to ride to his cabin at once and have it out with him; but, Billy Osgood, don't you dare to joke with him. He is so solemn and severe, you know."

"I promise you I'll not say anything to disturb his solemnity, but if I can induce him to ride I will feel that I have done him a great service, for I mean to offer him the dapple filly as his fee for tying us up."

"You will never get him to agree to it, Billy, and, as likely as not, he will become offended at the request."

"Come on, we will soon see," remarked Billy, as they turned their horses toward the preacher's hut.

Brother Cranstaff was, indeed, out of the ordinary, even as circuit riders and frontier preachers then ran. He was extremely pious and often inconveniently practical in the application of his notions of piety. His circuit took in a wide range of sparsely settled country, so that, by holding two services a day, his appointments at each of his five points ran every third Sabbath. These appointments were punctually fulfilled. No matter what the condition of the roads or weather, he would walk or wade from place to place and preach to his little flock regularly, refusing all offers of the loan of a horse, saddle and bridle. He had, in an early day, selected a picturesque spot in the forests of Illinois and had cut the logs from which he erected his cabin on the spot. He subsequently cleared a small circular patch of some five or six acres surrounding his house, upon which he raised each year a scant supply of vegetables. Upon leaving the house one crossed this small patch or open and then plunged into the somber forests which, for miles entirely surrounded his place. Of course there was a road leading up to the hut, but this road was simply wide enough for a wagon or for two persons to ride abreast, and was roofed by the overhanging boughs of the trees.

The good man was sitting in this open in front of his cabin on a home-made hickory chair, scraping an ax handle with a piece of glass, while his open Bible lay on a stump by his side for convenience in case his memory should balk at the various quotations running through his mind. His faithful fox hounds, Gamaliel and Beelzebub, slept peacefully behind his chair, dreaming of the fierce combats of their youth with elderly raccoons, or, maybe, following the line of their master, they were partaking, in advance, of the glories of future life on the dog-star, when done with naps and snaps and coon fights here. Thus absorbed with his triple labor—mental, manual and spiritual—he did not notice the approach of anyone until Billy and Wessie came dashing out of the timber into the open and reined up almost at his feet. The sudden violent approach of the young people so startled the good man that he dropped the ax handle and threw up his hands is if to keep them from galloping into his lap; his chair was already balanced on its rear legs, and the sudden change in his position tilted it backwards, and losing his equilibrium entirely, he fell with a crash upon the fox hounds, both of whom set up piteous howls as they scrambled out from under the avalanche of flesh and indignation.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" exclaimed the preacher as he struggled to his feet, intensely excited. "Shut your

dam—ah—ah—your dam—aged heads!" he shouted at the dogs, and then, quickly getting control of himself, he bowed to the intruders who were straining every nerve to look duly sober and sorry, and said:

"Good morning, William; good morning Miss Livers. Glad to see you, always, but, really, I was not in such a hurry to see you as—all this."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Cranstaff, if we have caused you much discomfort," said Billy. "We had not calculated that you would be sitting here in the yard when we dashed into the open. Very sorry, indeed for what we have done."

"Oh, never mind; never mind; Just one of the little ups and downs we are subject to because of the sin of Father Adam."

"Due to the same cause,—" interupted Billy, "Woman, you know." And he looked slyly at Wessie.

"We just rode over, Mr. Cranstaff," Billy continued," to see if we could get you to marry us."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the preacher, politely, is if nothing had ever happened to ruffle his temper or disturb his quietude. And, as the young people made no move towards dismounting, he took off his hat and laid it on the ground, straightened up his erect figure to its full height, stroked his patriarchal beard and said in solemn tones:

"Join right hands."

"Oh, oh!" screamed Wessie, throwing up both hands.

"Hold on, hold on, there!" said Billy, "We are not ready now; we just came over to make arrangements. I am glad, however, to see that you are willing to marry us on horseback, for that is the way we have planned to have it done. We feared you might be unwilling. We are going to have a barbecue and invite everybody, and we want to be married on horseback with the minister and everybody on horseback. We mean to make it worth your while, Mr. Cranstaff; in fact, I expect to present you with the horse you ride, as a fee."

"Really, William, that is very generous —very generous, indeed," said the preacher. "It is against my principles, however, to ride on horseback, but—but I will take the matter to the Lord and let you know. It does seem to me that it is wrong to make the poor beasts carry one whom God gave strong limbs upon which to walk."

"I am sorry, Mr. Cranstaff," replied Billy, "but we can't wait till you go to Heaven to get permission. If you cannot answer us now we will have to see the Rev. Soakman of the Baptist church."

Here the minister bowed his head for a minute as if in solemn meditation or devotion, and then raised his head, his face radiant with ideas, and said;

"I'll do it, William, by gum, I'll do it,—for you. I don't think it is right but it may be the means of bringing you and your family to the Lord. At any rate I will risk it."

"No worse than to ride a hobby," ventured Wessie, smiling pleasantly, "and all ministers ride those."

"There is where you are wrong, Miss," said the preacher, as he rubbed his hands together gleefully. "My hobby is to walk. Others may ride their hobbies, but I walk mine."

"Good, Mr. Cranstaff," replied Wessie, "I am vanquished."

"Then it is settled," said Billy, as he turned to ride away. "September 25th is the day; I will send your horse, saddle and bridle over on the 24th. Good-bye."

* * * * * *

On the morning of what, to Billy and Wessie, was to be an eventful day, Radcliff's grove became a scene worthy of remembrance. Smiling, chatting men busied themselves digging a great trench to serve as a furnace wherein to broil great quantities of beef, pork and truck provided for the barbecue. Some gathered dry limbs and boughs and sticks for firewood, some brought water, while others superintended the cooking and related yarns about the great barbecues they had attended in Ohio and Indiana and Pennsylvania or in what ever happened to have been the native State of the party talking. Others still were busy driving sticks into the ground whereon to erect huge rough tables to accomodate the vast crowd expected. Early in the day groups of men, women and children, all on horseback, could be seen riding gaily along the highways and

across the commons, the objective point being Radcliff's grove. Old men and women with whitened locks floating upon the delightful September breeze, sat erect upon their horses, rejuvenated by the general spirit of happiness pervading the atmosphere. Young lads and lasses galloped along on their favorite mounts, or delighted the throng by provoking the half-broken colts to buck and cavort, thus attracting attention that their plain personalities and mediocre horsemanship would not have done. Young men and women rode side by side, and, in some instances, tandem on the same horse, the girl behind the saddle clinging to her lover's waist for support; all merrily laughing, chafing and challenging one another, forgetful of the sterner phases of life.

In the midst of the group of two dozen or more, rode the venerable Dr. Crocker straight as a Brigadier General and as jolly and happy as a goldfish; for Billy, his favorite Billy, rode on his right and Wessie on his left, while the merry group was preceded by the Reverend Cranstaff, who sat the dapple filly with becoming uncertainty and awkwardness, to the quiet amusement of all.

The constant arrival of these little caravans converging from every point of the compass, soon filled the grove to its utmost capacity, so that the young man's shout, the maiden's laughter, the command of the cooks and managers, and the impromptu songs arose like an essence of gladness to the boughs of the happy trees, there to be greeted by the rustle of the thousand times ten thousand quivering leaves.

At last, when the hour was come, Dr. Crocker mounted the splendid saddler loaned him by Billy for the occasion, blew a little toot, not unmusical, in a polished cow-horn, and immediately everybody was in the saddle. He took his position in the center of the grove beside the minister who bestrode the dapple filly, and all that vast assemblage formed a circular group, phalanx upon phalanx extending to the edges of the grove, leaving an open space around the minister and the doctor, with a lane a rod wide from the outer circle to the center. When all became quiet and everyone, especially those of the outer circle, was tromboning his neck to get a glimpse of bride and groom, a wave of whispered inquiry as to the whereabouts of Billy and Wessie, who were not then visible, swept over the entire assembly. Just as curiosity was fast verging into anxiety, Dr. Crocker arose in his stirrups and blew a blast that caused the leaves to rustle as its echoes vibrated among the boughs.

The sound had scarcely ceased when Billy and Wesse came dashing down the lane left for them through the crowd, at a rate of speed sufficient to demonstrate their superb horsemanship and cause the Reverend Cranstaff nearly to fall from his filly when they raised up immediately in front of him. There was a spontaneous roar of applause and laughter which ceased instantly when the man of God raised his right hand for silence while he gripped the saddle with the left to maintain his position on the filly. When quiet prevailed, he shouted:

"If there is anyone here mean enough to object to this wedding, let him speak now!" There being no response, he said:

"Join right hands. Do you, William Osgood, take this woman for your wedded wife, to love and cherish for aye and aye?"

"I do," responded Billy in clear, ringing tones, so hearty as to cause a ripple of applause.

"Do you, Wessie Livers, take this man for your lawful husband to love and obey until death do you part"

Wessie simply bowed her head and blushed assent.

"Then, by virtue of the law of the land and the higher, holier and sublimer law of God, I pronounce you man and wife."

During the ceremony, the spirited horses became very impatient, champing their bits and stamping their feet and showing many signs of restlessness, and when the impulsive crowd, not waiting for the benediction, let out a fierce wild hurrah, the dapple filly promptly got up on her hind feet and began to paw the air. The Rev. Cranstaff dropped his Bible and swung both arms around her neck to keep from sliding off. Billy's horse pranced and snorted and Wessie's began to buck in true bronco style, while a general commotion ran throughout the crowd. Billy urged his horse

forward intending to restrain Wessie's animal, when she cried:

"Gee-whip! Billy, why don't you help Dr. Crocker? I am all right."

Billy glanced around and saw that the Rev. Cranstaff, in his anxiety to get off of the fractious filly, had sprung on to Dr. Crocker's horse who resented the intrusion by a serious or snorts and plunges which threatened to dislodge not only his supercargo, but the Doctor as well.

By this time all was confusion. The minister was shouting loudly for help, horses were snorting and plunging, women screaming, and pandimonium reigned throughout; but the old Doctor's face was as calm as a statue, his dignity wholly unruffled as he firmly sat in the saddle despite the plunging beast and the handicap of the frightened minister. The crowd, in their excitement, closed up the lane and those near pressed forward to observe the central figures in this unique melodrama, until those in the center became so packed and wedged in that the unruly horses were obliged to cease their antics for want of room to cavort.

In the meantime, Billy had ridden up to the side of Dr. Crocker's horse and thrown his strong arm around the preacher and lifted him bodily to the pummel of his own saddle. For a few moments confusion ran riot; but the venerable Dr. Crocker gave a toot with his horn and in an incredibly short time all was quiet save here and there a merry laugh at the ludicrousness of the termination of the solemn ceremony.

"Everybody dismount and hitch; there is dinner on the tables in the little grove to the right," called out Dr. Crocker, and his command was promptly obeyed.

The dinner, I shall not attempt to describe. There are few people of middle age in this country who have not seen and partaken of one or more somewhat similar. In the days of which I write, barbecues in a grove were considered the very acme of general mirth and hospitality. In this instance it is sufficient to say that there was plenty to eat and I may add that the Reverend Cranstaff presided at the head of one of the tables with far better grace and assurance than he had officiated on the back of the nervous dapple.

After dinner there were songs and dancing and a general whirl of public happiness. When Billy and Wessie mounted their horses at the close of the day of festivities, to ride to their new home on the upper farm, Dr. Crocker came forward to congratulate them, thank them for the loan of the horse, and bid them good-night.

"My dear children," he said, "This day has almost made me young again. I have not been so happy since I was a small boy. I swar I feel coltish."

"Well, Doc, I am feeling happy myself," replied Billy, "and since you have been almost my truest and best friend from the time I was a little boy, I am going to make you aware of my appreciation by giving to you the horse Prince which I loaned you for the day. He is my favorite horse, the best I ever owned, and I feel sure you will not think that I am small in making you the gift, and, as we are dong things to-day a little out of the ordinary, I will, to some extent, reverse the rule of wedding gifts and present to the Rev. Cranstaff the dapple filly also."

"Thank you, Billy," exclaimed Dr. Crocker huskily, while tears appeared on his eye-lashes, "I'm danged if I know a blessed thing to do or say to get even with you."

"May God bless you for a good-natured, great-hearted boy," said the Rev. Cranstaff, solemnly. "I will hire a boy to lead the filly home for me, and will keep her as a momento of your generosity."

"What!" exclaimed Billy, "Don't you intend to ride her?"

"No, Billy, God willing, I will walk the remainder of my sojourn in this vale of fear and tears. The filly is pretty enough to look at as one of the beasts of the field which the Lord God has made, but as a common carrier—well, she is a sinful failure."

"That filly, my dear sir," said Billy, "is worth a hundred dollars. Would you rather have that sum than keep her?

"Lord bless you, young man, yes. The hundred dollars could in no wise provoke me to unholy thoughts as the filly did a while ago, and, as for riding—

well, these legs are plenty good enough for that, and what is best of all, they are thoroughly reliable."

"All right, sir," replied Billy. "Here is your price. I will give the dapple to Wessie who will ride her if she gets all four feet off the earth."

And, as he handed the money to the preacher, he reached for the rein, and, waving a farewell to the admiring crowd mid shouts of God-speed and applause, with his bride by his side, he galloped away to begin a new phase of life in the beautiful cottage on the upper farm.

* * * * * *

Something like a year from their marriage, the young people received by mail a marked copy of an eastern journal of science. Billy Osgood cut the leaves eagerly, knowing that it would refer in some way to their old friend, Prof. Flynt. In turning the leaves his eyes caught these headlines:

THE WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES OF DR. FLYNT

HE MET UP WITH GRUESOME SPIRITS, DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT CITY AND PROVED A LEGEND.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Billy while he held out the book toward Wessie and danced wildly about. Snatching it from his hands, she read hurriedly the prominent lines, and then joined in the mirth

"Gee-whip! Billy," said Wessie, holding the book before her, "Listen to this," and, reading from the article, she continued:

"I am not unmindful of the criticism I shall invite at the hands of my scientific brethren by so doing, but it is my purpose to state the facts mysterious as they may seem—yea, improbable, I dare say—to many.

"As I was passing the point near the lagoon on the first night after the dark of the moon in June, I saw with my own eyes, the specters perform the tragedy precisely as described in the legend as told me by the young lady and her friends. I declare, upon my solemn word of honor that I stood within ten paces of them and saw the spirit form of the enraged chieftain raise his spear aloft and hurl it into the breast of the young lover, and instantly there arose up out of the ground as it appeared to me, near the twin mound, the form of a most beautiful girl; and as she arose, she made a motion as though she had discharged a phantom arrow from an invisible bow and the old man sprang into the air and fell to the ground. In another second I heard a loud splash as if the girl had thrown herself into the lagoon, followed by weird shrieks which died away into a succession of demonical wails that was truly frightful and heart-rending; and then I saw and heard no more.

"This marvelous manifestation, I confess, caused me to make an investigation of the mounds next day, with the results described in the former part of this article. I said nothing about what I had seen, lest I completely upset the nerves of those simple-minded people whom I regret to say are none too free from the bondage of superstition. I relate these strange facts without attempting an explanation which might be made perhaps, along the lines of psychic manifestation."

"Succession of demonical wails!" shrieked Billy, when Wessie was obliged to stop reading to compose herself, and then he burst forth in a fit of uncontrolled hilarity, dancing about and around and around until Wessie grasped him by the arm and exclaimed, while tears of mirth streamed down her eyes:

"Billy Osgood, you positively must stop that racket or you will wake the baby!"

THE END.

Summer Life

Life like the birds we lived all summer.
Now the cold wind is astir with its sting;
Blossoms have perished, the gold leaves are falling.
Birds speed afar on resolute wing.
We have grown sad like the year, full of quiet—
Sombre our thoughts like the tint of the sky;
Full of the grief the low wind expresses
Bearing the ghost of the last blossom by.

Shadows hang now where the sunshine was burning;
A haze like smoke shrouds the breast of the plain,
Slow move the waters the dull sky reflecting;
Dead faces of lilies the frost sprite has slain.
Over the highways and byways where often
We lingered when summer her airy tent spread
Something has fallen, a touch of a magic,
From which the blithe brightness of old days is fled.

Life with the birds we lived all the summer;
Slept in the grasses and ate 'midst the flowers;
Leaves dying, dropping, foretell the near ending
Of life in the open and free happy hours.
Glad was the day, her dawn a wild breaking
Of beauty on hills where the dews altar shone;
Wonder-hushed noons and the shadow locked twilights,
Nights with the stars watching over alone.

Past are the days of glorious summer;
The sun flames pale like a fading fire;
The voice of crickets 'neath dead leaves fallen
Throb through the night with a vague desire.
Stars pass over with footsteps silent,
Kiss no more with tremulous beams
Roses faint with excess of odors,
Lilies dreaming on pallid streams.

Gone all these and the days that gave them,
Ended the wanderings o er glade and hill—
Would we might go as the birds are going
Where summer smiles and is Empress still.

A. B. Leigh.



Ladies of the Party in the Out-Door Dining Room

A Day's Outing in Alaska

By Mrs. A. L. Spaeth

THE alarm rang at 3 o'clock a. m. Though daylight was appearing a drizzle of rain was falling, and the temptation to leave a comfortable resting place was not very great. The boat was to leave at 4 o'clock and the friends who were camping at Eddystone Rock were expecting us; so with a sigh of regret we arose and prepared for a days' outing on the waters of South eastern Alaska. Happily, the rain ceased to fall about sunrise and we could sit on the deck and enjoy the scenery as we passed.

We left Ketchikan at 4 o'clock sharp, and steamed out into the waters of Tongass Narrows. Our boat was the steam tug "Vigilant" and was not intended for passenger service at all. However the views we enjoyed from her deck compensated us for any discomfort experienced.

A few miles down the channel we came to the shores of Annette Island, where we could see out into open water and feel the ocean swell. Annette Island belongs to the Metlakahtla Indians. It was given to them by the United States Government during president Cleveland's second term, and, after many years of unrest and persecution, they, with their good missionary William Duncan, are living in peace and prosperity. "Father Duncan," who is past seventy years of age, has spent over 50 years in this country. When he came up here, he found the natives very savage. He, through



A Typical Alaskan Hillside

teaching and by example, has made them a peaceable, law-abiding, industrious people. At Metlakahtla is a salmon cannery that bears an enviable reputation for its goods.

During the forenoon we met the excursion steamer "Spokane" loaded with tourists coming to see the wonders of this northland. People are beginning to realize that there are scenes of grandeur and beauty in this country, unsurpassed, and seldom equalled elsewhere.

Many tourists come up here with the idea that Alaska is, altogether, a land of ice and snow and are astonished to find so rank a growth of vegetation, such lovely flowers, heavily wooded hills and such up-to-date cities.

We passed from Tongass Narrows into Behm Canal; on either hand were mountains with snow-capped summits, down whose sides dashed streams, fed by the melting snows. They come tumbling down in series of waterfalls beautiful to behold. Some 25 or 30 miles up Behm Canal we came to Eddystone Rock. As we approached it looked like the vine-clad tower of some old castle ruin. It is a gigantic rock, that rises abruptly from deep water to 280 feet above high tide. Large trees are growing from every crevice big enough to afford them root-hold. It is in mid-canal about three miles from either shore.

Our friends were camped at the mouth of a salmon stream on the left shore. As we drew near land, we saw them on the beach. The women in regulation camp costume, consisting of overalls and flannel shirt, were gathering blue-shelled mussels, a delicious shell-fish that thrives anywhere along the beach. One must be cautious, however, about eating them, as they are poisonous if they grow near a copper deposit. We tested them by dropping a silver piece in the vessel with them as they were cooking. As it came out untarnished we were as-

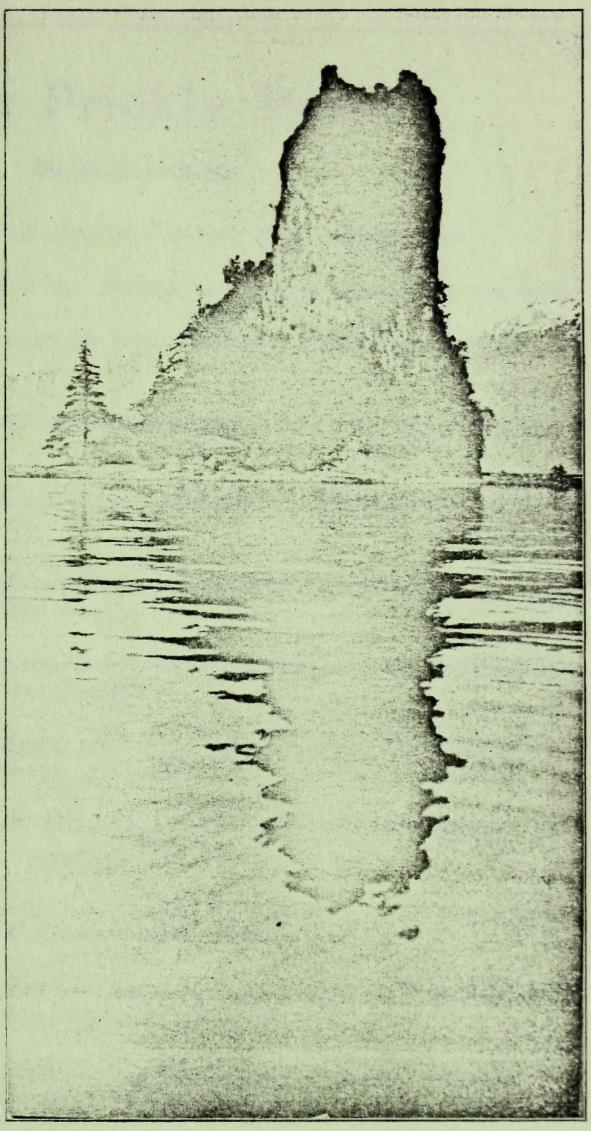
sured that they were wholesome.

All along this beach are soda springs. The water is highly carbonated and pretty well saturated with iron. By adding fruit juice and sugar one may make an excellent soda drink. We went ashore and filled bottles and demi-johns with the water to bring home.

After taking our friends on board we crossed the canal to Rudyerd's Bay. The entrance is narrow, and at the left the wall is perpendicular. About half way toward the top a spring spouts from the rock in a stream as thick through as a man's body. Once inside, at the right, is the entrance to the Devil's Punch-bowl; we passed this, contenting ourselves with a look inside as we went by. We turned to the left and were at once shut in by towering walls of granite that rise on either side to the clouds. Some look like rows of giant columns; and some smooth as though dressed by masons. In places great crevices make it look as though the mountain had been cleft in twain. Here and there, in deep canons, where the sunshine never falls, the snow was still unmelted at sea level. The mountains came down so nearly straight to the water's edge as scarce to leave a place where one might land from even a row-boat. Beneath us lay 180 fathoms of water; on every hand such wonders of grandeur and majestic beauty as to hold us in awed silence. The calm silence of the everlasting hills gave me a sense of security and brought to mind the assurance: "The Hand that bears creation up, will guard its children well."

We went about nine miles inside the bay amid scenery that I have never seen equalled.

On our way home we stopped at George's Inlet, where we went ashore to eat our supper. After building a fire of drift wood, we cooked our mussels, fried ham and eggs and fresh salmon, made coffee, foraged in our lunch baskets and sat down to a feast fit for a king, or—Alaskans.



Eddystone Rock—Behm Canal, Alaska Mountain in background is on mainland.

Here at George's Inlet is located the power-house, where is made the electricity for running the New England Fish Co's plant at Ketchikan, to which place it is conveyed by wire through woods, and over hills, all but impassable.

We reached home tired, but happy and ready at the first opportunity to enjoy a like excursion of delight.

Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

Some people's idea of an argument is to either fight or bet.

If you must call a man a liar, be sure to pick out a man you can whip.

Money may make the mare go, but it takes an automobile to make the money go.

No matter how high your ideals it is possible that you may run them into the ground.

In a country town you can't even walk erect without people thinking you are "stuck up."

It is all right to brace up and look trouble squarely in the face, provided you know which end the face is on.

If you have reached the top of your ladder already, it is a safe bet that you are not very far from the ground.

No doubt the old maid looks under the bed for a man because she has looked every where else for one and failed.

Rubber is so high priced that very few candidates can afford to conduct a genuine "gum shoe" campaign this fall.

Some women are so homely that they do not need to wear a hobble skirt. There is no danger of their running away.

A man is always proud of an ample waist measure. A woman isn't at all satisfied unless she resembles an hour glass.

The fact that babies cannot be secured through a Larkin Soap Club is no doubt a great disappointment to many women.

Young man, beware of debt. It will stick to you closer than a brother, even the girl's kid brother in the parlor Sunday evening.

Nearly every boy has at least three burning desires; To be an Indian fighter, to travel with a circus and to whip the school teacher.

It may have been all right to grant Jessie Morrison a parole, but so far as we are personally concerned she needn't bother to make any of her self-defense calls at our house.

No doubt your troubles look big, but how would you like to be in Col. Goethal's fix with the Panama canal on your hands, the expense piling up, and a million cubic yards of dirt just slid into the big Culebra cut?

Our Point of View

ROOSEVELT REDEVIVUS During the last month, political events have been moving with paralyzing swiftness. As we went to press in September, Col. Roosevelt was just completing his Western tour, the most spectacular, and extraordinary journey ever taken by a private citizen since Napoleon's return from Elba. The simile is somewhat hackneyed but so exact, that lacking any other parallel we are forced to use it. Returning from Africa, a private citizen, received with a welcome never before accorded to a private citizen in America, his western journey was one long ovation. Everywhere enormous crowds, acclaimed his words and hung on his personality. No possible doubt can now remain that Theodore Roosevelt remains the unchallenged idol of the West, if not indeed of the whole mass of the "common people" in America. No man in any position ever had such a reception; no man in any position ever precipitated such a storm of comment or so wholly occupied the public eye, and filled the public prints with what he did, or forbore to do, said or left unsaid. Never when president, have the newspapers been so completely occupied with his doings and sayings. Three carloads of special correspondents accompanied him and reported every word that fell from his lips and every demonstration of popular favor, and the editorial columns were filled with him to the exclusion of all else. The "Big Man" at Beverly, titular head of the Republican party, ex-officio president, was so overshadowed as to be in a way extinguished by this popular outburst.

During the tour it was curious to watch these editorial comments, expressing the views of the shrewdest observers of political events in a country where the press has come to be not merely the forecaster, but hopes and claims to be, the creator of our political future. But no one has forecasted Roosevelt, any more than they make or can unmake him. He is the one big figure that the biggest newspapers must follow.

Those of the newspapers who have been persistently and consistently his enemies, such as the New York "World" and "Times," see in his trip nothing but his candidacy for the Presidency in 1912. This is profoundly significant, for the papers that have been and are friendly to him, with one voice deny or deprecate such an ambition on his part. Evidently his enemies wish him to be a candidate, believing that such candidacy would give the lie to his repeated declarations that he would hold to the tradition of Washington against a third term, believing that they could beat and thus discredit him while the newspapers that are friendly to him,—barring a few that have neither sense nor honesty —do not believe that he would thus violate his own pledged word, betray Taft whom he made president and disrupt the party to which he owes everything.

❖❖

THE OUTCOME In his first few speeches he was silent as to Taft but aligned himself distinctly with the Insurgents as they are called in Washington, Progressives as they call themselves out West. At Osawatomie he declared himself for the Kansas platform, with the initiative referendum and recall, the direct primary and popular election of United States Senators, favored the Income Tax, and a National Inheritance Tax, strict supervision of railroad capitalization, a stronger railroad law; Employer's Liability Law, and a general control of corporate wealth. At Denver he severely (and we think justly) criticized the Supreme Court for its decisions in the Knight case and the New York Bakery cases, denying the right of the Legislature of a state to enforce sanitary conditions and shorter working hours for workingmen. At St. Paul he again voiced his former opinions regarding conservation, but took occasion there to compliment the President on his conservation speech. Very gradually he began to warm up to Taft. At Sioux City he commended his Tariff Commission as the one way to settle the tariff question.

But none of these utterances prepared any one for what was to follow. As a result of this tour he made himself the unquestioned leader of the western insurgents. Cummins, LaFollette and Bristow were pushed off the bench. No one else was thought of as leader of the western Progressives for 1912, save Roosevelt. He was the One, the Only One. Men like Cummins and LaFollette who had fought the fight alone and single-handed for years, as well as the later converts like Dolliver and Bristow were

alike set aside, disregarded unthroned, deposed from leaders to humble followers. All this was accomplished in a space of less than three weeks and followed by the unanimous endorsement of the West. The Colonel then returned to New York to undertake the hardest figh the has ever had in his strenuous career.

❖❖

IN NEW YORK The New York situation was peculiar. The retirement of Hughes had left the New York progressives without a leader and they never had what could be called an organization. The Old Guard was everything. They had the organization, the money, the influence, the prestige and apparently the votes. They had, to help them, a convention system peculiarly favorable to boss rule. It had never broken down under any stress. But it was not strong enough for the Colonel. Without even summoning the Old Guard to surrender he took their fort by assault. He dominated the New York convention by a majority of more than a hundred delegates, named himself for temporary chairman, Senator Root for permanent chairman, wrote the platform, and dictated the nominee.

This was spectacular enough but the platform, has left every political observer in the land, simply dazed, for this Roosevelt platform, endorses the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, though advocating the Taft idea of a tariff commission; and it then proceeds to endorse Taft, not merely in a general way, but specifically, calling attention to the long roll of achievements accomplished qy his administration in carrying out the Roosevelt policies. No Stand Pat convention in the country has eulogized Taft as fulsomely as this convention of Roosevelt's. To say that the western insurgents are dumbfounded is expressing it mildly. Senator Cummins attacks Roosevelt openly for what he calls a betrayal of progressive confidence. La Follette, whose convention in Wisconsin held the same week, condemned the new tariff law and utterly ignored Taft, is exceedingly bitter and other progressive leaders while not expressing themselves publicly, in private conversation denounce the platform and the Colonel himself in unsparing terms.

In the face of this endorsement of Taft and his every act, practically written by Roosevelt himself; every one is asking, how can Roosevelt ever be a candidate against Taft?

WHY? And while everyone is asking why, there are two explanations, both of them plausible enough. The first is that Roosevelt upon his return from Africa, saw with his unfailing political genius that the Republican party was not only on the verge of defeat, but in danger of utter disruption and destruction. There was but one man in American who could heal the breach and that one was Roosevelt. With that end in view he made his western tour, made himself leader of the insurgents, captured New York, and wrote a platform, as progressive as New York would stand for and yet sufficiently stand pat to retain the conservatives. In short Roosevelt has constituted himself the political guardian of the politically helpless Taft from this on and proposes to renominate and re-elect Taft.

The other explanation is not so plausible but it finds many believers. Taft is disgusted with his job as president, say these forecasters, he will voluntarily retire in 1912, decline to be a candidate for renomination. Roosevelt will be nominated without opposition, elected and will place Taft where he wishes to be, on the Supreme Bench. This is very pretty but it hardly sounds like the real thing to us. If however such is the arrangement between these two men, it would doubtless be a happy solution of the troubles that encompass the party. Whether Roosevelt could be elected to a third term in this manner, is of course a matter of doubt but he could certainly come nearer to it than Taft can, unless conditions change greatly within the next two years.

❖❖

AUTOMOBILE RACING The recent race on Long Island for the Vanderbilt Cup ought to end automobile racing in this country. No sport that takes such a fearful toll of human life ought to be tolerated. Four dead, four fatally and twelve seriously injured was the cost. And what for? Simply to gratify a speed-mad crowd. It added nothing to our knowledge of working automobiles, any more than horse racing ever helped the breeding of farm horses. The endurance runs, over long stretches of all kinds of roads, under the natural road conditions that all automobile owners encounter, developing the weak and the strong points of the various machines under ordinary working conditions are of the utmost value and should be encouraged. Automobile racing ought to be suppressed by law.



Music Department

Answers to Questions on Musical Topics
By RAFAEL NAVAS

Questions pertaining to or in any way related to Music will be answered in this department by the well known pianist and teacher, Mr. Rafael Navas Only those questions as have been received in writing properly dated and signed will receive Mr. Navas' attention. Questions received after the first of the month will be answered in the Magazine number of the subsequent month. The subject of the question and the initials of the inquirer will be found heading each answer.

The Kansas Magazine sincerely hopes that its subscribers and readers interested in music will avail themselves freely of the opportunity offered by this department.—THE EDITOR.

"MUSICAL DYNAMICS".

L. W.—This term is very little used and means the application to musical performances of that part of mechanics which contains the laws of the motion of bodies produced by forces. In the occasion you refer to in your letter I applied the term to explain the mechanical process involved in the production of different *quantities* of tone, or dynamic degrees, The dynamic degrees, or "musical dynamics," mean what is commonly understood by "shading."

MAKING UP A PROGRAM

W. W. L.—Many factors enter into the proper arrangement of a program for solo instruments. The character of the instrument, the musical literature with which it is endowed, the time and place for the rendition of the program, and, above all, the personal artistic endowments, degree of ability and taste of the concert giver.

The personal element is almost entirely eliminated in the case of concerted music; orchestra, chorus, chamber music; the other factors remain the same in every case and care has to be exercised in combining the necessary requirements of each. In the case of a program for vocal, violin, 'cello, or piano recital the important thing, besides the personal factor, is to know the character of the audience there being abundance of musical literature for these instruments to suit all tastes and meet all conditions; the character of the instrument should not be overlooked: its individuality should be maintained and compositions selected which call for the particular characteristics of a certain instrument to the exclusion of all others. Exception may be made in the case of transcriptions of recognized merit skillfully made by some great master of the particular instrument who was, or is, at the same time a great composer; the majority of Liszt's transcriptions answer these requirements.

Then, while a program must please the audience for which it is intended, it must also be educational—at least in part. It would be a fatal mistake on the part of the musical interpreter to flatter audiences repeatedly with programs made up of favorites; indeed it would be missing the principal function of the executant-artist which is to interpret, for the benefit of the music-lover the works of the conceiving-artist—the composer—and to interpret the works of as many composers as his performing ability allows him to. As to how to begin, how to conduct and how to end a program, I would compare program making to jewelry making; from a collection of precious stones we select a number which harmonize well together, always keeping in mind that there is no harmony without contrast; once our selection made we set about grouping them in logical order with a view to enhancing the purest stone selected which should be a composition of serious musical form; this composition may come at the very end or may occupy a place of honor in the middle of the program and by its position as well as by the excel-

lency of the rendition given to it should appear to be the unmistakable climax.

Philip Hale, the well known Boston critic, recommends as an appropriate close to most programs the rendition of a composition extremely brilliant or extremely melodious.

KNOWLEDGE OF "HARMONY" A NECESSITY

J. D.—Harmony is to Music what Prosody is to Grammar; if we wish to speak correctly we must assemble words into sentences emphasized and punctuated in the proper places. If our musical utterances are to convey some musical sense it is not enough to rely on our musical instinct alone. Music is a science and, as such, it is governed by rules. To attempt to render music without a knowledge of these rules is almost as fruitless as to attempt to read a poem written in a language with which we are but slightly acquainted.

The acquisition of this knowledge is one of the most interesting studies in the domain of Art. As absorbing as a game of chess, it appeals mainly to the intellect making a happy and necessary diversion from instrumental or vocal 'practice.'

Harmony enables you:

To read music accurately at sight;

To transpose into any key any song, accompaniment, or solo composition;

To memorize music in the only proper and reliable manner;

To detect misprints and correct them;

To enjoy music from the scientific as well as from the emotional point of view;

To apply to your interpretations the required emotional power and to give vent to your musical feelings with the assurance that can only come from the self-satisfaction of knowing what one is about; besides numerous other advantages that cannot be enumerated here.

I hope that these reasons will decide you to take up the study of Harmony and that you may find a good instructor in your locality; as these are very rare. I would suggest that you investigate carefully before you decide. There are a few good correspondence courses in Harmony which I shall be glad to mention to you at your request.

"SOLFEGGIO"

I. W. B.—'Solfeggio' consists in singing or naming the notes of a melody while beating the time. It is the only reliable system of elementary instruction productive of results and a large degree of proficiency in solfeggio is required before entering the instrumental classes of the large European Conservatories. The reading of the ancient clefs, most of the problems of ryhthm and intonation and a practical knowledge of the theory of music are mastered in this way; an excellent complement to solfeggio is musical dictation and sight-reading.

SELECTING A PIANO

Mrs. C. A.—When choosing an instrument, especially if it is going to be used for serious purposes, the following points should be insisted upon and tested: 1. Wide range or sonority. 2. Responsiveness of action. 3. Vibratory power. 4. Effective dampers. Especially the dampers operated by the 'loud pedal.' 5. Proper tempering of hammers; felt rather thick and not fluffy. 6. Depth of touch and readiness of the 'escapement' or repetition device.

KANSAS STATE MUSIC TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

As a member of this Association I wish to bring to the notice of those musicians throughout the state who may not have been included in the mailing list of the association that the next convention will take place in Emporia, Kansas, December next 5 and 6. Four big sessions have been outlined at which the interest of the music teachers of the state will be discussed; Lecture-Recitals, papers and round-table talks are part of these sessions. Two evening concerts will be given during the convention which every music teacher is requested to attend. Full particulars may be had from the secretary of the association, Theodore Lindberg, Wichita, or from myself through the Kansas Magazine.

Book Reviews

HERO Tales of the Far North" by Jacob A. Riis, indicates its purpose in the dedication: "This book of my dead heroes I dedicate to my living hero Theodore Roosevelt."

In his preface Mr. Riis indicates his object in writing the book. In the last fifty years we have had a great increment to our population from the far north, Sweden, Norway and Denmark. These Scandinavian immigrants are first cousins of ours, blood kin with us and though long separated by seas and different tongues, no people that have come to us have so quickly assimilated, more thoroughly melted into our National life and character than they and none have been a more valuable addition. Sturdy, honest, self-respecting, self-sustaining, they have become among the most valuable citizens of the states where they have settled. Socially they are frugal, thrifty, well-behaved and prosperous. Politically they have been sound, steadfast, not given to political brainstorms but holding fast to certain ideals of public life; and their representative men such as Governor Johnson of Minnesota, Senator Knute Nelson and others, have furnished an inspiration to all our people.

Mr. Riis himself was a Danish immigrant, poor as the poorest, who has made himself by force of character one of the foremost citizens of America. His work in New York, in tenement house reform, cleaning up the slums, and bettering conditions among the poorest poor, has been tremenduously unselfish.

His first book "How the Other Half Lives" and his own story "The Making of an American" have had a great vogue.

The present book is a condensed history of various northern heroes not legendary and mythical ones, but real historical characters, beginning with Peter Tordenskjold who was a common sailor and ended as Admiral of the Royal navy. It covers nearly all the great leaders of the Scandinavian peninsula. Gustavus Vasa, the "Father of Sweden," Gustaf Adolph, Valdemar, Christian and the long line of great kings and leaders that made that northern people, few in numbers, more than once, the arbitors of Europe and always on the side of religious liberty and freedom of conscience. The avowed object of the book is to recall, if it be necessary to his countrymen, the writers conception of the national spirit, the Scandinavian ideal of its great men. To hold them to the faith of their fathers. But it is no less interesting to those who were not born of Scandinavian blood.

The book is beautifully printed with many fine illustrations.

Hero Tales of the Far North. By Jacob A. Riis. The MacMillan Co., price $1.35 net.

¶

"Sunflower Stories and Lullabies" by Olive A. Smith, deserves so much more than we can do for it that we can only hope that this little notice may attract the attention of other reviewers. Since "Black Beauty" was written, the book that has run to more than a million copies, no animal book has so entirely pleased us. We sincerely wish that it could be read by every child in America. It is just a collection of little stories of animal pets and children, exquisitely told, not mawkish but grippingly sincere. The writer knows animals, knows how to tell about them and such stories as "The Bad Order Car" "Sammy" "Mabel's Diamond" and "The New Knife," are distinct contributions to literature. Not all the stories are about animals, there are charming little songs and stories for children but what appeals to the "grownups" will be these delightfully intimate stories of animals and birds.

We confess that we do not know why this book has not had more prompt recognition and a greater vogue. It is simply exquisite from cover to cover.

Children will revel in it and its influence toward greater kindness to animals, should alone give it a wide recognition. The book is published at Elgin, Ill., but the author lives at Emporia, Kansas, but we are not informed as to its price or where it can be procured.

¶

"An Introduction to Shakespeare" by H. N. McCracken, F. B. Pierce and W. H. Furham all of whom are Ph. D's and professors at Yale is an invaluable book for the student of Shakespeare.

The book covers the formative period of the English drama, beginning with the Miracle Plays and Moralities, the earliest comedy, and the contemporary writers and stage of Shakespeare's time. Not much space is given to his life which is so fully treated by other authors, but much to dramatic composition, the early English drama particularly, and this is the essential feature of the book, the development of Shakespeare himself as shown by his plays. The plays are analyzed, their sources and inspiration, the probable time of their production, the gradual growth from the rollicking tavern-frequenting Shakespeare of the earlier histories and comedies, to the real, mature Shakespeare of Hamlet and the tragedies.

Great care has been given to make the book authentic, by recourse to all the latest sources of information, even the very recent discoveries of Prof. Wallace of Shakespeare's evidence in the Mountjoy case.

Whether for the student of literature or the lover of Shakespeare the book will be found an invaluable aid.

An Introduction to Shakespeare. MacMillan Co., Price $1.25 net.

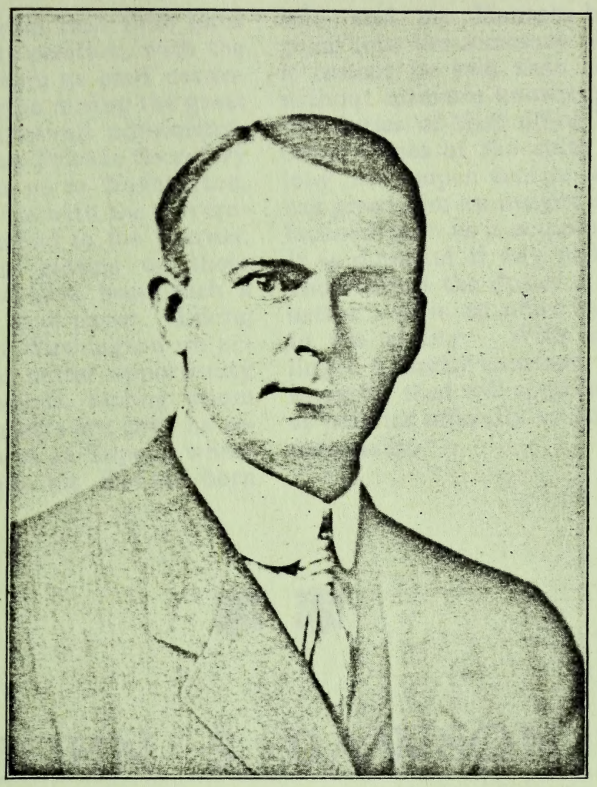
The Fallen Sparrow

In the blast of a wintry morning
As I walked to my work I found
A little, brown-feathered birdling
Half frozen upon the ground.
It was not worth a cent of money,
'Twas a nuisance, a little pest;
So I didn't take time to bother
With finding for it a nest.

Behind me came an urchin;
He was buffeting the storm;
Running and beating his body,
Struggling in vain to keep warm.
He rescued and fondled the fondling—
He'd plenty of time to be kind;
The wind took a turn at his tatters
But somehow he didn't mind.

Recrossing the street to the boy,
I emptied into his hand
What paltry coins my purse contained;
But he could not understand
That his modest deed of mercy
Had fed, unwittingly, three:
Himself and the suffering sparrow
And selfish, mistaken me.

—Mattie B. Tumey.



CHARLES H. SESSIONS

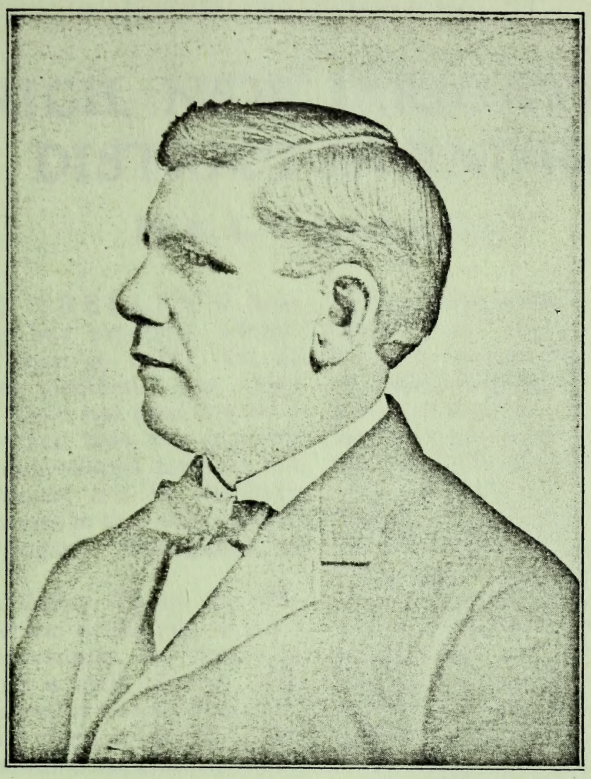
TWENTY-TWO years service as a newspaper writer in Kansas has built for Charles H. Sessions, Republican candidate for secretary of state, a reputation for steadiness of industry, uniform fairness and understanding of Kansas and Kansans. That newspaper experience of almost a quarter of a century has given him too a wide personal acquaintance extending into each of the 105 Kansas counties. Probably no Kansas newspaper man is more widely and favorably known among the public men, of all shades of political belief, of the state. For fourteen years he has been steadily engaged in recording the political history of Kansas and he has been so just that he has kept the friendship of all who have taken active part in the making of that history. It is likely that no newspaper man has written more for the daily press of the history and development of Kansas than "Charlie" Sessions and it is fitting that the state should recognize his great services in private capacities by elevating him to a position of state trust. Mr. Sessions is now but forty-two years of age and all of his mature life has been spent in Kansas. Born and reared at Woodstock, Ohio, he came to Kansas at the age of twenty after having received a good common and high school education. Most of his early life had been spent on a farm although he worked for three years in a country store. When he came West, Mr. Sessions located at Kansas City, Kansas, where he obtained a job on the old Kansas City Times the first day he was in town. From that day to this he has steadily worn the newspaper harness. After five years with the Times he went to the Journal and had charge of the Kansas City, Kansas, bureau of that paper. Three years later he was promoted to the most important outside staff position, going to Topeka as general state correspondent at the



capital in 1896. From that time until this he has held that position, with the exception of two years as staff correspondent at Washington during the great news era of the Roosevelt administration. He resigned as Private Secretary to Governor Hoch to go to Washington, but during that service with the Governor he remained attached to the Journal, working after hours getting up those Kansas Topics that have been such a popular feature of that paper. Liking Kansas better than Washington on account of giving him better opportunity to mix with the people, among whom his fortune and interests are cast, he returned to his old post at Topeka where he now resides with his Kansas born wife and his Kansas born son. In going into the secretary of state's office it cannot be said that he will not be without intimate knowledge of not only the duties of that office but of all the other offices of the state as well. His long newspaper service at the capital has given him an insight into the state's business such as is acquired by few men. It is doubtful if any man in the state understands the duties of the office any better. It is an office especially fitted to his ability. With that ability is linked a kindly courtesy, steadiness and integrity that will combine to make him as popular officially as he has long been personally.

JOHN S. DAWSON

IN John S. Dawson, Kansas Republicans this year present as a candidate for attorney general a man specially trained in the duties of the office to which he aspires. Great corporations, almost without exception, entrust their legal affairs only to lawyers who have been reared and trained in their own service. Their policy is dictated by business sense. The same policy can be applied to state affairs with profit to the taxpayers. So it is that, aside from partisan political claims, John Dawson is particularly strong in his candidacy for attorney general. He has been trained in the service of the state and is thoroughly versed in all grades of its legal department. He has had some part in much of the important state litigation of the past eight years. Probably no lawyer in the entire state is so well informed as to the detail of the state's business in all its departments as John Dawson. Certainly none is better posted in the law governing the duties and powers and privileges of the many public officials and employes whose legal adviser the attorney general is. John Dawson's wealth of information, which the state is offered opportunity to use, comes to him out of the fullness of an experience of nearly ten years in the state service. Ten years during which he has worked hard at his official duties and studied as hard to fit himself for graver responsibilities. Dawson is of Scotch birth but he has lived twenty-six of his forty-one years in this country. The foundations of his higher education were laid at Robert Gordon's College in Aberdeen, Scotland, but after coming to Kansas Dawson continued his studies at the old Salina Normal University. Later he took his law degree at Washburn College. The first few years he lived in Kansas, Dawson taught school and dabbled with newspaper work, but he was at the same time studying law. He was admitted to the bar in 1898 and began practice at Hill City in Graham county, which is still his home. Dawcon's first service for the state was as a clerk in the state treasurer's office, more



than ten years ago, but it was short as the young Scotchman was eager to pursue the study and practice of his profession. In 1903 he was appointed chief clerk in the office of the Attorney General by C. C. Coleman and from that time on his advancement in his profession has been both rapid and steady because of his fine mind, studious habits, tireless energy and sterling integrity. In 1905 he was promoted to the position of special assistant attorney general. In 1907 he was again promoted to first assistant, serving in that place until the beginning of the administration of W. R. Stubbs as Governor. Governor Stubbs wantedfor private secretary, —a lawyer specially familiar with the public service and with the official duties of public officers and official boards. John Dawson was his selection. His services to the Governor was so satisfactory to Governor Stubbs that in July, 1909, he promoted him by appointment to the position Dawson now holds, Attorney to the State Board of Railroad Commissioners. So it is that John Dawson has had experience which peculiarly fits him for Attorney General. He has been in the thick of every big piece of litigation in which the state has been involved in the last five years and he has made good in response to each and every official demand on his time and talent. He is in touch with all the big litigation now being conducted by the attorney general's department that will be unfinished at the close of Mr. Jackson's term. His nomination without opposition at the Republican parmary was a fitting recognition of his special fitness for the new place.



A RICH, NEW IRRIGATION-DISTRICT OPENING

By R. L. D. Cunningham

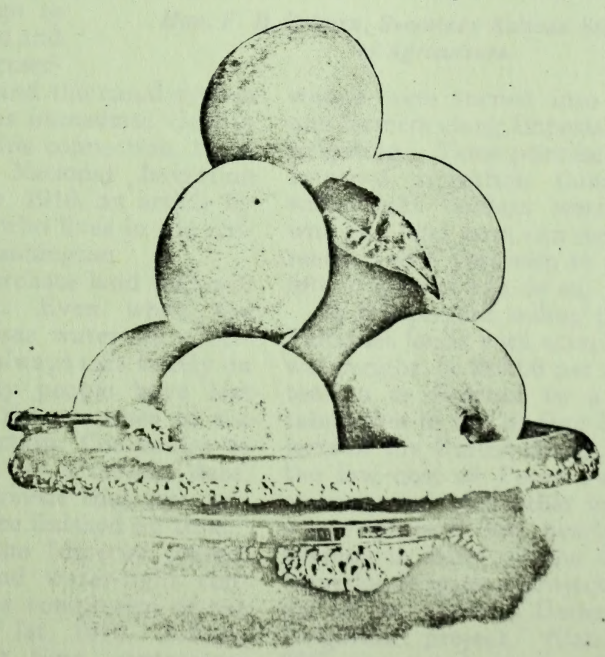
HORACE GREELEY'S long standing but practical advice, "Young man go west," has at last been modified. The angle of his point of view has been shifted a little, and the fact that the greatest tract of rich, undeveloped land on the American Continent lies in Southern Texas, has given rise to the more modern and valuable slogan, "**Young Man go Southwest!**"

Lower Pecos Valley, Texas, the Nile country of America, is offering to-day a remarkable opportunity to men who have energy and a little capital. The great Orient railway is now building into this country and there is yet an opportunity for the shrewd investor to secure land before it is reached by the railroad.

The Honorable F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas Board of Agriculture, and who is noted all over the United States as having introduced alfalfa into this country, made a trip to the Lower Pecos Valley in November of last year in company with Land Commissioner Hornbeck. Mr. Coburn says:

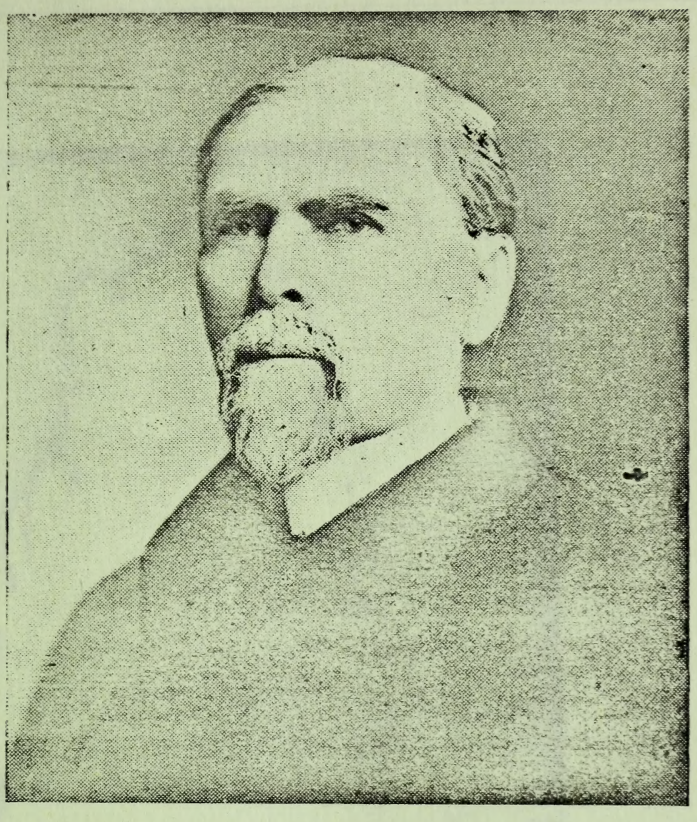
"The country I looked at especially was the Pecos Palisades, now being opened up to settlement, and directly tributary to the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway. The best of the lands here, astonishingly fertile, are certainly well situated for irrigation, and are being disposed of at very favorable prices and terms. The land seekers are met on every trail and are so numerous that it is difficult to obtain the necessary transportation to inspect the land. People are attracted to this country by the mild winter climate, abundant water for irrigation, and the great fertility of the soil, the ease with which it can be put under cultivation and the prodigious alfalfa fruit, and other crops the more favored parts produce when judiciously treated. To tell the truth, people who ought to settle in Kansas are flocking to lower Pecos Valley by the thousands."

So much desired was this land, admired and praised by secretary Coburn, that land commissioner Hornbeck could have sold it outright to those who would colonize the land by agency methods. He preferred, however, a method of wide publicity and a choice of settlers, rather than turn the land over to those whose only purpose would be to sell the land and get from under the project. In selling the land he is also endeavoring to instruct and assist buy-



Pecos Valley Peaches

ers. This is his plan—to found a prosperous community. His duty as Land Commissioner for the Orient Railroad and agent for the owners of those lands compels him to look ahead to the future of Pecos Palisades. Only a few thousand acres of Pecos Palisades land now remain unsold. The Orient Railroad is making a wonderful record in building in through Western Texas and is pushing every day nearer to the Pecos Palisades tract. The more freight ready when the road gets there the better it is for the Orient road. Its friends who own lands being offered, want to sell their land and foster business for the road.



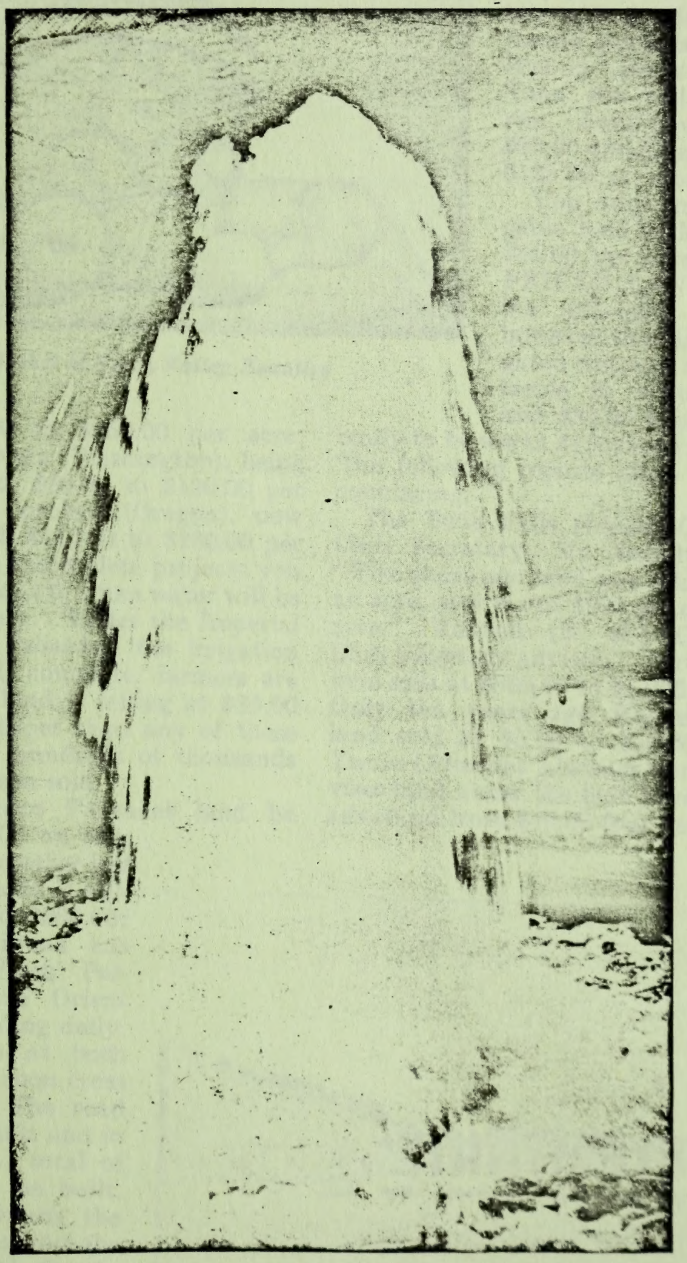
Hon. F. D. Coburn, Secretary Kansas State Board of Agriculture.

The Imperial Irrigation project being completed, one can go to Pecos Palisades land and farm it **now**. The reservoir is completed and the canal system is constructed to the immediate vicinity of this land. In this connection, there appeared in the National Irrigation Journal, September, 1910, an article by Clinton I. Collver, who lives in the irrigated district of Washington.

"It is risky to purchase land that will soon be irrigated. Even when the Government promises water at a certain date, it is not always safe to rely on the promise. Many people have lost money relying on the promises of the Government of certain Companies to complete a project by a certain date. It is common experience that few construction projects are finished on time."

Two years ago the Imperial project was commenced and water-right contracts called for the completion of the system on August 1st, 1910. Fifteen days prior to that time, contractors building the system completed their work. August 20th, Pecos River flood waters were turned into the reservoir and farmers along Imperial canals began irrigating. These promises made by the Imperial Irrigation Company to its water-right holders were kept. Those who buy land now, can see that water is ready, and if you wish to put your land into crops you can do so.

As the present selling price of Pecos Palisades lands with attached perpetual water-right, is $85.00 per acre, your attention is directed to a comparative tabulation of the leading irrigation projects of the United States, showing you the low cost of Pecos Palisades lands as compared with other irrigable lands, where projects are nearly completed, keeping in mind all the time that the Imperial Irrigation project is now completed as stated. Under the Yuma Irrigation project (California), now 60% completed, land and water-rights cost $80.00 to $150.00 per acre; Strawberry Valley (Utah) project, 75% com-



Flowing Artesian Well in Pecos Valley



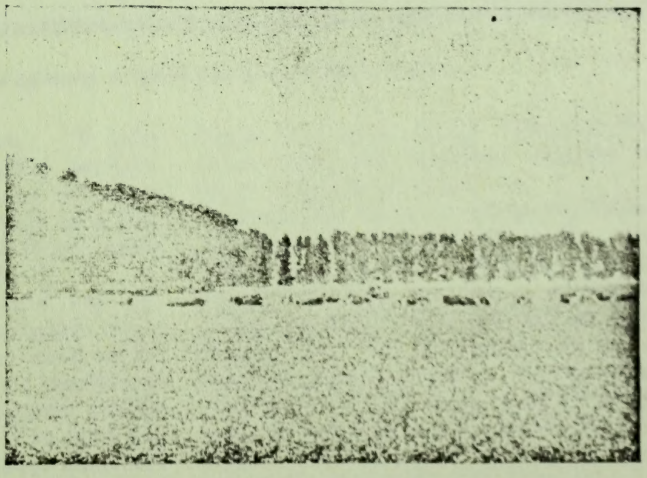
A Basket of Pecos Valley Beauties

pleted, $100.00 to $250.00 per acre; Sunny Side project (Washington), being 72% completed, $80.00 to $100.00 per acre; Umatilla project (Oregon), now 35% completed, $110.00 to $260.00 per acre. In those incomplete projects you are taking a risk as to when water will be ready for delivery. Under the Imperial project, Pecos Palisades, the irrigation system is 100% complete, farmers are irrigating, and land is selling at $85.00 per acre, or cheaper than any of these projects, where hundreds of thousands of acres have been sold.

Why can Pecos Palisades land be bought at $85.00 an acre when land under other less completed projects is selling at $80.00 to $260.00? Because the railroad has not reached Pecos Palisades. But the Orient Railroad is building daily, closing its gap at both ends, and will soon cross Pecos Valley. The road has 916 miles built and in operation, of a total of 1,600 miles to be built. The Orient shortens the distance 500 miles from the great Central and Southwestern-States to the Pacific Ocean. Grading crews are working at numerous places along the Orient survey between Fort Stockton and Mertzon, and Chief Engineer Colpitts says the Orient will be pushed into Fort Stockton without delay. This means quick railway facilities in Pecos Palisades. Then you will see values rise. Land now selling at $85.00 should easily sell at $125.00 or more an acre.

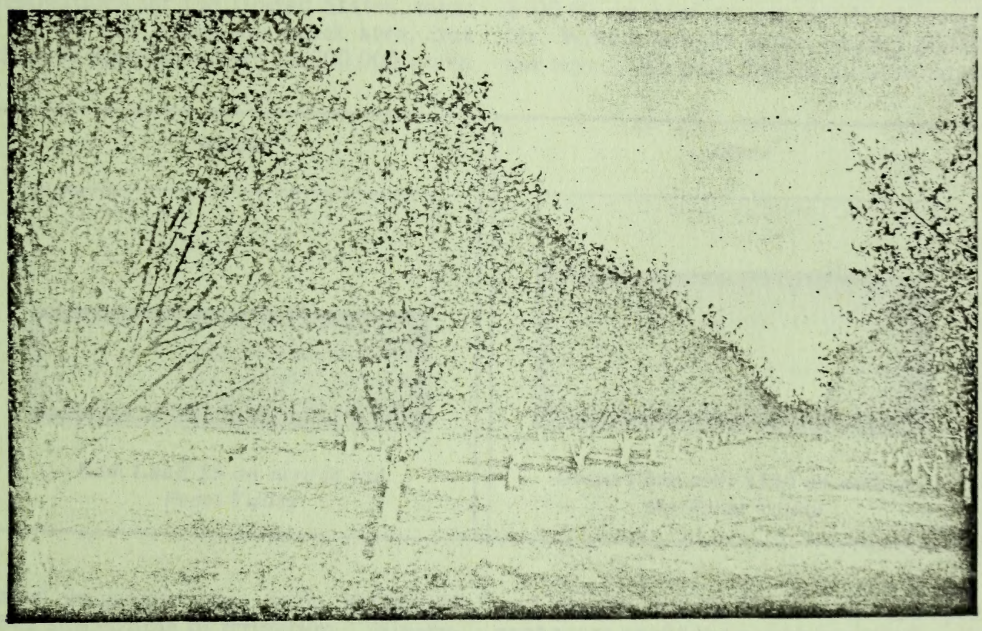
You may doubt if irrigable land under canals at $85.00 per acre is LOW PRICED LAND. It can be officially confirmed however that land in irrigated districts double and treble in value quickly, and $85.00 land ought really to be worth $150.00 an acre NOW. The following reports alone should be convincing.

The Twin Falls (Idaho) Commercial Club Secretary, Mr. Schultz, writes: "Five years ago land was sold at $45.00 an acre, now worth $200.00 to $1,000 an acre." Roswell (N. M.) Commercial Club Secretary advises: "Orchard land here sells at $800.00 to $1,000 per acre." Only ten years ago Roswell (N. M.) land sold at $5.00 to $10.00 an acre. Yuma (Arizona) Abstract Company advises land under the Salt River project advanced from $40.00 four years ago to



Alfalfa and pure bred cattle in Pecos Valley

$200.00 an acre now. Sam Davis, of the Reclamation service, Truckee Carson project (Nevada) stated that land there was worth $300.00 to $500.00 an acre, an advance in value five hundred per cent per annum. The Pecos River Irrigation Company, at Carlsbad, reports land selling at $150.00 per acre unimproved, $400.00 improved. At Orland, California, irrigated lands have advanced one hundred per cent in the last twelve months. Ernest Walter, an irrigation expert of Grand Valley, Colorado, visited Imperial project, one-fifth cash, balance in four equal annual payments—so low when other projects maintain a price of $200.00 to $1,000 per acre. The answer is plain—the railroad is not there--the farmers are just beginning to plant crops. Although in the near vicinity rich fields of alfalfa and profitbearing orchards abound, the Palisades tract is new. But another year will witness a great change. History proves that just as soon as an irrigation project is finished and the first crops are harvested, land values double and treble. With the coming of the



Apples pay upward of $500 per acre in Pecos Valley

Pecos Palisades, and wrote: "I sold my one-year-old Grand Valley orchard at $500.00 an acre and bought 160 acres from you, and I am sure that in a few years my Pecos land will be worth more than the orchard I just sold."

Can you any longer doubt the advisability of buying an irrigable farm under a completed project—early in its history--before development conditions have brought about the gigantic profits that are set out above. You may ask why these rich Pecos Palisades lands are sold with a perpetual water-right under a completed system at $65.00 an acre—Orient this next spring, values of Palisades land will increase. Values will reach $150.00 an acre.

Those who locate in Palisades district, will find good neighbors there now. The Orient Railroad desires high-class citizens making up the new districts along the line. The method of direct selling says Wm. E. Curtis, the famous Chicago Record-Herald correspondent, "has so far cost twenty million dollars, and not one dollar has come from Wall Street. The Mexican Government contributed $3,555,000, the States of Chihuahua and Sinaloa $800,000. The

remainder of the money was raised in the United States and England by private subscription."

Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, editor of Country Life in America and head of Roosevelt's Farm Commission, appointed to investigate profits and social life on the farm, says: "The man who purchases good irrigated acres now is lucky above all others who have purchased land in America. The amount of irrigable land is very limited, and the man who buys this land now will be thanked by his children and his children's children."

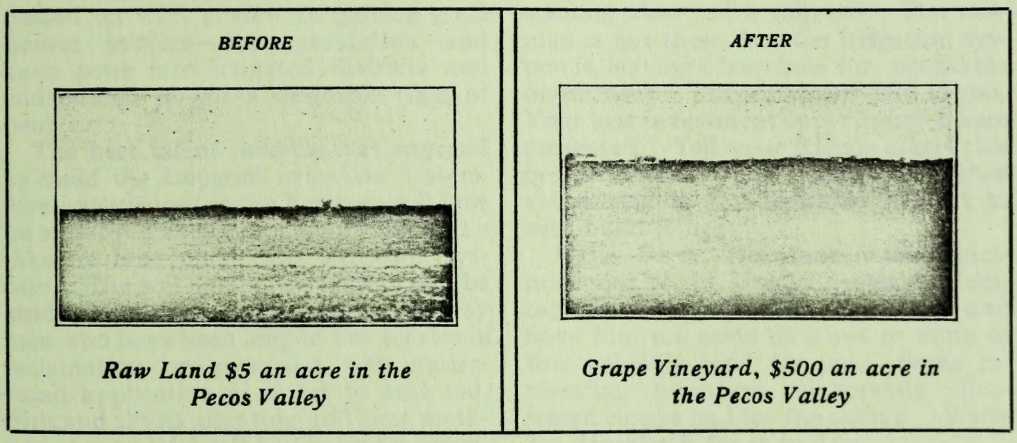
Samuel Fortier, chief of irrigation investigations for the United States, says: "We do not know the exact area, but there is approximately 13,000,000 acres under irrigation now, with 50,000,000 acres susceptible of irrigation. Ninety-five per cent of acreage under irrigation now comes under private projects, altough the Government has twenty-five projects completed or nearly completed and has just borrowed twenty million dollars for reclamation of arid lands. The results of this stupendous labor of bringing water onto the land will be the greatest heritage we leave to a human race."

W. M. Reed, district engineer of the Reclamation Service, in talking to the El Paso Herald, September 25th, said: "Farming conditions at Carlsbad are the best I have ever seen. (The Carlsbad project is a short distance above Pecos Palisades and the only other reservoir project on the Pecos River.) "Carlsbad farmers have sold $80,000 worth of alfalfa seed and have unmarketed $100,000 worth more."

L. C. Draper, Fort Stockton, says: "One farmer at Fort Stockton on irrigated land this year made $120.00 per acre on forty acres of alfalfa." C. D. Boyle, a farmer in the Barstow Valley, from 25 acres of his first cutting of alfalfa netted $14.00 per acre.

Astounding crops grown in vicinity of Pecos Palisades is of great encouragement to the new settlers. J. D. Wilcox, an Illinois farmer, who bought 80 acres, writes March 20th: "It would take $100.00 an acre to get my land now." Mr. Wilcox bought early, paying $60.00 per acre. He paid $15.00 an acre down and refuses nearly three hundred per cent more profit than cash invested.

As a possible land buyer in Pecos Palisades district, you should know of development of this new irrigation district. A field manager there says: "Everyone is active. Our people have bought for early delivery several thousand Keifer pear trees, several thousand grapes (malaga, cornishon, tokay and mission)." Ross Allison, resident engineer, reports over one thousand acres now being prepared for cultivation and irrigation. One syndicate will plant at least 1,000 acres in alfalfa this winter. Three new townsites on the land now, there are churches and school facilities, telephone lines, daily mail service, many modern conveniences. Twenty thous-



Raw Land $5 an acre in the Pecos Valley

Grape Vineyard, $500 an acre in the Pecos Valley

and dollars are being expended now in clearing and planting the land. Despite the drouths in Texas and shortage of water under direct-from-river irrigation systems, there is no reasonable fear about water under a reservoir such as Imperial. Stored water (taken from the river at flood times) is a great assurance of water for the crops when needed, hence activity in the Palisades district.

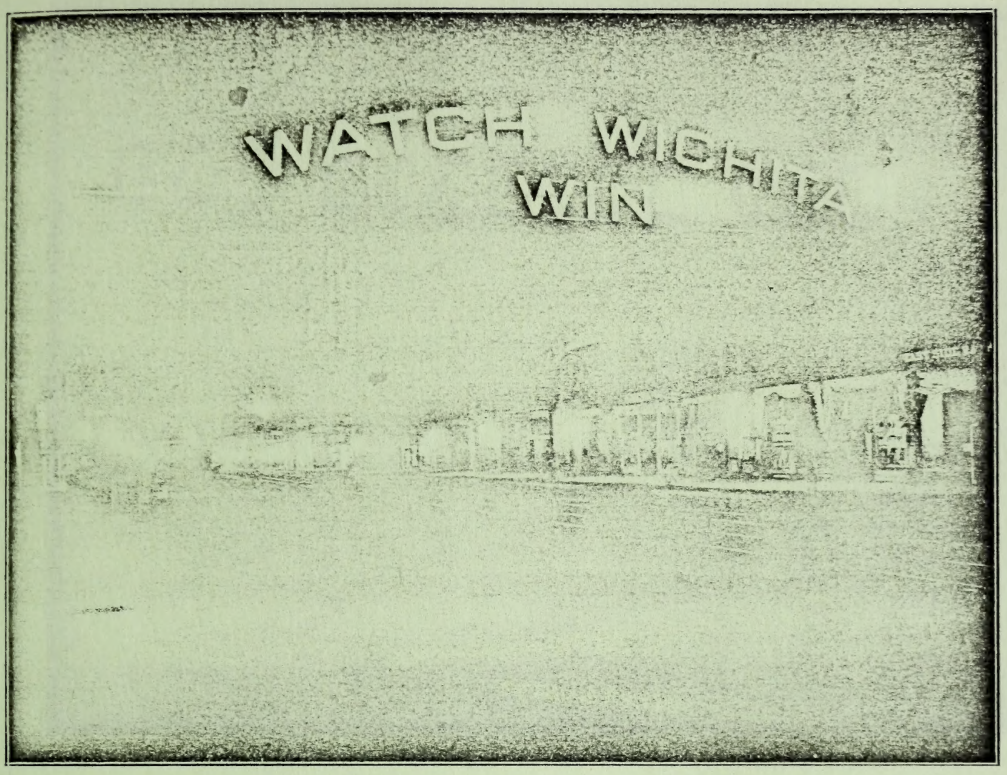
In selling the land, distinct methods have been employed. It is customary now in colonization work for capitalists to purchase large tracts of land at a net price and add large profits for the selling. But this land is being sold direct from the owners to the purchasers, and agents who have been working are generally connected with the office on a salary basis. All applications have been passed on with a view to getting good honest settlers—not speculators—and have gone into irrigated districts and endeavored to get a desirable class of people.

The best talent possible was engaged to build the Imperial irrigation system. Men experienced in the business will now be employed to instruct the farmers who take up land under this irrigation system. The soil and water system will be studied carefully and scientifically by men who have been long in the service of reclamation projects and who understand application of water to arid soil, fruit and alfalfa planting and best methods of successful soil tillage under irrigation. These experts will deliver lectures to settlers in Pecos Palisades district and instruct them as to best methods.

Remember the irrigation movement is growing by leaps and bounds. There is a big demand for irrigable land. The Government, although spending about twenty million for irrigation now cannot keep pace with the popular demand for irrigated land. Private capitalists are adding $100.000.000 to the reclamation fund. Ex-President Roosevelt in a speech at Denver, August 29th, advocates the use of private capital in developing irrigation projects, as "the essential thing is to make homes on the land."

Irrigable lands cover a limited area. The yield seems unlimited. Pecos Palisades is a new irrigable district opening ahead of a railroad. The railroad is not there, but the irrigation system is, leaving a loop hole for profitable investment. It opens a new field to you. Your best investment opportunity is here presented. Tell your friends about this project. Industrious men and women are needed in the Palisades district to help build it up.

Write F. A. Hornbeck, Land Commissioner of the United States & Mexican Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo., and have him set aside 20 acres or more of this valuable land for you. Some interesting literature, elaborately illustrated can be had for the asking. Write Mr. Hornbeck for it to-day.



WICHITA

the White City of Kansas

By A. Dunlap

AT the greatest of all World's Fairs, at Chicago less than a score of years since, there stood, just outside of the Electrical building, a pillar perhaps thirty feet high, and four or five feet in diameter. This pillar was studded thickly with incandescent bulbs of various colors, and a series of shadows were made to move upward, extinguishing a ring of light around the pillar as they moved toward the top.

Thousands of persons from all parts of the world gazed at this marvel daily, shook their heads, and were heard to mutter, "what a wonderful age we are living in."

But today in Wichita, such a display would scarcely create more than passing comment, for the electric signs on Wichita's "White Way" as far surpass the great World's Fair "Pillar of Fire" at Chicago as the modern locomotive does the first "Tea-kettle on wheels."

Brains and energy have been diligently at work and have transformed the dark ways into paths of living light, and now at night, Wichita's business streets are made as light as day by the enterprise of the city, private business concerns and amusement places.

Up to a short time ago it was not considered possible for a small concern to own or operate a large electrical display.



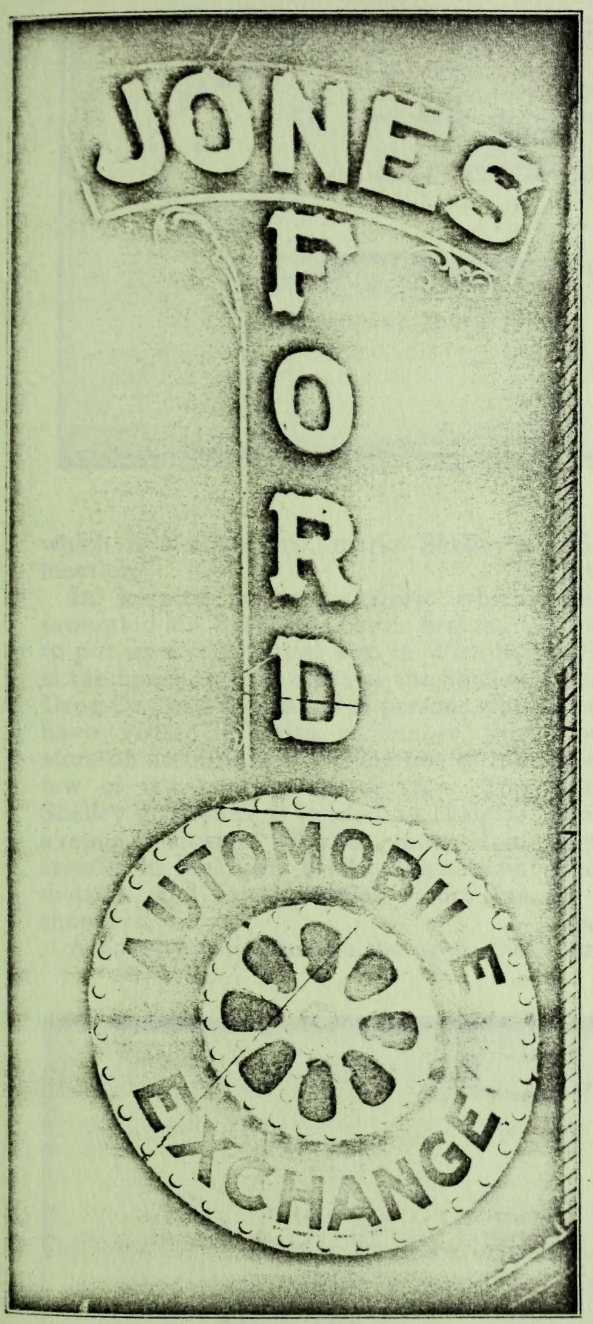
"Economy" was the watchword, and inventors were busy devising electric signs that carried as few bulbs as possible and get the proper effect, as an enormous amount of current was needed to operate a sign of any size.

But since the introduction of the wonderful Tungston light, the amount of current used has been reduced to almost one fourth of that used in the old days, consequently the smaller concerns are now making almost as large a showing as their neighbors who do business on a larger scale.

Let us start from Main street East on Douglas avenue and note some of the prominent displays. The view down the street dazzles the eye. Truly Wichita is a progressive city and has earned the name of Peerless Princess.

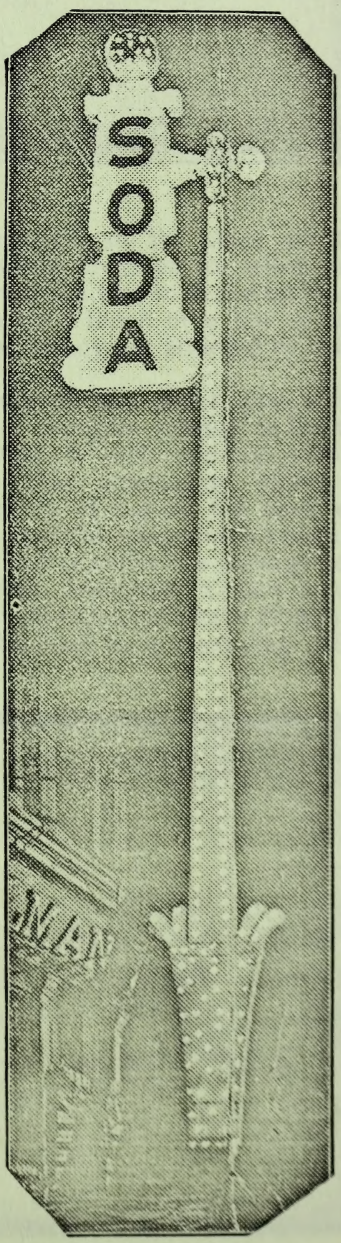
Across Douglas avenue at the corner of main street, is stretched the sign of the Jacob Dold Packing Co., which in blazing letters of unblinking light transforms the street in that vicinity from the darkness of night into daylight brilliancy. The letters forming the words "EAT NIAGARA HAM" can be seen for a dozen blocks, and the Dold sign is one of the impressions that Wichita visitors carry away from the city with them. The Jacob Dold Packing Co., with their enormous capacity taxed to the limit at all times in keeping up with the ceaseless demand for 'Niagara brand' of products, never lose sight of the fact that in constantly bringing their name before the public, together with supplying a sterling brand of their wares is what has made their vast interests what they are today; and hundreds of persons, residents of Wichita and surrounding towns can truthfully say that they received their first incentive to try the Niagara brand of goods from reading the Wichita Dold sign night after night.

For a number of years large cities have had mechanical signs which attracted attention, not only by their brilliancy, but by the novelty of apparent motion. These signs were expensive, and were



considered a luxury by most people, but Mr. Shelly, of the Shelley Drug Co., of Wichita decided that the people of that city deserved something good the same as the public of other towns and therefore became the pioneer in the mechanical electrical sign movement.

Mr. Shelley is not a man who does things in a half hearted way, therefore when his new sign on Douglas avenue was turned on, the citizens sat up and took notice. The sign, which is twenty two feet in height, represents a glass of soda in the making, it taking three hundred and ninety six Tungston lamps to produce this effect. The sign,







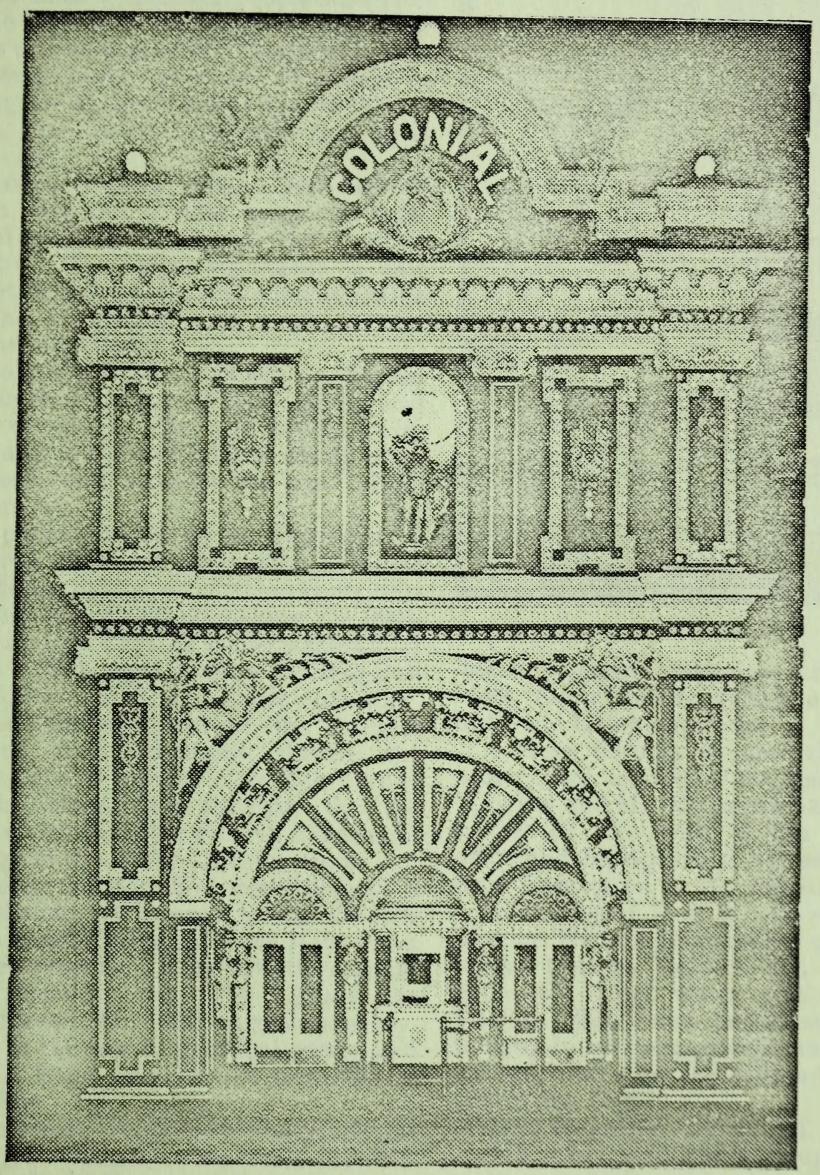
which is a novel one, marks Shelley's location.

In keeping with the spirit which prompted Mr. Shelley to be the first man to put up a mechanical sign in Wichita, is the interior of the store of the Shelley Drug Co., and thousands of persons who have visited Wichita remember this store on account of it's being one of the few of it's kind in the U. S. The Shelley drug store is located on Douglas avenue, between Market and Main streets, in the heart of the down town district, and is a popular resort for shoppers.

A novelty which marks the up-to-the minute methods of the place are the private booths provided for select parties, where those who so desire may partake of a light lunch or a hot or cold drink in a privacy not afforded by other places.

On North Market street, just a few doors from Douglas avenue is located the Colonial 5 cent moving picture theatre. This amusement resort is widely known as one of the most expensively fitted up places of it's kind in the west, and is under the management or Mr. Chas. Snodgrass a man whose many years of experience have fitted him for just the place he is occupying. The





The new Colonial Theatre, the most elaborate 5 cent Moving Picture Show in the United States

Colonial is one of the beauty spots of Wichita, and is pointed to with pride by citizens. Every evening a line of automobiles standing in front testify as to the class of Wichita people who patronize the Colonial, and a man who takes the chances as did Mr. Snodgrass in spending many thousands of dollars in fitting up an amusement resort of this class, deserves the patronage that he is receiving.

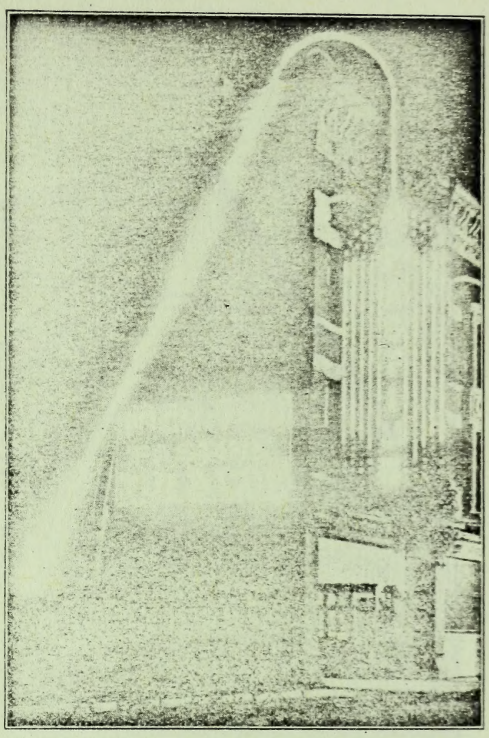
Passing Topeka avenue and looking south, one sees a block away the wonderful mechanical sign of the Pastime theatre. This sign represents a sky rocket in full action, and calls attention to the handsome and popular new amusement resort.

Looking toward the North on Topeka avenue you see the "Wheel" mechanical sign of Jones, the automobile man. This also is a beautiful and costly piece of work, and attracts the eye of all passers by.

A person might go on and name a hundred electric signs within a radius of a dozen blocks, all of them contributing their share toward making the highways and by ways of Wichita sparkle at night. Such signs as those of Base Ball Headquarters, The Kansas Laundry, Kelchener's meat market, the Princess theatre, the Auditorium theatre the E. Vail & Co. Jewelry store, the Varney Jewelry store, Cox Blodgett Co. the Boston store and the Beautiful mechanical sign of the Globe Clothing store.

The current for all of these displays is furnished by the Kansas Gas and Electric Co., whose building on South Main street is decorated in a most artistic manner with electric bulbs. The Kansas Gas and Electric Co., also furnishes everything in the line of electrical goods, and all the latest and newest novelties in that line.

The great percentage of the handsome signs in Wichita were built by Mr. George L. McQuown of that city. Mr. McQuown is known as an expert in this

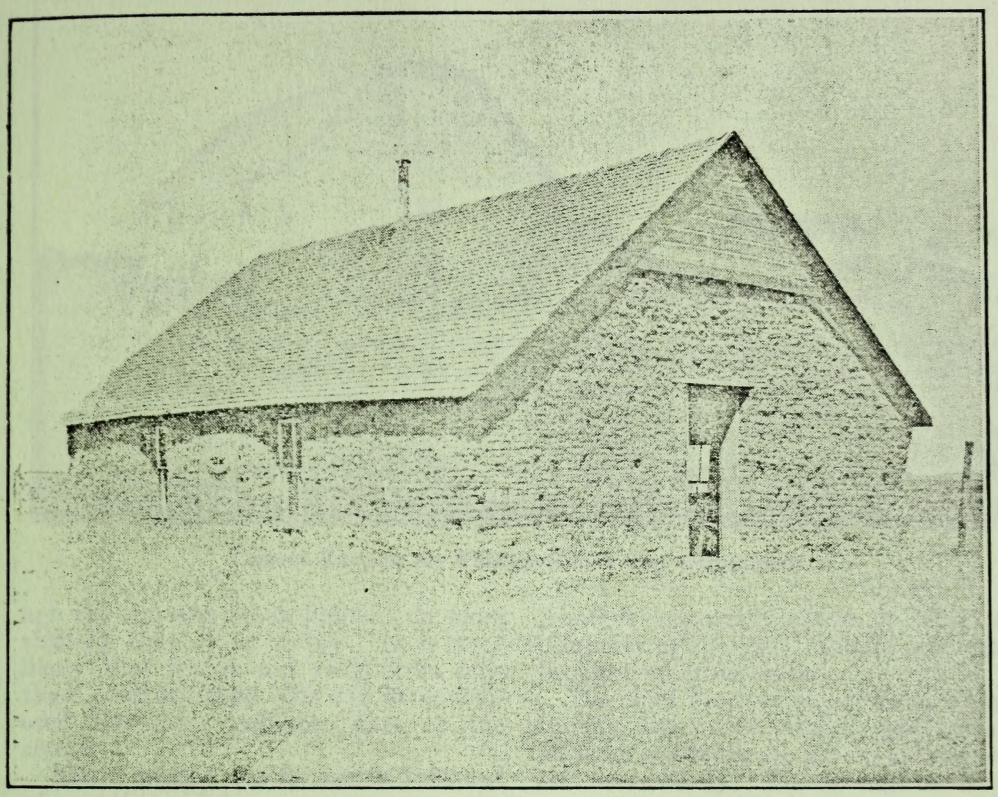


line, and designs and works out all of his ideas submitting them to the customer until the latter approves.

A large number of new signs have been contracted for by the merchants of Wichita, and Mr. McQuown has the contracts for the most of the lot. His office and headquarters are at the Pastime Theatre on South Topeka avenue.

In conclusion it may be said that the City of Wichita has erected and maintained a large electric sign near the Santa Fe depot which reads "Watch Wichita Win," and has been read by thousands of persons who never have left the trains on the railroads at that end of the city.

Such enterprise pays, and it is just such a spirit that has built up the city to the prosperity which it enjoys at the present time.



Old Sod House at Haviland, built in 1886

Kiowa County

By D. M. Morris

KIOWA county is the second county north of Oklahoma and the sixth from Colorado. It is geographically located in the central division of Kansas counties.

There are three divisions of Kiowa county, differing in soil and surface. The south part is, generally speaking, rough but interspersed with fertile flats and creek bottoms, the very roughest being excellent for grazing lands. There is an enormous quantity of fine building rock in this division with ledges of cement limestone and also good indications of coal. The central portion east and west through the county is a broad belt of dark loam which is capable of producing about every class of vegetation known to the Temperate zone.

The most valuable farm lands of the county and the most productive wheat lands lie in this belt. The north part of the county is what is familiarly known as the sand hills, containing many extremely fertile valleys. The roughest land is now being brought under cultivation. It has been abundantly proven that this soil grows stronger and more productive with cultivation, and any settler will tell you that twenty years



Cement Barn on the Phillips Ranch near Greensburg

ago the soil was much lighter and more shifting than it is to-day. It is very likely that within ten years from now these so-called sand hills will be considered the most valuable part of the county.

Kiowa county was formed in 1886 out of a portion of Edwards and Commanche counties, and the new town of Greensburg was made the County Seat.

The climate of Kiowa county is ideal, being protected from winter winds by a triple range of sand hills. The raw and blustering winds that frequently sweep over the central and eastern part of the state during the winter months are practically unknown in Kiowa county.

Pure water is found in inexhaustable quantities at a depth of from 50 to 150 feet, and this important natural resource has had much to do with the good health of the people. The rainfall of western Kansas has not increased perceptibly in the number of inches, but it is being better conserved and far more evenly distributed. Fully a dozen years have passed since the county has experienced one of those pelting downfalls of rain, once so common. The air is cool and moist, due partly to the bringing of such vast areas under cultivation, which enables the soil to retain the rainfall so that a much smaller per cent finds its way into the creeks. Another important cause of increased humidity is the vast amount of water brought up from below.

The chief product of Kiowa is wheat, though corn, oats, alfalfa, and in fact all farm products are grown extensively and successfully. The acreage of wheat in 1909, was 120,500; corn, 50 000. The valuation of the county in 1909 was $13, 565,000 which shows that Kiowa is one of the wealthiest in the state. The altitude of the county for an average is about 2,000 feet. Good roads are maintained at a minimum cost, an advantage that means much to the farming interests.

In Kiowa county there are five towns, Greensburg the county seat, population 1200; Haviland, population 700; Mullinville, population 400; Wellsford a small town in the eastern part; Belvidere with a population of 100 in the south part of the county. There are 18 grain elevators in the county including the Farmers' Grain & Supply Company, at Greensburg which insures the farmers a good, ready market for their grain. Among western counties Kiowa is in the lead as to population. Only in the southern part are there any large ranches. Only a few years ago, practically the entire county was made up of ranches.

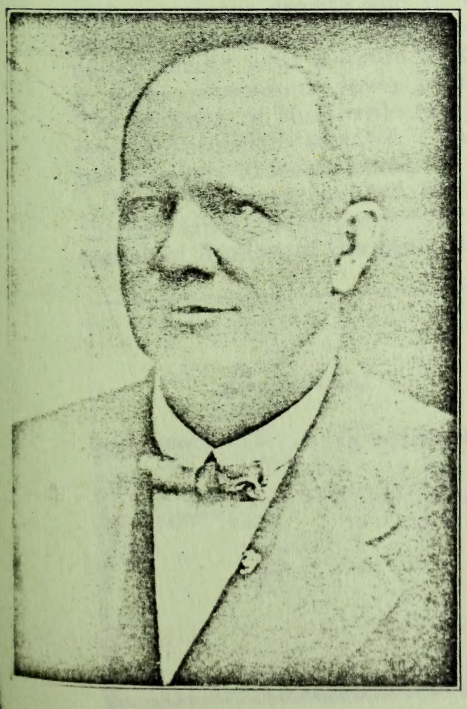
There are 49 school districts in Kiowa county and in several of these is more



than one school building. Upon riding through the county one is impressed with the many fine farm homes, a few of which are shown herewith. These homes would be a credit to any western city. They are modern in every respect. They have been well earned indeed, by years of hard toil through the strenuous period of pioneer days. The larger part of cultivated land is a little rolling and as you go mile after mile, it is an interesting sight to see the beautiful fields which have just produced a banner wheat crop and are now being drilled for the next year's crop. The farmers of Kiowa county are a progressive, affable and up-to-date class of men who can well claim the building of the now noted Kiowa county.

GREENSBURG

Greensburg the county seat of Kiowa county is a town of 1200 population located on the main line of the Rock Island Railroad, about 115 miles west of Wichita and 83 miles southwest of Hutchinson. The site is practically level with just enough elevation for good drainage.



Hon. H. M. Davis, Mayor of Greensburg

There are four churches: the Methodist, United Brethren, Baptist, and Christain, three of which have built houses of worship during the past two years ranging in cost from $4500 to $12.000.

The schools are up to the standard of the state in every respect. Four years course in the High school prepares graduates for entrance to any college in the state. In the graded schools and high schools together, there are employed 9 teachers.

The business section of Greensburg is growing rapidly and the business men are keeping abreast with the rapid development of the country.

There are several stocks of merchandise in various lines that are not only up-to-date and a credit to any town of that size, but are recognized by the traveling public, as among the best in the state. During the past two years there have been 15 new brick business buildings erected the majority of which include, two stories and basement. Also during the same time there has been erected a new Farmers Elevator, costing nearly $10 000; besides the flour mill and other smaller fire-proof buildings. Over one hundred new residence buildings have been completed during the past year; many of these are large, expensive residences, costing the owners thousands of dollars.

The two state banks which are in new two-story brick buildings are equipped with modern fixtures and are up-to-date in every detail. These banks are carrying individual deposits of from $4 000 to $5 000 the year around which fact in itself is ample proof of the of the prosperity of the surrounding community. The valuation claimed for Greensburg for 1909, was $1,000 000.

HAVILAND

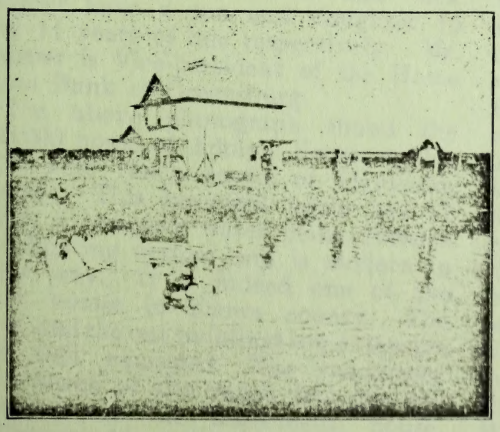
The city of Haviland was one of the last towns to be founded in the county. It was incorporated in 1906 and now has a population of 750. It is surrounded by an excellent farming and fruit section and draws trade from Pratt and Edwards counties. Haviland has never suffered any reverses and has continued to make a substantial gain in population every year. Its residence portion makes an especially fine showing. The

multitude of fine conveyances including many automobiles that may be seen in the streets any Saturday afternoon are evidence of a thrifty business. The surrounding country is largely settled by the Society of Friends and the Quarterly meeting of this Sect is held at Haviland. The town has a good public school, consisting of a new three room building, erected in 1904. An academy built in 1892 furnishes facilities for higher education and has turned out a large number of capable graduates. Both the Friends and Methodists Societies have large congregations and each has a good house of worship. Haviland is noted for its fine homes, its moral and law-abiding citizens and its activity in religious and educational life.

MULLINVILLE

Mullinville was named for A. A. Mullin who came from the East in 1886 to find a home in the West. After some prospecting he finally built a home where the town of Mullinville now stands. In 1887 the town took on a boom, and reached a population of 600. Afterwards the place settled down to a steady and permanent growth and is now advancing commercially, religiously, and educationally with a stride that means a more prosperous town every day. The citizens of Mullinville are progressive, and especially sociable. They compel strangers to feel at home.

The town is surrounded by some of the best farm land in the county and in a radius of 5 miles of the promising little town, will be found the finest farm homes in Kiowa county. Mullinville has an enviable reputation as a shipping point. It is estimated that 285 cars of wheat will be shipped from that point this year. One hundred and forty-five cars were shipped in one month. Two school buildings comprise the educational advantages of the town, while the three religious denominations have two houses or worship. The Sects represented are: Christian, Methodist, and United Brethren.

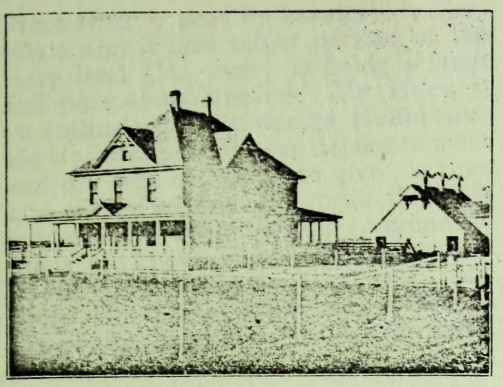


Residence of H. W. Fromme

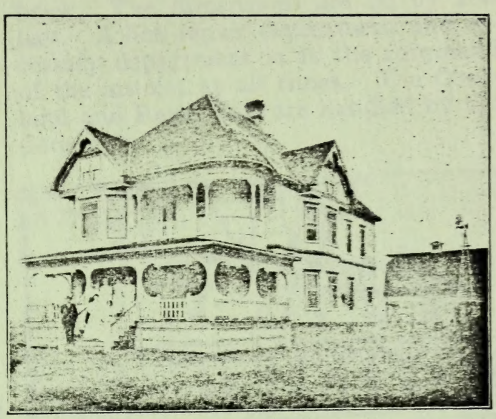
The town is so situated that a beautiful view of the surrounding country can be had for many miles. Every citizen of this promising little town is loyal to home institutions and all work with a unity of purpose that insures commercial and social success.

Four miles below Mullinville is located the home of H. W. Fromme on his ranch of 2160 acres. Mr Fromme is one of the oldest settlers of the county and by hard work he has come into possession of one of the finest ranches in the west. He came from Missouri in 1885; proved up his claim and has stood by his Western lands until now his ranch is worth $55 per acre. Mr. and Mrs. Fromme have three sons and three daughters and their fine home gives to them all ample room. It is indeed interesting to hear Mr. Fromme tell of his experience in western Kansas. This year he sowed 1600 acres to wheat and 50 acres to corn which will net him a handsome income. There are four tenant houses on the Fromme ranch. There are only 80 acres that are not under cultivation. The vast acres of wheat in the ranch offer a panoramic view that is interesting indeed to the "tenderfoot" from the East.

Mr. M. A. Sidener one of the most prominent ranchmen of Kiowa County, came to Kansas 1885 from Missouri, with $200 and one horse, took a claim built him a sod house and began to prove up. He was compelled to find work while improving his claim so he herded sheep for a man named Kennedy, for the remunerative sum of 50c per day, farming his own land when he could find the time. In 1887 he returned to Missouri and married Miss Ida B. Stall who came West with



$10,000 Residence of B. A. Sidener



Residence of Adolph Kruse

him to make her home in the sod house. In 1892 Mr. Sidener added a quarter section to his land and from time to time has added more until he now has a ranch of 4300 acres of the best land in Kiowa county. 3500 acres of this land is in cultivation. The Sidener ranch adjoins the town of Mullinville on the west.

This year Mr. Sidener sowed 2000 acres to wheat which averaged 26 bushels to the acre, the total yield of which was, 50,260 bushels valued at $45 000. 400 acres of corn averaged 25 bushels to the acre, he has 125 head of cattle on the ranch and 15 head of horses. There are 5 tenant houses and ten men are employed. Three years ago Mr. Sidener built one of the finest country homes in western Kansas. The cost of construction was $10.000. It is located on a picturesque knoll on the edge of Mullinville. Mr. and Mrs. Sidener have a son and daughter 16 and 11 years of age respectively. Mr. Sidener is Vice-president of the Home State Bank of Greensburg.

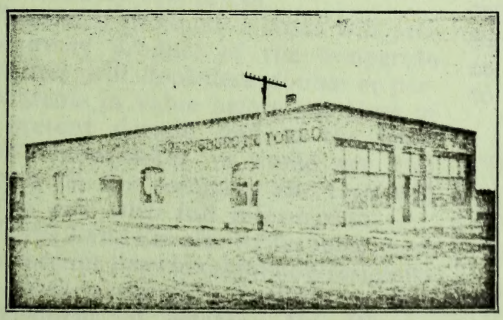
The above photograph shows the $10.000 home of Adolph Kruse, on his 2720 acre ranch south of Haviland, Kansas. This beautiful home has 17 rooms a complete water plant, furnace and lighting system and is modern in every way. It is indeed one of the finest homes in Kiowa county. The barns and the out buildings are extensive and well equipped. The machinery department of the ranch has the appearance of an implement house. Modern machinery of all kinds is found necessary to the cultivation and harvesting of his immense crop. Mr. and Mrs. Krause's family, includes 4 boys and 3 girls. All are active in their respective duties on the ranch which has helped much to make the place what it is to-day. The Kruse Ranch consists of 17 quarter sections. 500 acres were sown to wheat this year and the yield reached 20 bushels per acre. 200 acres of corn averaged 16 bushels to the acre. This land is worth $10.000 per quarter section. Mr. Kruse has well earned the fine home and ranch he now owns for it has been acquired by hard work and conservative management. Mr. Kruse owns a fine automobile and when the day's work is done, the family usually enjoys a delightful spin over the excellent roads over the county.

J. W. Harp. Post Master of Mullinville, came to Kiowa county in 1884 from Knoxville Iowa, and located a claim one and one half miles west of where now is located the town of Mullinville. Proving up his claim he worked for the Santa Fe Railroad for a long time as Hostler, then returned to farming but later when the town sight was laid out he moved to town and engaged in mercantile business. Mr. Harp has served six terms as county treasurer and in April 1909 was appointed Post Master of Mullinville. He has been very active in the advancement of the town. He settled in the county two years before the town of Mullinville was laid out, and has been a resident of the community for 27 years.

From time to time he has dealt in Real estate and is now senior partner of the Harp land Co., which is doing a large and prosperous business. Mr. Harp is an enthusiastic booster for Mullinville. He is a most pleasant gentleman to meet and one who is willing to give his time and energy to any enterprise that will advance the town and the community. He is well known all over the county and has a cheery smile for every one. Mr. Harp like many others went through the many hardships of pioneer days.



The above is a view of the Peoples Lumber Company of Greensburg. Kas. It is under the management of Mr. J. W. Pennington. The company built this yard a year ago and has invested $25.000 in a complete line of high grade lumber and building material. Mr. Pennington the manager, is a man well qualified for the position he holds and by his pleasing manner, and square dealings he has built up a fine trade for the company.



The Greensburg Motor Co.. at Greensburg owned by Messrs. Wm. Weide and T. L. Kelley is one of the finest Garages in Western Kansas. It has only been completed about two months and is of brick. The dimensions are 50 by 100 feet. A fine repair department and accessory department is at the command of the autoist at all times. The Overland and Regal Cars are handled by the Company.



Queen City Hotel

The leading hotel of Greensburg and Kiowa county is the"Queen City" at Greensburg. Owned and operated by Messrs E. C. Metcalf and F. S. Sutton. This hotel is considered by commercial men as one of the best in the west. Many auto tourists make Greensburg a stopping point on account of the hotel and the Garage service.

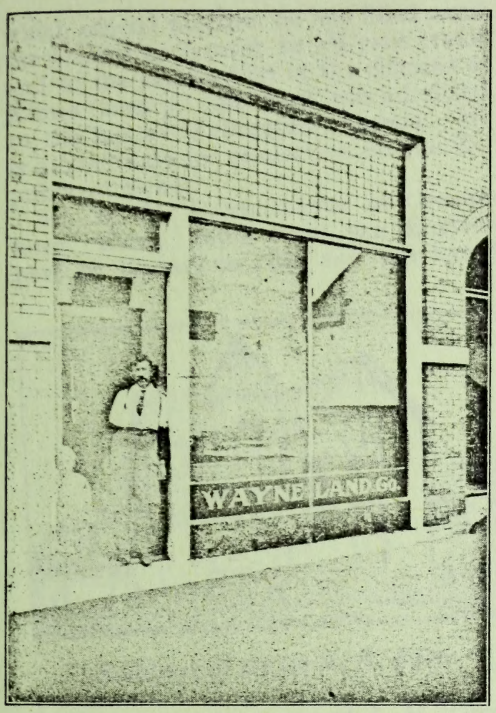
The largest Real Estate firm of Mullinsville is the Harp Land Co., composed of Harp Brothers. Both gentlemen are "live wires" and are always in the advanced guard for the progress of Mullinville and Kiowa County. This company has land for sale in nearly every part of Kiowa and adjoining counties, and they are doing a large Real estate business. Square dealing and living profits has been the foundation of their success. It would be of interest to write them for their numerous bargains which in time will be gone as this section of the country is developing rapidly.

WAYNE LAND CO.

The rapid growth and development of our thriving western cities may be attributed in a large measure to the energy, sagacity and liberality of their real estate men.

This is true of Greensburg. which owes much of its thriving condition to the efforts of enterprising dealers.

Prominent among the gentlemen engaged in this line is J. N. Wayne, of the Wayne Land Co.

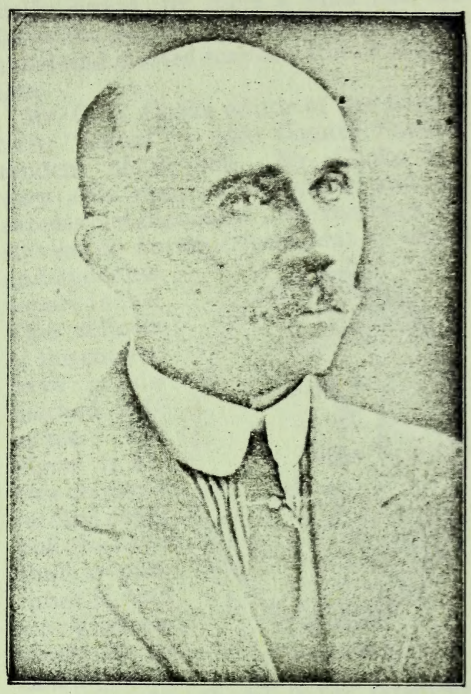


Mr. Wayne has been established there for a number of years and is well and favorably known throughout this district and is acknowldeged in real estate circles to be among the best informed and most accurate judges of agricultural lands in the southwest.

He has on his lists large tracts of lands both in Western Kansas and in Southwest Texas that he is now offering at remarkably low prices.

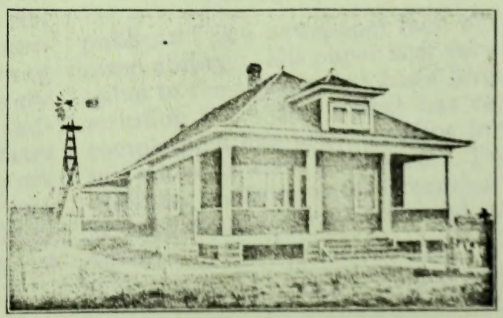
Those rich productive lands will produce every product of the temperate zone and will doubtless double or perhaps treble in value before the close of the present decade, and to the prospective homeseeker we would say, call on or write this company and they will furnish you with full information.

Wayne Land Co. also writes insurance, collects rents, pays taxes for non-residents and gives particular attention to the management of estates. Mr. Wayne is a notary and gives particular attention to the drawing of deeds, mortgages and all papers pertaining to the transfer of realty. The Wayne Land Co. recently moved into fine new offices in the Farmer's State Bank building.



John D. Beck

Hon. John D. Beck, County Attorney of Kiowa county, was born in Iowa in 1854. He came to Kansas in 1872 and settled near the town of Oxford in Sumner county. He attended the State Normal at Emporia during the school term of 1875-76, and was a student at the state University at Lawrence in 1876 and 1877. He seved as County Superintendent of Sumner county in '79 and '80 and was county Auditor of Sumner County in '85-'86. He moved to Greensburg in 1887 and was elected to the office of County Attorney in '88



Home of J. D. Beck

which official position he has filled until the present time much to his own credit and to the satisfaction of the citizens of Kiowa County. Mr. Beck was admitted to the bar at Wellington, Kansas. He is a candidate for re-election on the Republican ticket.

Mr. H. M. Davis mayor of Greensburg, Kans., came from the Eastern part of Kansas in 1907 and purchased

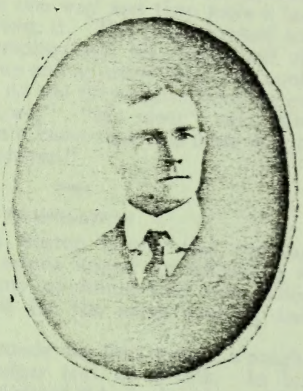


Residence of Mayor H. M. Davis

the hardware business of I. M. Grove which was at that time located in a little frame building. He at once made plans to put up a large business house and purchased one of the best building corners on the main street. Here he erected a fine two story brick building 50x100 feet He stocked this fine building with Hardware, harness, Implements, buggies, tinware and etc., and repair departments, for every line, until he has one of the big stores of western Kansas. The last year that Mr. Davis was in business his annual sales were $60.000 which goes to show the volume of business done.

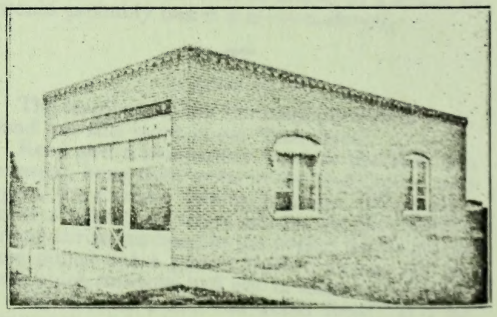
In 1910 Mr. Davis sold his immense stock of merchandise to Partridge Bros. who are continung the business. Mr. Davis entered the Real Estate business. Mr. Davis has been mayor of Greensburg almost two years and has served very capably, always working for the advancement of the town. He advocates a clean moral town, "six days of work and one day rest," and he has been very successful in maintaining a clean, business adminitration. Greensburg is justly proud to have a man like Mr. Davis for mayor. Mr. Davis was nominated and elected mayor without opposition.

Mr. C. E. Cooke editor of the Greensburg "Signal" is also County Superintendent of Schools. Mr. Cooke is a very able man as an editor and is a success commercially. He has been very successful as superintendent of schools and under his supervision the schools of the county have made marked advance. The Signal is Kiowa county's leading paper and the news that it publishes is read very attentively by its many subscribers. Mr. Cooke is for Greensburg and the county in every way, always ready to render any service that he can.



C. E. COOKE

Mr. J. I. Parcel editor of the "Republican," is a newspaper man of recognized ability. His paper is of very great value to the county and has a large subscription list. Mr. Parcel has recently completed a fine brick building in which his paper is now published. The Republican is a booster for Greensburg and Kiowa county, first, last and all the time.



The Republican Office

Twice Told Tales

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story new or old, that has humor in it

EARNED HIS MONEY

Polk Cline of Larned who has recently published a book of his own started his law practice in Rush County some thirty odd years ago. In that day the administration of Justice on the frontier as it then was, had many aspects. It was not sufficient for a lawyer to know the law. Far from it. He must know the technique, a part of which was the stacking a jury on the other fellow. Polk became quite expert at this branch of the practice, which was much resorted to in desperate cases.

One time a Russian asccused of horse stealing retained him to defend. "The proof was evident, the presumption great." The Cossack had been caught with the horse in his possession. The county was poor. The County Attorney anxious for re-election hated to make big cost bills. If the jury could be hung a time or two, he would dismiss the case rather than pile up a bill of costs.

The jury was empanelled in the evening and dismissed to try the case the next day. Polk went to one of the jurors whom he knew to be "practical" and said to him: "Bill, if you'll hang that jury I'll give you fifteen dollars." "All right" said Bill, "I'll do it."

The case was tried with the usual jockeying, objections and Black Hill speeches and the jury retired. After being out thirty-six hours they reported that they could not agree and were discharged. The practical juror came to Polk's office and collected his fifteen dollars. "Polk," he said "I had a devil of a time hanging that jury. 'leven of them damn fools wanted to acquit that feller."

A QUESTION OF DATES

Uncle Jim is a well known citizen of a Kansas town. He has long flowing but not well-kept whiskers. One morning he was going down town in the street car and a young friend who aspires to be a Sherlock Holmes said to him; "Uncle Jim" I'll bet you a good cigar I can tell you what you had for breakfast" "You're on" said Uncle Jim "You had scrambled eggs." "You lose" said Uncle Jim "That was yesterday morning."

WANTED TO KNOW

They tell this on Chief Justice Johnston of the Kansas Supreme Court who never drinks: He was sitting beside a stranger in a railway car. After awhile the stranger pulled out a quart bottle of whiskey and took a big drink. He turned to the judge and said "Stranger, do you ever take a drink?" Judge Johnston removed his glasses and looked at him in an interested way, and said: "Is that an invitation or just an inquiry?"

CLOSED WITH PRAYER

Judge Johnston is never heard to swear. One warm summer day he was hooking Mrs. Johnston's dress. It was one of those complicated affairs that hook one way and then have a lace flap that hooks over it. The judge hooked and hooked. He perspired and his glasses fell off. He picked them up and adjusted them and hooked some more. At the fifty-eighth hook he exclaimed "Oh Lord." "My dear" said Mrs. Johnston "I didn't know that this dress was to be closed with prayer."

THE TRANSLATION

A very bright Boston lawyer was running against an Irish saloon keeper for Alderman of the city. By some mischance they were billed in the same hall for the same evening and divided time.

The Irishman made the first speech, a roughneck, profane vulgar sort of a talk. In his peroration he apologized if he had said anything to offend anyone and assured them that he was "plain, blunt man and was in the habit of callin' a sphade a sphade."

His opponent arising to reply assured the audience that he was glad to know that his friend always called a spade a spade. He had inferred from listening to his speech that if the gentleman had occasion to allude to a spade he would probably call it a d——n shovel.

A GOOD TRAP

The members of the Cumberland club in Portland tell this story about Tom Reed:

Reed and a companion went to the club one evening, hung their coats in the cloak room, and spent the evening talking politics. When they went to get their overcoats on leaving, Reed's friend thrust his hand in the pocket for his gloves and pulled out a pocket book that was not his and which someone had put in there by mistake.

"What shall I do?" he asked Reed "If I go around the club with a pocket book in my hand it will look strange."

"That's all right," said Reed, "Keep the pocketbook and set the coat again. We'll go back in the smoking-room."

SATISFIED

"Do you respect me?"

As she uttered these vital words the beautiful girl gazed tensely at the young man to whom but a short time before she had plighted her troth. He was not slow to respond.

"Never," he replied passionately. "How can I respect a creature who wears the clothes that you do; who spends more time every day over her hair than the average chauffer does over his

auto; who never has an original idea, and deuends for her stock in conversational trade on the chance sensations that impinge upon her brain, which is about the size and capacity of an anthropoid ape; whose conception of morality and good faith is bounded by the latest conventional society rule, and who knows as much about the true science of living as a cigar store In dian? Respect you! I should say not! But I love you with all my heart and soul; life without you would be a desert waste, and I ask for nothing but to be your devoted slave all the rest of my days. O, darling: say that this is all you desire!"

"It is, it is," she whispered, clinging to him with a renewed ardor. "Now I know everything is all right; but there have been times when Ifeared that perhaps our marriage would not be an ideal one."—LIFE.

A BALD ANSWER

A merry automobile party, touring out from Denver, went by a camp where several consumptives were living out-of-doors, trying to regain their health.

The machine was stopped and the tourists went over to the camp to cheer up the sick people if they could.

A thin little old man, perfectly hald, was sitting in the sunlight, wrapped in a heavy overcoat and gazing steadily at the mountains beyond.

"Well old chap," said a tactless member of the visiting party, "I suppose you are up here for your lungs."

"No," replied the bald old man without removing his gaze from the mountains; "I am up here for dandruff."

NO STAR ROUTE FOR HIM

Senator Bacon tells a story of a negro in Macon who wanted to be a carrier on a rural free-delivery route.

The negro made his application and went before the board, whose members were men he had known all his life.

"What's your name?" asked the examiner.

"'Deed, boss," the negro replied, "You done know my name. You's knowed me all your life."

"What's your name?" very sternly.

"Sam Johnson."

"Well, Mr. Johnson, where were you born?"

"Now, look, yere, boss, you done knowed where I'se bawn. I'se bawn right on your ol' father's fahm."

"Never mind that, Mr. Johnson. You were born in Macon. Now, Mr. Johnson, tell this board how many miles it is from the earth to the moon."

"Huh, boss, I cain't tell dat, and I'se goin' to quit dis yere right now. You cain't put me on no such run as dat."—Saturday Evening Post.

GETTING AHEAD OF THE JOB

A son of Ireland was painting a fence surrounding a house in one of the suburbs of Chicago. His face wore a troubled look; but suddenly it brightened, and dipping the brush into the paint-pot he began to paint faster and faster.

"Why are you in such a hurry to finish the job?" a passer-by chanced to ask.

"I haven't much paint left," explained the Celt, "an' it's finishin' the job I'm afther before it's all gone."—Harper's Monthly.

WHEN O. HENRY LOST PRESTIGE

Once, when exploring a factory district for story material, O. Henry invited a bright little girl to dine with him. She accepted on condition that she might bring a friend along. During dinner the writer sought to make his guests feel at ease by resting his English to the extent of using "ain't" and "hadn't oughter" and a few other popular mutilations of the mother tongue.

He saw the little girl a few days later.

"I was awful mortified that night," she said. "You spoke so ungrammatical before my lady friend!"—From "Success Magazine."

A GENUINE SURPRISE

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank doesn't suspect a thing. I think he has even forgotten that to-day's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about seven o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his coat and put on his smoking-jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs I will call out suddenly, 'Oh, Frank, come down quick! The gas is escaping.' Then he will rush down here, unsuspecting, to find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went off exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The guests held their breath while Mrs. Westerleigh called out excitedly, "Oh, Frank, come down quick. The gas is escaping in the parlor."

Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, than a voice said, "I don't smell any gas."

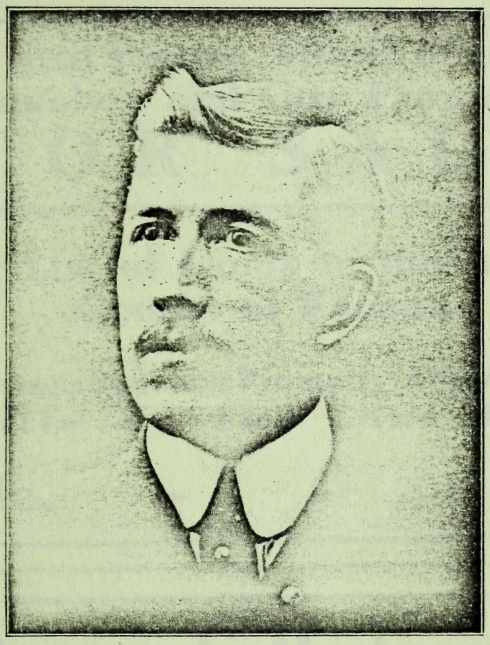
"Better light the jet," Mrs. Westerleigh suggested tremulously.

There was a sputter, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted.

For there in the center of the room stood Westerleigh, attired only in a natty union suit, with a fresh pair of trousers over his arm.

Birthday parties still form a forbidden subject of conver sation at theWesterleighs.—Lippincott's.

Your Attention Friends



OUR KIOWA COUNTY LANDS are the best that the state affords at the price. Our main crops are corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley and Kaffir corn. Our prices range from $25 to $75 per acre, according to location and improvements. Any information wanted, gladly furnished free. All correspondence answered promptly.

We also have a large list in Western Kansas, more especially in Meade and Seward counties where land is rapidly advancing. Prices range from $11.25 to $30 per acre. Land shown free and correspondence solicited.

Wayne Land Company

Greensburg - - - Kansas

J. D. HARP J. W. HARP

Harp Land Company

Wheat Farms, Alfalfa Farms
Ranches and City Property
FOR SALE

The Largest List of Lands in the Banner Wheat County of Kansas

Correspondence Promptly Answered
Write Us For Land List

Mullinville, - - - Kansas

To Investors—In Mortgages or Land

DURING the last 5 years I have loaned over $200,000.00 in Comanche county, Kansas, and adjoining counties. Of these loans only 20% will be renewed. The loans in most cases being taken up before maturity. Titles are absolutely good and abstracts are furnished to date with reliable attorneys' certificates attached. Loans are based on 25% to 40% of assessed valuation with affidavit of County Clerk attached. I guarantee interest and principal and I have not a delinquent borrower on my books. I shall be pleased to represent Individuals or Corporations who wish to place money. Loans closed through any bank desired or through Peoples State Bank, Coldwater, Kansas, from whom you may get references. I also have bargains in farms and ranches from 160 acres to 6000 acres and up.

WRITE OR SEE

MARSHALL BARLOW, Coldwater, Kans.

"Correct Clothes"

We are sending, postpaid, a large box of Autumn and Winter samples of

Alfred Benjamin & Co.

Clothes, and a copy of the Style Book, free for the asking.

Woolf Brothers

1020-26, Walnut, Kansas City, Mo.

SICK PEOPLE

I Will Bring You Good Luck



AND GENERAL DECLINE

AND CURES WHAT AILS YOU. TRY IT.

30 Days Course $5.00 For Booklet Call or Write

LOPEZ REMEDY COMYANY

313 1-2 East Douglas WICHITA, KANSAS



Mit-Way Hotel

Emporia, Kansas

Rooms With Bath and Telephone

Open All Night

Auto Parties can have Meals Served at any Hour in the Night or Day

The Chalmers

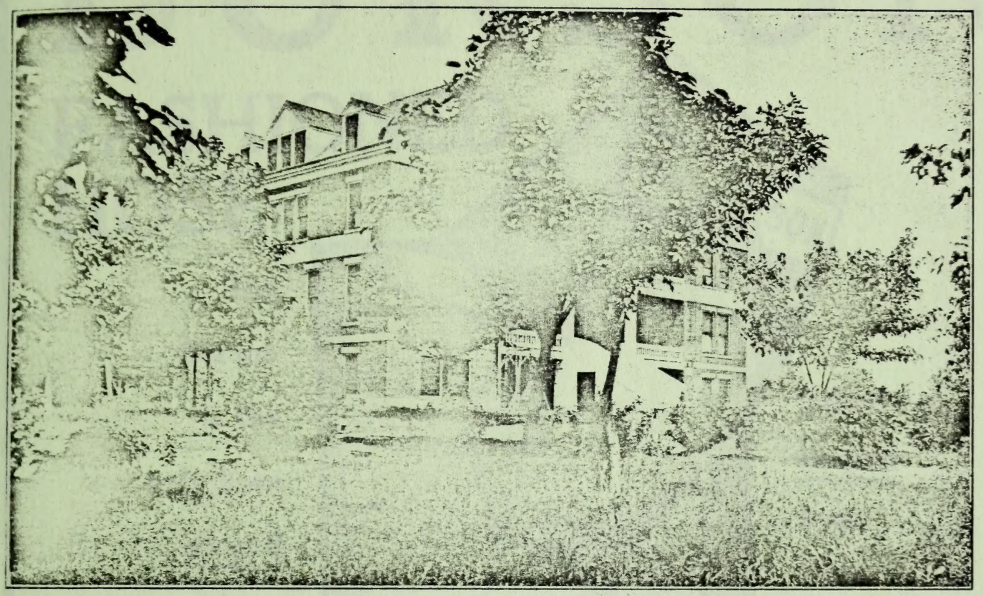
Hutchinson, Kansas

A New Hotel, Elegantly Appointed in every Detail.

Satisfactory Service to every Guest

THE KANSAS SANITARIUM

A Restful Retreat for Both Medical and Surgical Cases



A Home of Health, Lighted by Electricity and Steam Heated

¶ Among the remedial agents employed are Hydratics in many forms Electric light Baths, Electricity, The X-Ray, Massage, Manuel Sweedish Movements, and a liberal and carefully regulated dietary. 25 trained male and female nurses administer the Hydrotheraputic measures under direction of medical superintendent and a special one furnished if desired. Are you seeking Health or Rest. If so, write for our booklet. It will tell you how and where to find it. Address **KANSAS SANITARIUM, Wichita, Kansas.**

We Have Scholarships for Sale

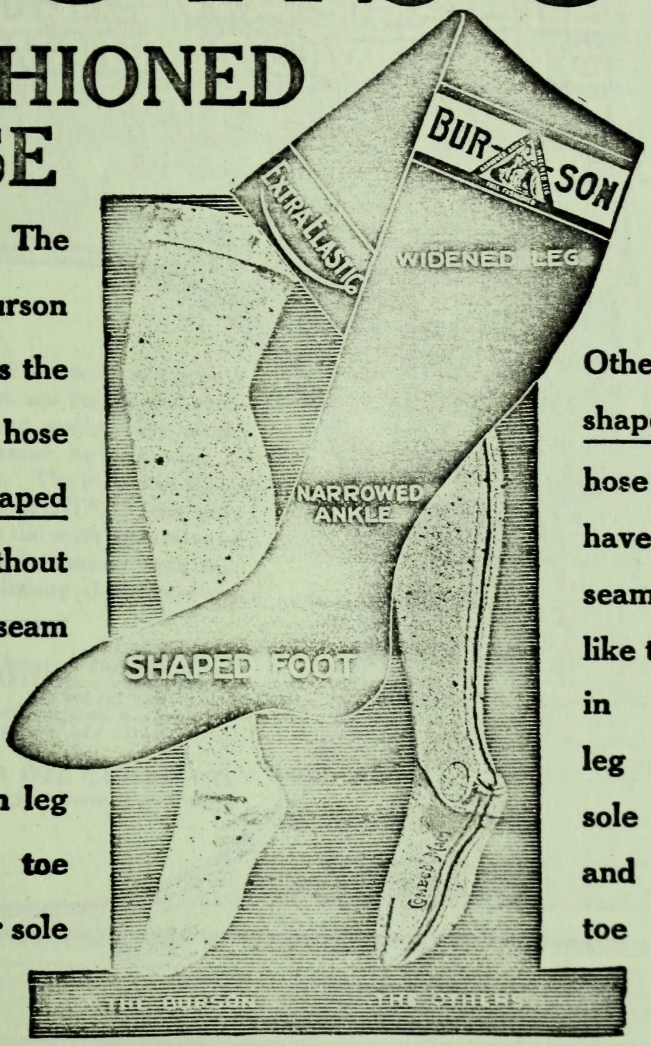
¶ In two of the best Business Colleges in the entire Middlewest. Young man, or young woman, if you want a thorough business education, write us at once. We can save you some money on your tuition, besides giving you the advantage of the best available institutions. Write to-day. :::: :::: :::: ::::

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Wichita, Kansas

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

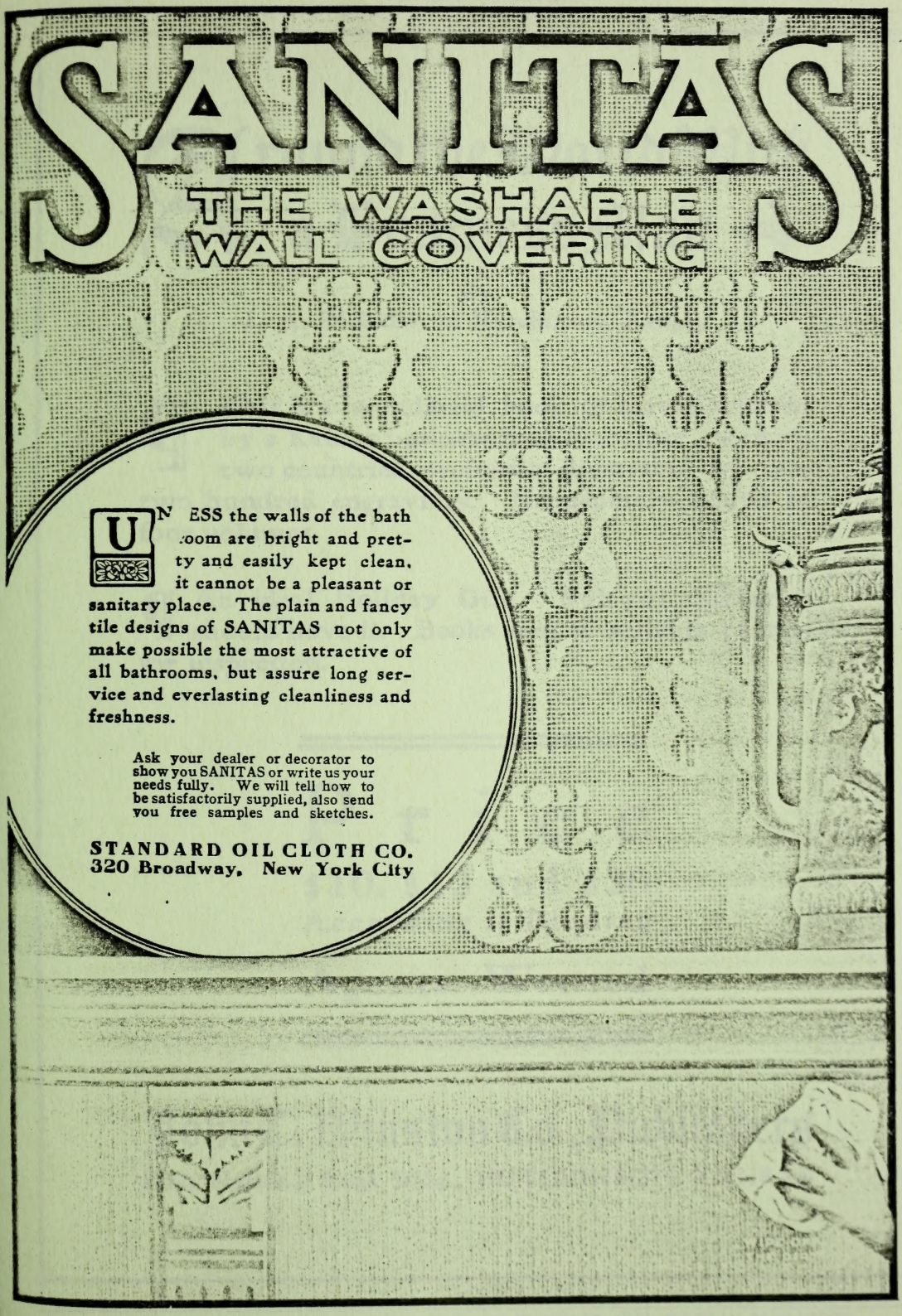
Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Liste and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita


SANITAS
THE WASHABLE
WALL COVERING
UNLESS the walls of the bath room are bright and pretty and easily kept clean, it cannot be a pleasant or sanitary place. The plain and fancy tile designs of SANITAS not only make possible the most attractive of all bathrooms, but assure long service and everlasting cleanliness and freshness.
Ask your dealer or decorator to show you SANITAS or write us your needs fully. We will tell how to be satisfactorily supplied, also send you free samples and sketches.
STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.
320 Broadway, New York City

Around the World With a Business Man

By
L. A. BIGGER of Hutchinson, Kansas

¶ This is a wonderful book of travel written by a Kansas business man, covering twenty-two countries, profusely illustrated by over two hundred engravings. Handsomely bound in four volumes.

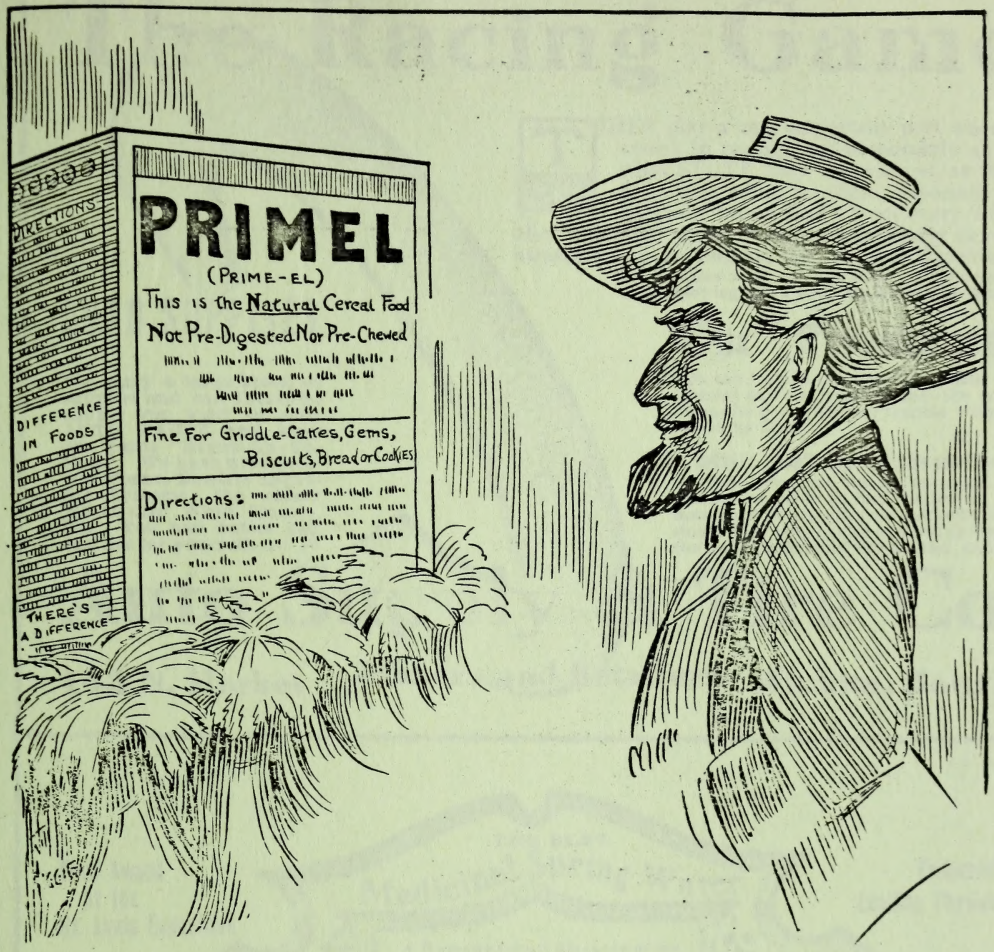
¶ An ideal Holiday Gift. School Libraries should have it. Books sent to reliable parties for inspection.

Price

$10, $12 and $20
According to Binding

Agents Wanted

John C. Winston Co., Publishers
First National Bank Bldg., HUTCHINSON, KANSAS



You Will Feed Your Family PRIMEL Every Day

When You Know How Pure, Healthful and Nourishing it is

IT has a pleasant tasty flavor that makes a hit with the youngsters and the grown folks. Made of the pure, natural grain and nothing else. Made in Kansas, of Kansas grain, for Kansas people and others.

Many cereal foods are made from hulls, useless as a food, without nourishment or flavor and expensive. Primel being made of the whole grain, retains all the life and strength-giving qualities which the human body must have to make up for the daily wear and waste in grown-ups and to fill out the growing boys and girls.

There is more muscle and brain in an ounce of Primel than any other cereal, therefore, it is the cheapest.

Sold in ten, fifteen and twenty-five cent packages at your grocer. If he will not supply you, we sell direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

New Girard Manufacturing Co.

Girard, Kansas

There is an 8-ounce Sample Package Waiting for You

Enough for a good taste all around, ("five dishes.") That is the best way for you to judge Primel, then you will know its goodness, its pleasing and appetizing taste and its wholesomeness. Send 10 cents, which is to cover the postage only, your name and address on the coupon and your grocer's name.

COUPON

For the enclosed 10 cents, please send me the trial package of Primel, "enough for five dishes."

Name.....

Address.....

Grocer's Name.....

The Racing Game



TIRES play a very important part when it comes to racing, and it certainly shows what STUFF they are made of, as there is quite a strain on them, especially on half-mile tracks, and it's not every TIRE that "MAKES GOOD," which was clearly demonstrated when the Jackson car at the Hutchinson Races went into the fence on account of blowing out a tire, but it wasn't a Firestone.

The "Firestones"

won the 10-mile race on the Buick Car without any tire trouble, and the driver claims he never has any trouble with the Firestone Tires.

MORAL: Don't Risk Your Life and Your Car on cheap tires, but buy the best, and you will not be apt to go into the fence. Remember if you equip your car with Firestones that you take no chances as they're the best constructed tire on the market.

AUTO SUPPLIES

We carry a large stock of supplies and can therefore supply you with all your AUTO WANTS, and they are goods "Right-Up-To-Now." We have here Electric Horns, Electric Lighting Systems, the classy Milwaukee Wind Shields, Etc. You had better call and see for yourself. :-: :-:

Auto Supply & Tire Co.

143 N. Market **Jobbers and Retailers** **Wichita, Kansas**

First Award at the St. Louis Exposition

Endorsed by Leading Physicians

THE BEST
Medicinal Spring Water

A Remedy for all Diseases of the
Stomach, Intestines,
Blood and
Kidneys.

RED MINERAL SPRINGS WATER

POSSESSES WONDERFUL ANTISEPTIC QUALITIES

It Kills the Germs
of
Typhoid Fever and Diphtheria
A Specific for Rheumatism

Bottled only at the Springs
by RED MINERAL SPRINGS WATER CO.
EDDYVILLE, IOWA U S A

Send for Testimonials and Free Booklet

Southwestern Distributing Station
110 S. Topeka Ave.
WICHITA, KANS.

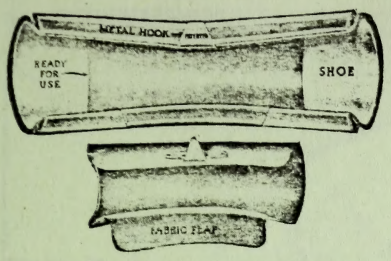
F925.0055

KANSAS MAGAZINE



HRISTMAS
9 1 0
TEEN CENTS

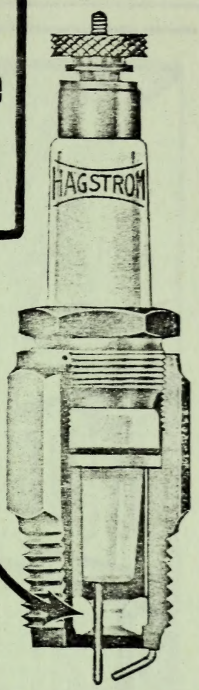
ON TEST HAGSTROM BLOWOUT PATCH PROVED BEST



THAT'S why some of the highest grade automobile manufacturers are adopting the Hagstrom Blowout Patch for their emergency tire equipment of their 1911 cars.

EXTRA tires are no longer a necessity. The up-to-date motorist knows he can place as much confidence in a pair of **Hagstrom** patches as in a new tire, to get home in case he should happen to have a blowout or a puncture. The merits of the Hagstrom Blowout Patch is known the world over.

This Non-Conductive Porcelain Guard Feature Alone Worth the Price of the Plug



SPECIAL ATTENTION DEALERS

Here is the new Spark Plug that every Motorist will eventually use.

Hagstrom Plug has the unique feature of an internal cavity, which is practically closed at the bottom by the porcelain disc held in position by a metal sleeve. An additional feature found in no other plug with internal cavity is that the spark from the electrode points reach the fresh gas in the cylinder assuring maximum power from each explosion. Made in all sizes. List price $1.50 each. Quantity prices furnished on request.

Manufactured by

HAGSTROM BROS. MFG. COMPANY, INC.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND WORKS, LINDSBORG, KANSAS

SMOKY VALLEY

ROLLER MILLS

Water Power

GOLDEN PATENT

FLOUR

ESTATE OF

THEO REICHGRABER

LINDSBORG, KANSAS.

48 lbs GOLDEN PATENT FLOUR

A Reputation Means Safety

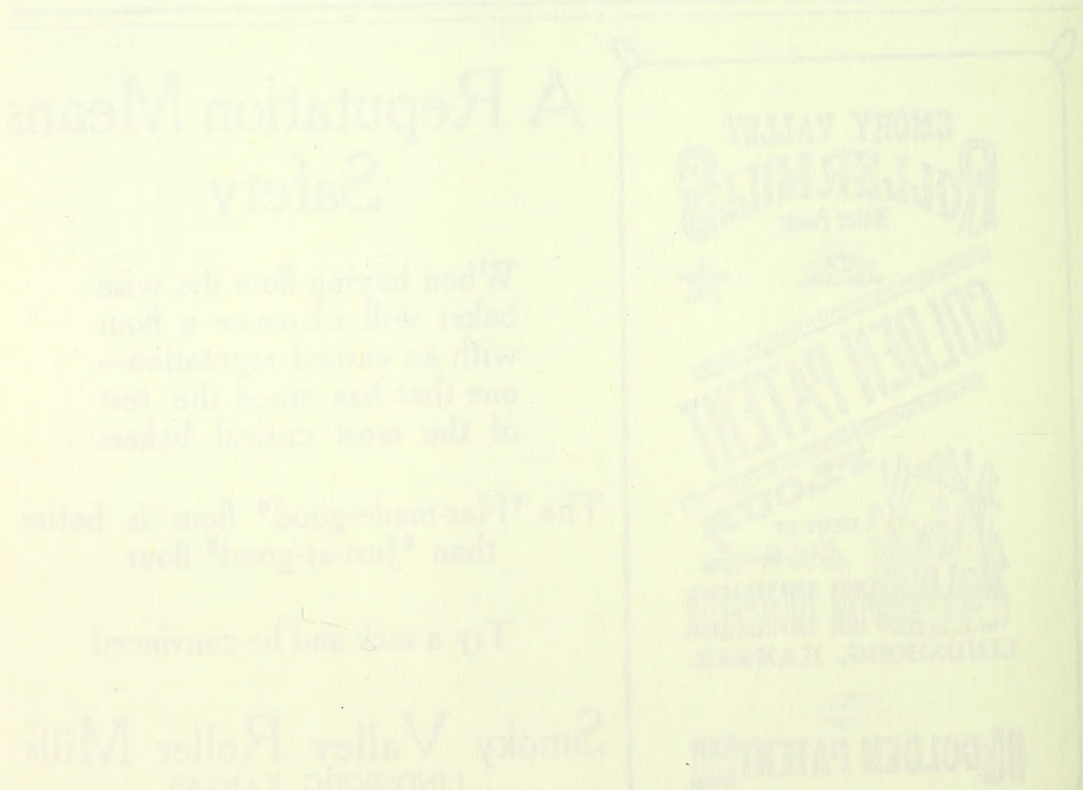
When buying flour the wise baker will choose a flour with an earned reputation--- one that has stood the test of the most critical bakers

The "Has-made-good" flour is better than "Just-as-good" flour

Try a sack and be convinced

Smoky Valley Roller Mills

LINDSBORG, KANSAS



47-741



There are Thousands of Practical Uses For Concrete That are as yet Untried

For the sake of economy, utility and attractiveness, buildings, and in fact structures of every description, should be made of concrete.

CONCRETE IS CHEAPER and yet more durable than stone, brick or iron and at the same time affords better protection.

You can hardly afford not to consider concrete as the very best material if you are going to build; and remember that

Monarch Portland Cement

Makes the Best Concrete

The Monarch Portland Cement Co.

Wichita Sales Office
105 W. First St.

Genl. Offices and Mill
Humboldt, Kansas

Ask for the Lion on the Sack, and Send all other Brands back



Hotel Imperial

Broadway at 31st and 32nd Sts., New York City

Absolutely Fireproof

Only One Block From The New Pennsylvania Station

Just across the street from the 33rd Street Station of the Elevated and the 32nd Street Terminal of the Hudson Tubes. This latter system connecting with the following Trans-Atlantic steamship lines and railroads within twenty minutes:

RAILROADS
Erie
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western
Lehigh Valley

STEAMSHIP LINES
Hamburg-American
North German Lloyd
Holland-American

At the center of the new shopping district, within easy distance of all theatres, the two grand opera houses, and other places of amusement.

Theatre and opera seats may be secured in advance through the ticket office in the hotel lobby by applying to us

800 Rooms, 600 of which have private baths
Rates $2.00 per day and upward

Booklet of hotel, complete schedule of tariff and map of the city forwarded free of charge on application to

COPELAND TOWNSEND, Manager

MISSOURI AND KANSAS TELEPHONE COMPANY
LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

TO GET RIGHT AT THE HEART OF THINGS

THERE is no way like talking them over. Then you know—and know quickly, if you talk over the Long Distance BELL TELEPHONE.

Not an expensive luxury, but the common sense way of long distance communication.

"The Lightning Way"
(In all directions)

The Missouri & Kansas Telephone Co.

The Southwestern Box and Lumber Company

For Estimates, Prices etc.

Address

The Southwestern Box and Lumber Company
Arkansas City, Kan.

McCUE, KANSAS

The Promising New Town of Western Kansas

LOCATED in the NOTED SHALLOW WATER district of Finney County, where ALFALFA IS KING—half way between Garden City and Scott City, Kansas.

Only a year old, but nearly every business is represented. Still there are a few we need, and no better location could be found.

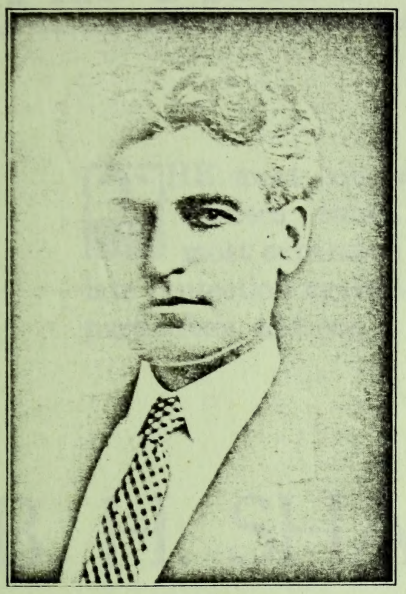
We would like to tell you in more detail the advantages of locating in McCue, Kansas. Lots bought a year ago when the town was opened, have doubled in value.

For Full Particulars Write

HARRIET STEWART & MOORE

Garden City, Kansas

Chas. I. Zirkle & Company



We handle alfalfa, sugar beet, wheat lands and stock ranches. Reliable information given regarding the kind of land you want. Our Motto, "Small profits, Quick Sales and Satisfied Customers.

We can furnish testimonials of land more than paying for itself this year from net profits of a broom corn crop.

I have personally inspected every acre of land that our company is offering for sale and I personally guarantee every transaction with **Chas. I. Zirkle & Company.** If every single acre of land here offered is not exactly as represented, I will personally guarantee that all money paid will be refunded. I hope to meet you face to face and show you our lands and the opportunities offered for investing in them.

Chas I Zirkle

For further information address
CHAS. I. ZIRKLE & CO.,
Garden City, Kansas

APPENDICITIS THE FEAR OF OUR DAYS CURED

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

Gall Stones, Nervous Troubles, Asthma, Female Diseases, Eczema, Rheumatism, etc., in short, all kinds of diseases of mankind are successfully treated

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

Do not suffer or let any in your family suffer. Should the best medical physicians have tried in vain to cure you, or you are afraid, have hope and apply the wonderful Psychic Methods of healing successfully practiced by

PROF. K. FEIGE

Consultation Free. Write for Information. Call Phone 4021

Office, 409-11 Security Building **OKLAHOMA CITY**

The Home Tinware Mender

THE most convenient and economical device of modern times. Saves plumber's bills—the most expensive bills of all—and affords immediate protection against leaks and breaks. For further particulars address,

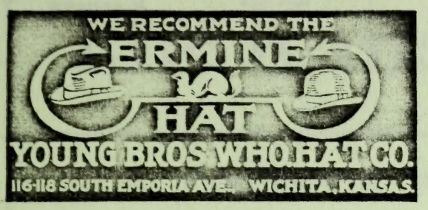
B. H. SHAW 703 West Tenth Street
Kansas City, Missouri

The Chalmers

Hutchinson, Kansas

A New Hotel, Elegantly Appointed in every Detail.

Satisfactory Service to every Guest



TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES—HALF PRICE AND LESS Write today or call and see us

WICHITA TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
108 S. Lawrence Ave. WICHITA, KANSAS

Red Mineral Springs Water Co.
"Waupello" Water
Eddyville, Iowa
Southwestern Station
110 S. Topeka Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

USE SNOWDRIFT

Replaces butter and lard in all cooking. Goes one-third farther than lard. Makes better cake than can be made with butter at one-half the cost of butter. Ask your merchant for **SNOWDRIFT.** Always use salt.

The Winfield Wholesale Grocery Company
Wichita, Kans. Winfield, Kans. Woodward, Okla.
Smoke Philadelphia Londres Cigars

Established 1884

Edward Vail & Co.
221 E. Douglas Ave.
Wichita, Kansas

Leading Jewelers
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
Silverware, Cut Glass

References: All Wichita Banks

EVERY MAN KNOWS
That he can get his money back if he can find a flaw in a single pair of
"Buffalo Brand Overalls"
Built for strenuous men who are particular
Made by the
Cox-Blodgett Dry Goods Co.
Wichita, Kansas



CHILE

The great Mexican dish, easily made with Dye's Chile Mixture. The modern Chile maker. 10 and 25c at your grocer. If he has sold out send 10c for a can and booklet of Mexican Recipes.

W. A. DYE
Mexican Chile Supplies
107-109 South Rock Island Av. Wichita, Kans

The Western Iron and Foundry Co.
Iron and Steel for Buildings and Structures
GENERAL FOUNDRY, MACHINE AND BOILER WORK

Engraved Invitations Announcements Cards, Etc.

Monogram Personal and Commercial Stationery

The Western Lithograph Co.
For Fifteen Years
The Foremost
Kansas Stationers
125, 127, 129 N. Emporia Ave. WICHITA

Railroad
Reconnoisance
Reports and Estimates
Location and Construction

Highway
Location and Construction

J. H. Titus
Mem. Am. Soc. Engr. Con.
Also Mem. Kansas Engineering Society
Consulting and Contracting Engineer
Arkansas City, Kansas

Municipal
Sewers and Paving
Land Drainage
Estimates and Reports

Reinforced Concrete
Design and Superintendence

The Kansas Magazine

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1910

Cover Design, "Under the Mistletoe," by Ed. L. Davison

KANSAS WINTER SCENE Photograph		Frontispiece
MOTORING IN FRANCE Illustrations from Photographs	F. Dumont Smith	3
KANSAS MAGAZINE SCENERY CONTEST		9
DEATH IN LIFE (Story)	George Allan England	11
TOM AND BILL (Poem)	A. Dunlap	20
HEART-HUNGER (Poem) Drawing by E. L. Davison	Mabel Hillyer Eastman	21
THE "WINTER COUNTS" OF THE DAKOTAS Illustrated.	Lena Ranson	22
A SONG OF THE WEST (Poem)	Laura Alton Payne	28
MARVILLA PECK'S BLOOD KIN (Story)	Abby Beckwith Greenfield	29
THE CITY (Poem)	Frederic Arned Kummer	34
THE DAY OF THE DOG Illustrations from Photographs	Theo. M. Scheffer	35
BURIED TREASURE (Story)	F. Dumont Smith	40
THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA Illustrations from Photographs	F. John Romanes	48
THE SUNFLOWERS (Poem)	Earnest Claire McBride	51
CONTENTMENT (Poem)	A. R. Byzick	51
HERE AND THERE	The Editor	52
BOOK REVIEWS		54
MUSIC DEPARTMENT	Rafael Navas	55
A SONG OF THE DARK (Poem)	Elizabeth N. Barr	56
SOME PLAYS AND PLAYERS With Photographs	Ruth Crosby Dimmick	57
THE KANSAS MAGAZINE EXCURSION		61
SUB-IRRIGATION Illustrations from Photographs	D. M. Morris	64
FINNEY COUNTY, KANSAS	D. M. Morris	72
TWICE-TOLD TALES		85

Yearly subscription $1.50. Single copy 15c. We will not accept questionable advertising and we will thank our readers to furnish proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. Advertising rates on application. Forms close on tenth day of month prior to date of issue. New York office, 350 Broadway; James Ridge, Manager. W. W. Reed, Chicago Representative, Room 45, La Salle St. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts submitted.

Entered at the Wichita postoffice as second class mail matter.

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD, President
W. Y. MORGAN, Vice President
CHAS. L. DAVIDSON, 2nd Vice-Pres.
D. A. GEIL, Secretary-Treasurer
F. DUMONT SMITH, Editor
LOUIS ALLEN, Manager

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
The Kansas Magazine Co.
403-4-5 Beacon Building
WICHITA, KANSAS

Institute of Musical Art

RAFAEL NAVAS, Director

School of Modern Piano-Playing

A Faculty of Experts for the Study of Piano-Playing

COURSES OF STUDY

Solfeggio	Normal Courses for Teachers
Ear Training	Interpretation
Theory	Technical Training
History	Tone-Production
Harmony	Fingering
Counterpoint	Touch Analysis

An article by Mr. Navas on Modern Piano-Playing, reprinted from the Western Musical Herald, will be sent to anyone requesting copies.



SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTION

The "reason why" or "cause to effect" system of education is here applied to Music

Our aim is not merely to teach but to **TRAIN** the student so that he may continue to develop after his course has been completed.

Our catalogue is unlike any other; it contains a Dictionary of Musical Terms. Address,

W. L. FARNER, Secretary

Phone 4800 **215 East First Street, Wichita, Kansas**

Electrical Appliances

It's a real pleasure to cook with Electric Appliances. They are quick, reliable and always ready. A dainty breakfast can be quickly prepared with the Electric Coffee Percolator and Electric Toaster. When unexpected company comes, the Electric Chafing Dish eliminates embarrassing delays and accidents with the impromptu luncheon.

Our new display room contains everything electrical and we invite you to call and see our appliances demonstrated.

Ready When You Turn the Switch

Kansas Gas & Electric Co.

239 So. Main

Do You Like Flowers?

You can have them with little trouble if you will write, telegraph or telephone your needs to us Prices are reasonable and we ship anywhere.

W. H. Culp & Co., Florists

Wichita, Kansas

SICK PEOPLE

LOPEZ

Cures all forms of Blood Poison, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Liver and Stomach Trouble.

For a run-down system you will find nothing better.

For free booklet call or write.

LOPEZ REMEDY COMPANY, 311 E. Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electricity

MRS. KEITH

Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors

Hair Goods of Every Description

Phone 2824 157 N. Main St. WICHITA, KANSAS




CAPPER ENG

Kansas Magazine

VOL. IV DECEMBER, 1910 NO. 6

Motoring in France

By F. Dumont Smith

(CONCLUDED)

THAT night the Boule d'Or gave us a dinner long to be remembered and I am moved by the recollection of it to say a word about the prices in that country. If you don't like the sordid details of travel you can skip this. I have before me some of the bills I paid on this trip.

I find that I paid at the Boule d'Or for four dinners, 12 francs; three chambers, 10 francs; four "little breakfasts," three francs; total for four people, three fourths of a day, 25 francs: say $5.00. Our lunch that day at Tours cost 14 francs. So our hotel bill for four people that day was $7.80, and that included wine at two of the meals. At Amboise our bill was a little higher but throughout the trip it averaged under two dollars a day for each. There was no magnificence about those inns. We paid for the things we used. There was no glaring brass or chilly marble in the lobby. The rooms were plain but very neat and the beds as good as any tired man ever slept in. The service was superior in quickness, courtesy and attention to any American hotel I know of.

To sum it all up and close these details I found when I got back to Paris, that the trip had cost each member of the party a little less than ten dollars a day for everything; auto, hotels, admission to places of interest, tips and all.

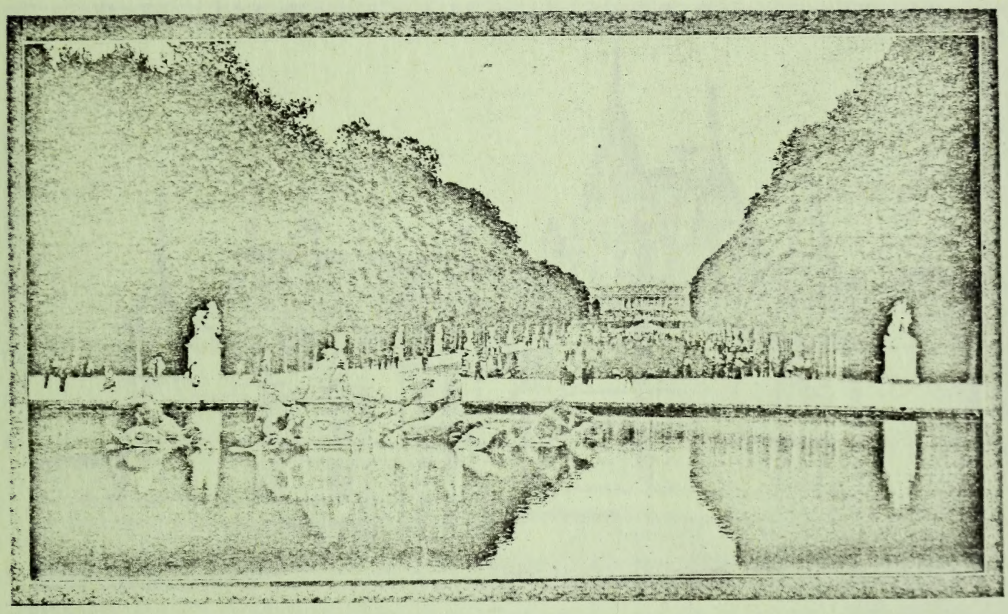
A thirty day's auto trip in that country can easily be made for three hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and in that time one could see France, Italy, Switzerland, the Rhine country, Holland and Belgium; see more in fact than one would in a three month's trip by rail. The trip spoiled me for traveling by rail. It was all smooth and agreeable, and there were very few of the ordinary discomforts of traveling that detract more or less from the pleasantest trip.

The next morning our first stop was at Usse. I do not remember much about it. The drive was beautiful, through magnificent woods; and I recall that Usse, a purely residential place, had the most beautiful garden and grounds we had seen. Elaborate terraces, an orangery with the trees in blossom, Portuguese laurel in bloom and the air filled with its fragrance and the songs of many birds.

From Usse to Azay le Rideau we decided to make a short cut through the old forest of Fontevraux, a second Fontainebleau, although a mile of the road was on an old "pave" laid in the time of the Grand Louis; stone slabs, rutted by the travel of centuries that tried our Michelins. But the forest was worth it.

Azay Le Rideau was built by Francis I for one of his favorites and bears his salamander above the door-ways. Balzac makes it the scene of one of his most salacious stories, in the Contes Drolatiques. It is just another beauty spot with the Cher, here a sluggish stream making almost a circle about it, deep, slowly flowing water filled with pond lilies and huge carp.

These old chateaus are a lesson to us in the matter of building. This one has been standing for three hundred years and is in perfect repair, because it is all of stone; floors, stairways and all. There is nothing to decay. At first the interiors seem chilly to us, accustomed to the warm tones of wood work, but the modern French warm them up with draperies and make them homelike in spite of the stone.



THE BASIN OF APOLLO, VERSAILLES

From Azay le Rideau we crossed from the Cheback to the Loire again and at Langeais found one of the most interesting buildings of all. Langeais is a little village wandering along the Loire. The castle stands at the back of it, facing away from the river and toward a little square of grass and flowers, that in the old days was a court yard, fortified with heavy walls. The side of the castle toward the courtyard is the residence portion, now occupied by an Alsatain, and is more beautifully furnished than any we have seen, with some specially noteworthy old tapestries.

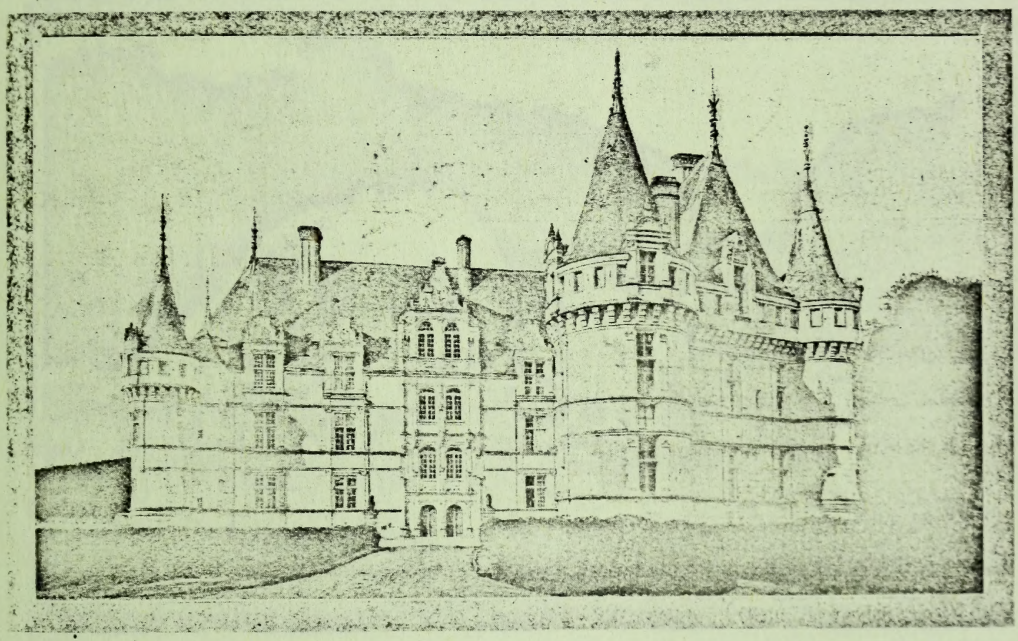
On the village side is a deep moat. The tremendous walls run up sixty feet and the tops are macchiolated, that is the top story overhangs, with openings through which melted lead and hot water could be poured down on the unhappy soldiers who were attacking the walls. In the courtyard on the farther side was an old tower, said to have been built by the same Fulk Nerra who founded Loches. Whatever that old brigand builded was certainly intended to last. The lower courses of this old tower were thirty feet thick; great stones laid in mortar such as no builder knows how to make now.

At Langeais we met the second American party we had seen. A gentleman from Cleveland with a big seven passenger car. The poor man had five women with him; had been traveling for two months with nothing but women, among people whom he could not understand, through scenes he did not care much for; and when he met me, a man from his country, he literally fell on my

neck. We left the ladies examining tapestries and curios and adjourned to a little cafe across the street where we found some Scotch whiskey, and had a man's talk. For you know that however much a man may love a woman, after awhile he wants to get off and talk with men. There is a side of his nature, an aspect that looks not toward woman but toward man, toward his own kind. It is not necessarily something to drink, or poker, or any man's game, but he longs for man's talk, and the wise lady traveling will give her husband a chance at men now and then, for too much of any kind of sweets is surfeiting. Every married man knows what I mean and can understand how we two lone men forgathering thus from the ends of the earth enjoyed a little, man's talk over a man's drink.

We lunched at Tours in an old fashioned garden where the plane trees had been trimmed and trained laterally to make a dense shade, and where from the terrace we could catch glimpses of the Loire and the old Bridge. This French fashion of eating in the open air is one of their delightful habits and is possible there because there are no flies. This is a very curious fact that I have never seen noted in books of travel; the absence of the pestiferous house-fly. I do not think I saw a dozen of them in all Europe. As a result the French eat out of doors every day in the year the weather will permit, and one of the most characteristic sights of Paris is the crowds of people eating in front of the great cafes along the streets. Of course in this country where we must screen against the fly this would be impossible.

I suppose the absence of flies in that country is due to the fact that they have no breeding grounds. Nowhere in France is stable manure and barnyard litter left exposed to the air. It is too valuable. It is gathered and kept in great compost tanks covered from the air so that none of its precious nitrogen may be lost. Mrs. Fly has no place to fecundate. If you have ever noticed a farmyard in this country you will have observed where the flies come from; and you will have observed that farm houses suffer from the fly pest far more than city houses. When we all learn this, perhaps measures may be taken to get rid of the fly in its breeding place. As it is now, the litter and refuse where animals



AZAY LE RIDEAU. A FINE TYPE OF THE RESIDENTIAL CHATEAU OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

are kept, breed flies faster than all the fly traps and fly paper can dispose of them.

Tours, once the capital of the old County of Touraine, is now just a bustling modern city with few relics of its ancient beauty. Of course it is mainly celebrated as the birthplace of that extraordinary Frenchman, Balzac.

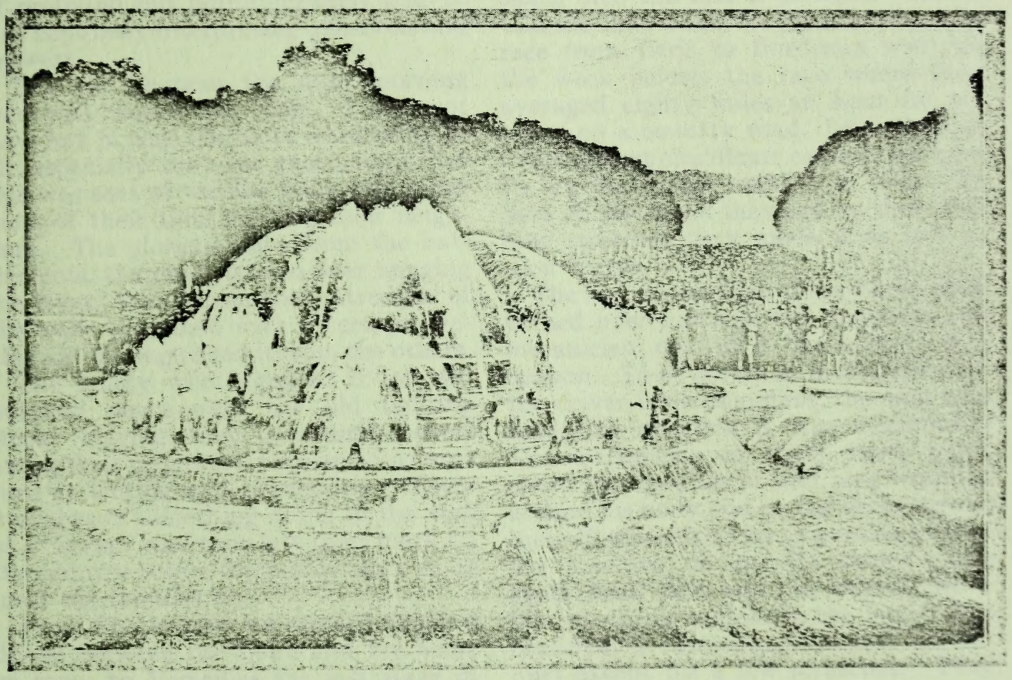
There is possibly too much of the guide book about this stuff and so I am not going to tell you about Balzac, taking it for granted that you know that now. However, after traveling in France, I am more than ever impressed with his genius. No other novelist who ever lived has given anything like so truthful and also so comprehensive a picture of his people. If you have read Balzac you know the French people pretty thoroughly even as they are to-day, fifty years after his death. All the types are there; and you can hardly say that of any other writer.

We did not linger long at Tours but whisked away for Vendome, an old walled town with a fine chateau now ruinous, and a very fine cathedral, worth looking at if you care for architecture; I don't care much for it.

We spent the night at Chateaudun and here was another of those charming French hostelries. We had been directed to it, the Hotel of the Good Laborer, that was its real name. The outside looked so dingy and unpromising that we took a look at the only other hotel first, and then came back to the Good Laborer.

We rolled through the dingy archway into a charming court-yard with the inn built on three sides of it, the rooms opening inwardly. We confronted a tiny fountain, a few flowers, a gorgeous parrot, and the Cook and Madame bowing and scraping. I make special mention of the Cook for he gave us that night the best dinner of the trip. Seven courses, delicious wine; all for seventy cents.

Madame was a widow with two daughters, typical jeune filles of the middle class; very pretty, very shy and very curious about us. So curious that they got a round scolding from Madame, when their curiosity made them forget



FOUNTAIN AT VERSAILLES

to throw something over their "nighties" before they craned out the window to see us off in the early morning.

After dinner we were shown the pride of Madame's heart, her garden. It was fully twenty feet wide, and forty long and boasted beside the espaliered fruit trees and flowers, a croquet ground about the size of a billiard table. There we met the neighbors, who gather there of an evening to drink their "syrop" just sweetened water we would call it, but dear to the French palate, and talk over the day's doings. We were objects of profound but polite curiosity and E. was kept busy interpreting questions and answers.

The old Chateau the next morning was well worth the visit. I am not sure but it was the most interesting of all; especially the vast guard room, for this was seat of warlike folks who spent most of their time fighting their neighbors. The glorious view from the battlements, the great terrace over hanging the river, the tremendous strength of the walls combined with a certain liveable air, distinguished it from the others.

The family who occupied it for two hundred years were the old fighting stock, bossing their peasantry, overawing their neighbors, with an occasional turn at looting and plundering. There was always something doing in the way of a "scrap" and they left their mark on the country before the family ran out, as most old families do.

From Chateaudun we crossed the long divide between the Loire and the Seine en route to Versailles the last stage of our journey. This was a grain country. We had left behind the land of the Vine and traveled through vast fields of wheat, rye and other crops. Land that has been tilled for two thousand years, yet so carefully, so scientifically that the wheat would easily yield forty bushels to the acre. The holdings were larger too than we had seen anywhere; some fields were as large as a hundred acres. The road was magnificent, straight as an arrow, smooth as a floor. Oh, if our foolish farmers could only see those roads.

I think the people of the Middle West, my people, are the most civilized people I have ever seen, in all things save one —their roads. They are the most law-abiding, intelligent, decent, comfortable people in the world, ahead of it in nearly everything, but just an even hundred years behind France in roads. When it comes to their highways my people are simply barbarous. They rave about freight rates and pay in toll for bad roads every year more than all their freight charges. They spend millions for education, religion and charity but begrudge a few dollars to mend their roads.

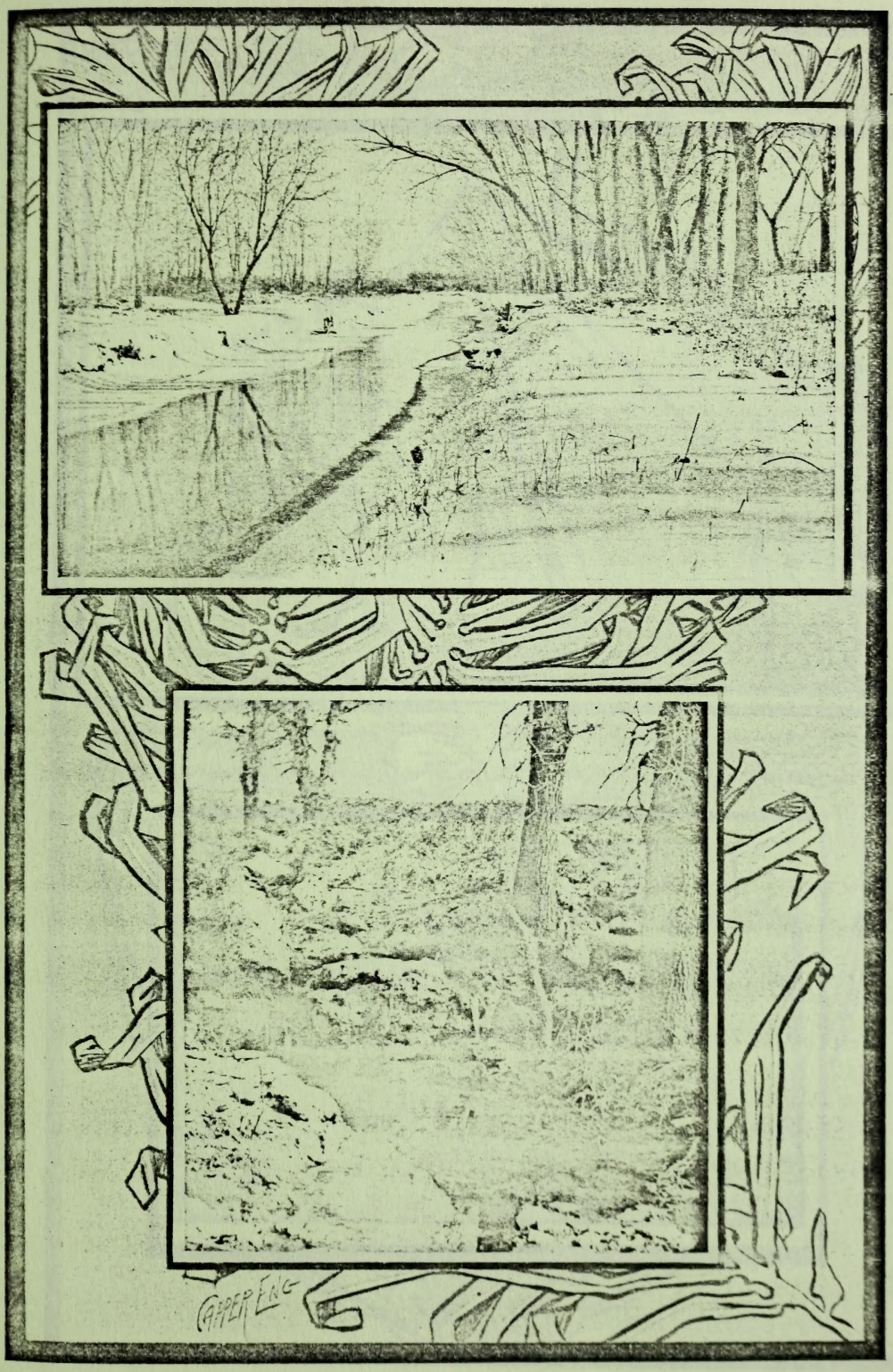
Between Verdun and Versailles, forty miles, there is just one turn, rather a sharp one; the rest is straight. Muller told me that when the great automobile race from Paris to Bordeaux was run the week before, the race where they averaged eighty miles an hour for six hours on a country road, he and three other expert chauffeurs came down here to see the racers make this turn. To save all the speed they can on these two long stretches they made it as fast as they dared.

The second machine threw three tires, turned over and shot the chauffeur and mecanicien out of it like balls from a cannon. To be accurate, in this country, the driver is the chauffeur, the man who tends the machine is the mecanicien. The mecanicien in these races wears about fifty pounds of lead pipe wrapped around his body and on the turns throws himself inwardly as far as possible to hold the machine down. He struck a hay stack head first and the impact drove him up to his middle in the hay. The chauffeur lit in a turnip field and was unhurt except for a few scratches. They dragged the mecanicien out by the heels, replaced the tires, mended the seat and the plucky driver finished fourth in the race.

We were approaching Versailles, that seat of luxury and crime of the old days, the lair of the Pompadour and DuBarry, of the infamous Parc au Cerfs; that monument to the Great; Little Louis Fourteenth, of Marie Antoinette and Louis the Locksmith; and it was there that our real journey was to end, for from there to Paris is only eleven miles. But for two days I had been seeing something else; the brilliant garish, glaring posters of "un Cirque Americaine" a real Yankee Show. At first

it did not bite very hard. But after a bit as I watched those bill boards with their gaudy French it began to take hold of me. An American circus poster is so much more alluring, inviting, stimulating when translated into French. To-day Hamilton's English is a transmogrified, glorified thing when you get it in French, the most florid, bombastic, adjective language in the world. The elephant is so much more earth-shaking, the ship of the desert, the giraffe, the lion and all the rest of them so much more awe-inspiring. The thrilling feats of the trapeze and the equestrian so much more hair-raising in that efflorescent tongue, that very gradually the old boyish fever and thrill, the anticipation, the longing began to grow on me. I wanted to see Versailles, that most magnificent of all real palaces. I knew its bloody, infamous, glorious history. I wanted to see where Marie Antoinette had played at being shepherdess; the alley where the tragedy of the Diamond Necklace had its inception, where the semi-royal Buckingham wooed and almost won the royal Austrian; where the Sans Culottes forced her and her shambling husband to leave those splendid halls for the imprisonment of the Tuilleries, the half-way House to the guillotine; but too I wanted to see the Cirque Americaine.

We dropped from the long divide down a winding road growing more beautiful at ever step, and at a turn, there were the vast roofs, the woods and walks, the fountains and water ways, the magnificence and luxury of Versailles at our feet. The most gorgeous, the most sumptuous the most storied of all the palaces of Europe. And there in the great square fronting the vast facade of the Palace dominating its ancient royal splendor was the "big top," the side shows, the gaudy wagons, the waving, tarnished banners of Barnum & Bailey's Unparalleled Aggregation of the World's Wonders, the Greatest Show on Earth. And over it floated, untarnished supreme outfacing that trumpery palace of long dead kings, the Stars and Stripes. What now? Talk to me no more of Versailles and its Grand and Petit Trianon its hall of Battles, its chambers and thrones, its Venition, its Basin of Apollo and fountains without end, its pleached alleys and terraces; not for me. Something there was of a sumptuous luncheon at the Hotel des Reservoirs, the ancient seat of infamous Madame Pompadour; some trifling glasses of the sparkling Vouvray; well enough at another time, but the Circus waited. What to me were throne rooms and galleries, Oeil du Boeuf, Halls of Mercury and Apollo; they could wait. Versailles has been there since 1682 the circus would be there only to-day. Napoleon snatching the crown from the Pope to crown himself in the immortal painting of David; the Tennis Court where Mirabeau swore his colleagues never to yield till France was free; the great room where William with France at his feet was crowned First Emperor of United Germany; the smaller room where the iron Bismark wrung from Thiers that humiliating peace while the German soldiers patrolled Paris; what to me were all these? Across the way the barkers barked, the lions roared, the elephants trumpeted, the acrid odor of the cages saluted my world weary nostrils; the wine of youth rioted in my veins. A bas Versailles and everything else French and foreign! Away with picture galleries and monuments! T'ell with architecture and painting! Goodbye, I'm going to the Circus!


CAPPER ENG





Death in Life

A Story from the Land of Always-Summer

By George Allan England

NOW that you ask me, I never did know at that time where Frazer came from, to settle on Pauna Loa, or when. He was living on the Island when I got there, trading in copra, cocoa-nuts and guavas, and he might have been living there when I left if things hadn't happened as they did, Lord love us all!

You never in your born days saw such a close-mouthed chap as Frazer was, or anybody so reserved. In all the three years I knew him, he never once came round the Island to visit me. If ever I wanted to look at another white face than my own in my shaving-glass, I had to take my *banca* and sail round from my trading-post to his. He always seemed glad enough to see me, in a way, though now I come to think of it he never offered to shake hands, or give me a bite of *poi*, or a smoke, or anything. He was English, Frazer was, I could tell that much by his talk. I used to think that explained everything, for of course at that time I didn't understand.

We used sometimes to sit in his long bamboo chairs on the broad veranda of his bungalow near Nukunau, talking about affairs in general, but I never could find out a thing about him, except what everybody in the Island already knew, which was precious little. It was a great place, that northward-facing veranda was, for pipes and heart-to-hearts and general conversation. That's what used to make me wonder he didn't unloosen more, especially when I was the only other *haoli*—foreigner, you know—this side of Arukau. You'd ha' though he might have told me, right square out-and-out; but after all, how could he? I see it all clear enough now, but then it used to bother me considerably. Especially when the cabbage-palms would nod and rattle in the booming Trades, the surf jet, flashing, across the silver sickle of Tawatana Reef in a tumbling lather all sprinkled with a diamond-dust of spray and spill over into the indigo of the lagoon, and the cotton-batting clouds drive westward across the bowl of always-summer sky.

You feel expansive, such times, the more so if it's toward evening when the oval, coppery sun is just consuming the blood-colored Pacific with glows you don't believe in yourself, even after you've seen 'em, and when the hairy spiders, the crickets and the fruit-bats and lizards and big, furry, opal-eyed moths begin to get awake—you like to sit down with a man, then, and listen to the Tropics, and reminisce. That is, if you aren't sort of hushed by everything. At such hours the strange over-big flowers, all powdery with pollen, smell deadly sweet; you hear the dry tamarind-pods crackling and the marsh-hens piping, maybe, off somewhere in wet places where snakes and fevers love to wait for you; the roar of the surf sounding louder than ever, as the quick gloom shuts down like a box-lid over the league-long swells to the horizon. It's all life, and death, and not so very much betwixt 'em, out yonder. Those are the places and the times, if ever, when one man tells things to another; but Frazer never told me. Never. Not once, in the whole three years between our first acquaintance and the end.

Not that he was always silent, you understand. No, he'd talk all right enough, in a way. Nothing reticent about him so long as we kept to the copra-trade, or the price of cocoa-oil or how the claws of bananas were running smaller than they used to, or how business had fallen off since the C. & O. boats had made Hua-Huna a port of call. He'd even discuss Malay piracy, or U. S. politics from the six-weeks-old San Francisco papers, which was worse.

Not a bad fellow at all, you know, except for his peculiarity.

Once or twice I dropped hints for him to tell who he was and why he'd ever struck Pauna Loa, like a chap will in Longitude 178°:, 54′, Latitude Nothing; but at such times he'd draw in like a tortuga when you flop it over to cut its throat. A scared look, defiant too, would creep into his clear gray eyes. He'd pass his hand, so, down over his lean face and his wavy, untrimmed yellow beard, and shift the tack o' the conversation. Uncommon long and fine and slim his hand was, too, for a trader's. There was a big white scar on the back of it, like something had been burned away, there.

"Something wrong here somewhere, dead wrong!" I used to think. Then I'd maybe pay out another fathom or two of line for him to bite at, but nothing doing. He'd only look away, or cough, or tap with his sandal for Vanua, his Kanaka-boy, to fetch out a calabash of orange-beer, blood-warm; and so the thing would end. After a while I sort of gave it up. Frazer seemed to like me better, after that. Seemed grateful, I thought, when I stopped fishing. And no wonder, either, now that I understand.

II

There was only one other thing beside questions that Frazer was scared of, and that was any sign or hint of a steamer anywhere near Pauna Loa. Must be that he'd settled in that out-of-the-world crumb of an island, lost in three thousand miles of sea from anywhere, just so as to get away into the very tip-end of the world, right next the jumping-off place. We lay, you see, broad outside the beaten steamer-tracks from New Zealand and Australia, or from Fiji, up through Hawaii to the Coast. Tramp- steamers were about all that ever put into our group, and even those were rare birds, very rare. Their smudge didn't dirty our horizon twice a year, on the average; but when it did, Frazer was on his beam-ends till it had died down once more beyond the shoulder of the sea. He was indifferent, in a way, to hookers and such, though I could see plain enough he preferred their room to their company. But a smoke-trail put him into the genuine doldrums.

Such times he'd desert the bungalow, slip a telescope into his pocket and climb the backbone of the Island, where Onoatoa poked its bare yellow crest up out of the green. He'd maybe stay up there for hours on the lookout. Once, I remember, I was over at Nukunau when smoke appeared, and I went up the old volcano with him—invited myself to go, which wasn't manners, but curiosity got the best of me. I'm glad I went, and sorry too. Glad, because the view I got that day is one of the things a man never could forget, because the sight of a white-man in a funk is always sorrowful.

Frazer, plain to see, had nary eye for landscapes, no, nor seascapes either, so long as that smoke trailed over the sea. All the way up the fern-fringed trail, tangled with flaming hibiscus and brilliant creepers, or through the algarobas and jungles of vanilla-beans, he showed only too plain the worry that was gnawing him. Every time a golden dragon-fly flicked past, or a paroquet screamed in the undergrowth, he started, like his nerves were raw. And at the top of the climb, all the enjoying was left to me. I had to do the appreciating for us both.

I did it, too, for that was a sight to make the native gods stop feasting on ripe bread-fruit and warm cocoanut-milk. It was too bright, and rich, and beautiful to be ever caught on paper. As we came up through the forest out onto the bare buff shoulder of Onoatoa, and I got my first full sight of things, I stopped, struck dumb by wonderment.

For way down below, you understand, lay the whole of Pauna Loa, like a ship's deck seen from the main-truck, Pauna Loa, the summer island, floating forever in its summer sea of rippling wine. All round us jetted up the billows of feathery forest-green, quivering in the heat. They fell away down the mountain slopes, never quite able to comb over the lava-tip, sank below the red cliffs that fronted the north, and lost themselves in fuzzy tufts, two thousand feet below. In the valleys, spreading out like web-feet, between the claws of the mountain, you could see the emerald

rice-paddies and the burnished kalo-fields. Here, there, round the huge ragged sweep of the Island, you could make out the gleaming ribbon of beach-road as it snaked into sight or hid itself in dim still groves, where tiny yellow huts perched on their splinter-legs.

Miles and miles you could look out, down, across that vast hollow emptiness, up out of which no sound rose, not even an echo of the surf-thunder. Below us, like winged fish swimming in crystal, green and scarlet paradise-birds hovered and poised, wheeled in wide spirals, darted like falling stars. The sloping afternoon sun splotched all one side of the Island with reds and golds, and drowned the other in purples; it seemed to fill the whole stretch of air above us, right up to the pure zenith, with a sort of glory. Far off the sea showed, broad and a blaze of blue—bluer than any sapphire ever you dreamed of—as it piled up in long, crawling threads of foam over the atolls that looped themselves like lace hems torn off a petticoat and flung down into the ocean. Inside of them, in the olive-green lagoons, canoes floated like tiny feathers on a looking-glass; outside, lop-masted *lorchas* with curved outriggers stood off and on, their sails of braided coir bulging brown against the ocean-floor.

That floor seemed to bulge, too—not up; you'd almost have said it was hollow, like a basin, as it stretched away paler and paler, over to the dim cloudy specks that marked Vaitupu and Lauhala and then lost itself, vaguely, in the wide horizon-circle.

But Frazer wasn't thinking of islands, nor sea, nor silver reefs fingered by surges as white as swan's-down; no, nor of the strong steady wind that drove pufty wings of cloud across the world. None of these beautiful things interested him at all. His whole attention was magnetized just to the one *ugly* thing that showed in the whole picture—just to a dull, brown, smeary blot of smoke to no'-nor'-eastward, twenty, thirty miles across the turquoise, over Nanomea way. Crouching, his glass steadied over a jut of lava, he bored at the distance till you'd have thought him dazzled by the shimmering glare.

He wouldn't say a word to me, though I tried two or three times to start him. He just stuck fast, watching, till things got downright awkward and embarrassing and I had to butt in.

"See here, old chap," said I. "Isn't it about time to start down? You know how quick night comes. Sun's getting pretty low."

He only grunted. I had to joggle his glass, to make him quit. He swore at me, then—the only time I ever heard him swear—and got up with his face all white and drawn looking. It doesn't seem possible, but that man was so worked up, so scared and upset, that I don't believe he'd even sensed my being there at all. It struck me queer, all right; gave me lots to think of in the weeks that followed.

"She's not headed for Pauna, is she?" I asked, trying to give a sort of casual tone to things.

"No," said he, blinking in the strong level sunlight.

We didn't pass another word till we'd got down the mountain to his bungalow again; and *then* it was only Good-bye before I up-sail and away to my place at Takakoto, to leeward of the Island.

III.

I got sort of peevish and put-out with Frazer, as a result of that climb, and my curiosity got to working so strong again, that I finally made up my mind to trip the anchor of decency and ask point-blank what the trouble was. No more standing off from one tack to another, for mine! I meant to lay my course straight for harbor, and make it, too, or there'd be wreckage on the bars of our friendship.

Surprising, so it is, how such things get on your nerves in the Tropics, where you're always waiting, watching, week after week and month after month for something to happen that usually never does. Men sometimes kill each other, you know, for a drink, or a cigarette, or even a woman—when the sun's just so—out yonder in the Land of Always-Summer.

The time I asked him I won't forget very soon. It was along toward the beginning of the Rains, a night of nights,

one of the last few fine ones we'd have for a long spell. But I wasn't enjoying it over-much. I was too damned bothered in my mind to care what the weather was like, or the scenery, or anything.

I was sitting on the edge of Frazer's platform, swinging my white-drill legs over, and he was lying in one of the long Chinese chairs, when I sprung the question on him. The sun had been down for more than an hour, and the moon was just beginning to drench the whole eastern rim of the world with a liquid glow like phosphorescent milk, if you can imagine that. A warm breeze, very spicy, swayed the silky banana-leaves against the edge of the veranda roof. Through the plumy groves we caught a glimmer of still waters, with here or yonder moving spots of fire, like blood-red stars upon the sea, as the Kanakas paddled slowly over the lagoon, spearing angel-fish by the glare of flaming palm-branches.

We'd been silent for a time, just smoking, watching listening to the night; to the lap-lap-lapping of the ripples on the sand; to the millions of unknown little flying, crawling things that buzzed, and cheeped, and hummed; to the moan and murmur of the reef. I knew by all the signs we'd have wet weather before long, and wind; but just then you'd never thought it possible. Everything was bursting, running over with life, yet peaceful as death itself. You could almost hear the world creak on its axis as it swung over, while the big-eyed stars, like glowing pearls, wondered down at its troubles, its passions, its tiny sorrows and its little joys.

"Frazer," said I at last, striking a match as though to liven up my cheroot, but really to get a glimmer of his face. "Frazer?"

"Well?" he answered uneasily, like he half-suspected what was coming.

"Frazer—who *are* you, anyhow?"

He didn't say a word, but his breath caught. He leaned forward. The pipe slipped from his fingers, rattled on the teak boards of the veranda and threw out a little sheaf of sparks.

"Who *are* you? Where from? Why?" I pressed him.

He sort of choked, like he was trying to speak but couldn't. Then he gasped out one word, just one;

"*Don't*!"

"Don't what?" I asked. Yes, of course, I ought to have come about and stood off without any more gaffing, right then. I see that now, plain enough. But I was so fevered up about the man that I just couldn't. "Don't *What?*"

"I knew this was coming, sometime," he made shift to say, never answering me at all. "It had to come. I hoped it wouldn't but I knew it had just got to. It's here—at last!"

"Now Frazer, buck up! Be sensible! No harm meant, none at all. Only, you see—"

"Oh yes, I see. You're right. Quite right, every way!"

"Well, why don't you tell me, then? You'll feel better for it. Come on, spit it up!"

He gulped and said something I couldn't catch.

"Eh? What?" I urged.

"Can't!" he stammered. "Can't tell you—or anybody! Don't dare!"

"Why not, man? Why not? You can trust me till Hell cracks!"

"I know. Awf'lly good of you, and all that. But—I can't say anything, you see. Just can't! Because—I'm a bally coward! Because you—I need your friendship. Couldn't get along, now, just couldn't, without—"

He broke short off. His voice sounded weak and helpless, like a child's voice; a child, maybe, lost in the dark and not knowing which way to turn. I'd never heard it like that, before. It brought the goose-flesh out all over me.

The moon, slipping up out of the Pacific as from a bath, seemed to be shaking off its sides a rain of molten silver drops. Its big broad face showed behind the tree-trunks that sliced it into pieces with their saw-tooth outlines. Its checkered light began to slide over the veranda, showing me Frazer huddled in his chair. He seemed to have shrunk together, to have grown small, and old, and helpless. A great big pity jumped up in me. I hated myself for what I'd done.

"Frazer," I cried. "*Ai-kane*—friend!

Don't you worry! I'm with you, anyhow. We've all got skeletons in closets, out here. I've got mine. If you—"

"Oh, you don't know! You just don't understand—you can't!" he bursts out shrilly" "Nobody knows, but me. *You* mustn't!"

He stopped, with the breath wheezing in his throat. Then he rushed on, the words tripping each other: "I can't tell because I'm afraid to—afraid to take my medicine like a man! Worse than that, I'm too big a coward to finish things forever, as I ought!" He gestured toward the sea.

I twisted half round and reached up my hand to him, but he didn't take it. He only sat there a minute, quite still, not even breathing; then he got up, and with his hands before him, the way you've seen blind men walk, he groped his way into the bungalow.

I stayed there on the edge of the platform, waiting, smoking, staring at the low-hung moon through the palms, but Frazer didn't come out again. The night-noises strengthened. From the little fire-fly canoes drifted the voices of the spearmen. Far down the beach some unseen native girl was singing a *mele*. The pulses of the sea beat as though weary of so many riddles, so much life, so endless death. Behind the bungalow a ripe guava thudded down into the high grass. The rising wind creaked a shutter. In spite of the damp heat, I shivered.

After a while I slid off the platform, went down the path through the tamarinds and plaintains to the landing, got into my banca and cast off for home. For home, under the starlight and the moonlight on the sea.

Some minutes later I beat out of the lagoon, rounding a long sand-spit that made out to the north of it. I must have been five or six hundred yards off-shore, slipping easily over the shoulders of the swells that ran forever and forever to the west; but as I looked shoreward I saw a little figure on the spur—a figure close to a sea-grape tree that stood there—a figure showing dark on the sands which the big warm moon had silvered like hoar-frost.

I'd have sworn it was Frazer, peering after me; but though I hailed he never answered nor so much as moved. I had to tack, presently, to clear Tawatami Reef. When I looked again, the figure had vanished.

If it *was* Frazer, out there watching me, that was the last look I ever had of him alive.

IV.

A week or ten days later, the Rains set in for fair.

I don't need to tell you what the Rains are like; for if you've seen 'em, you know, and if you haven't, it's not much use. Water, that's all, and wind—oceans of water, fall, fall, falling till it almost drives you crazy; drenching, gushing, sluicing down to the other ocean below; thousands of foaming brooks and torrents leaping down the mountain-flanks; warm, twisty runlets guttering down the midrifts of the palm-leaves; torrents roaring on the roof like hail, soaking the thatch till it swells and steams, parboiling the whole Island till you wonder it doesn't sog right down and melt into the Pacific.

The sea gets yellow, too, and gray and savage—league on league of frothing ugliness. You forget what sunshine's like. Your window-panes cloud over with a salty mist, if you've got any window-panes, which people mostly haven't, out there. Everything gets pulpy, oozy, sweaty; fogs creep, fevers lurk, everything's dead wrong. It's bad, all bad. Worst of all (they say) is the homesickness that sometimes kills men if they've got any homes to feel sick about, which I haven't, and thankful for it, too. Women, no—not for mine, nor homes, neither; they're sheet-anchors on ambition, every time. I've never liked 'em since I saw the East. I've never liked rain very much, either, since the same time. I've never liked wind at all, for you see it was a wind that finished things on Pauna Loa.

Those island winds, my Lord! Awful, that's all, with nothing to break their swoop right over the big wet curve of creation. Even now I can just shut my eyes and see those endless heavy rollers trundle in, all day, all night, hit the atolls thundering like a billion bass-

drums gone mad, and burst into long, furious, snow-white avalanches of slinging spray. A blessing, those atolls are, for without 'em the foreshores would be licked clean. Even so, the lagoons sometimes rough up, and once or twice a decade the sea gets past the sentinel palms and over the beach-road. About those times, Brother Kanaka shucks the white-man's religion and begins sacrificing fowls and pigs, gets busy with his chants, his booming calabashes and his snake-skin drums. This time I'm telling you about, the drums beat steady in the villages for three days, beat like your pulses when you've got the enteric. *They* are enough by themselves, those drums are, to drive a lad insane. When you throw in the deluge, and the combers, and the hurricane, why, not even raw rum seems to bite.

The Big Wind set in of a Friday, October thirty-first. That was nine years ago, and they're still talking about it at Pauna Loa. Almost from due north-east it came—from over the way that U. S. A. lies. Miles of palms went flat and King Taputeuea's house caved in, also the mission at Funafunti had its roof sliced clean off. They found pieces of it later, as far as Takurea, so you can judge for yourself what was doing.

I worried some about Frazer, his place being to windward, you see. Wondered if his bungalow would stand, and how his wharf would fare. Funny I should have thought of that, when so much bigger things were getting ready to happen, were happening!

Early afternoon of the second day, word came over the trails that something had smashed up over by Nukunau. Rumor had it all the way from a junk to a liner. Whatever, it was, I knew I was needed; for though the Brown Brother is all right enough, he's amazing keen on wrecking, and he doesn't always bother much about Mine or Thine. So I started to see what was up.

My banca wouldn't serve, of course, with that swine of a sea, so I took a couple of my Kanaka-boys and hit the grit. It was a lathering walk, too—eleven miles of it, with the rain slashing our faces, the gale ripping at us, the trail ankle-deep in gray mud, some places, blocked in others by jack-straw tangles of uprooted palms. You can bet your last drink, and win, that I didn't love that wallow; but I had to go. The wreck, over there, and Frazer and all just made me. I felt in my marrow-bones that I was needed—bad.

It didn't take long to find out how big the trouble was. All a reek of sweat and mud and rain, we topped a spur of Onoatoa. Nukunau Beach lay underneath us. One look, and I knew the size of things.

The hurricane was shrieking round the flank o' the mountain fit to rip the hair off a Chinese dog, rain-sheets were driving across the feverish green of the valley, and dusk was beginning to settle; but I could see enough. I could get glimpses of the broad sweep of sand, two miles away. It was all a-swarm with pigmy-people, and on the reef beyond it I saw the black hull of a ship, a steamer. You couldn't make out any timber standing, nor funnels either. I judged the storm had jerked 'em out of her, same time it had grabbed her and slammed her down on the coral. She'd broke her back, clean, and was laying in two pieces one outside, one in.

You bet I forgot all about how fagged I was, forgot the rain and the wind—hanged if I didn't even forget Frazer—forgot everything except just *that!*

"Come on, boys!" I shouted at my two Kanakas. "We've got business down below, there. *He, Wiki-wiki!*" All in a bunch we started running down the trail.

V

It was dark as a wolf's mouth, a howling, slashing, thundering dark, with sand and pebbles flying and the hurricane ripping Hell out of what palms weren't already down, when I struggled through to Nukunau.

Hundreds of torches were swarming, roaring in the gale with long fire-streamers whipped out of them and glinting on the bare bronze of the wreckers' bodies as they sweated to salvage the flotsam that lay all along from Marakai Point to the sand-spit of the sea-grape tree. I saw two or three dead bodies— white—rolling back and forth, limp and waterlogged, on the edge of the tumbling

wash, and I knew lots of others must be wallowing ashore. Out beyond it was all black. I couldn't get a single squint of the wreck, but I felt sure from the way she'd struck, and with sea splurging over her, there'd be good feeding for the angel-fish in the lagoon.

Frazer's bungalow, I saw by the dancing flares, was wrenched to bits and the pieces blown all over. There wasn't a sign of the man himself.

"Hey, Ahunui! Hulloo there, Tiokea" I bawled at a couple of the beach-combers. "Frazer, where, where?" But there was nothing doing in the talk-line. Gabriel himself couldn't interrupt a wercking Kanaka. So I just grabbed a palm-branch flare, myself—wrenched it away from a naked old man, —by my right of eminent whiteness. I remember yet how shrivelled and wet and shiny he was and how his blackened teeth, worn right down to the gum, showed as he cursed me by his brown gods! Torch held low before me, I scouted on up the beach through the rain-drive. sometimes knees-under in the slavering brine. for I didn't take a penny-worth of stock in what Frazer'd said about his being a coward and all. I didn't know *what* foolishness he might have been up to, trying to rescue somebody or other. I found out, soon enough.

Found out, with nary helping hand from any of that loot-lusting pack of savages. Found out all myself, all my wet, scared self—scared, yes—for even before the idea of the sand-spit struck me, I felt what was coming. Knew it! Don't believe in premonitions, eh? All right; but what was it told me where I'd find him? What *was* it? Something, that's sure!

For there's where Frazer was, right there; out near the end of it. nearest the wreck, where he'd maybe tried to signal, or launch a canoe, or something. Whatever he'd tried I don't know, but he'd failed—for the reason that no human man or crew of man could have done anything else *but* fail.

The smashing surf, I found, as I bucked my way out along the spur, had undercut the sand and gouged it away in spots, ripped up the sea-grape tree that grew there, in spite of its hundreds of roots, and slung it over on the lee side of the spit. That wasn't all. Down among the tangled branches, with the sea pouring over it in huge black rollers, something was wedged, battered, jammed right in.

Yes, it was Frazer.

When I saw him I hauled up sharp for a moment. Then I came on again. I bent over him, steadying myself with one hand on a splintered branch, while with the other I thrust my torch forward. Blue as sulphur-flames it blazed, guttering in the gale and rain, but its light was strong enough to tell me everything.

The man's shirt was torn clean off him His body glistened under the dancing flare.

One look was enough. I understood. I knew what his actions had meant, and his words, what that burned scar on his hand had meant, and everything. I cringed back, sick and dizzy and very weak. My leg trembled till I had to sit right down there on the drenching sand, under the slash of the hurricane that swooped in at me out of the big. hungry dark, trying hard to think and not able to, as you wouldn't have been either, in my place.

Pretty soon I pulled myself together, got up and thrust my torch firm into the sand. I got a grip on the body, by the legs, and hauled it up out of the tangle, out of the surf, as easy as I could. I shucked my coat and wrapped up Frazer in it. Then I stood there thinking. just thinking. while the hurricane jeered and mocked and raved at me.

After a while I made up my mind. Why should anybody ever need to know, except just me? Why couldn't Frazer's secret still be his. all his?

I ploughed down along the surf, found a splintered plank that would do for a spade, and then climbed to the crest of the sand-spit. Fifteen minutes' bone-breaking toil, under the deluge, and I'd dug a fair-sized grave. Then I fetched the body up in my arms, with my coat still wrapped round it, and laid it in its last bed.

I scooped the sand back again and smoothed it over. My torch burned out before I'd finished, so the last part of the work was done by feel. When it was all over I stumbled back, coatless, played-out, to the bungalow. The

roaring rain hit like hail and my boots were full of sand, but I never so much as thought of that, or the wreck, or anything except just what I still had to do.

Nobody paid any attention to me. Who was I, when all that wreckage cluttered the coast? I borrowed another torch, set it to the trashy ruins of the bungalow—what was left of it—and stayed right there till the whole business had burned down to glowing coals, burned like Hell, too, in spite of the rain. The gale whipped those coals and ashes away in long streaks of fire.

Only after the last one had been drenched out, only then, my fear got hold of me again, my fear, my sorrow.

VI

Five people were saved from the wreck of the "Scythian," just five, out of one hundred and sixty-two. I saw them next day at Vana-Vana, where their boat had been slung ashore. There had been twenty-seven in the boat, but the surf had got them all except the five.

There were three men and two women, all white. They were sheltered in the woven rush and nipa hut of an old woman named Tuvutha. You never saw anybody gladder than they were when they saw me, for they didn't know what sort of an island they were on, or what to do or anything. You can guess, better than I can tell you, just about what condition of mind and body they were in after the hurricane had slewed them out of their course from Honolulu to Suva, in the Fijis, and had piled them upon Pauna Loa.

I talked with them all, got them quiet, had clothes and things fetched for them and promisied them transportation to Suva, some way, just as soon as the storm should blow itself out.

One of the women was English—the fair English kind, with white, white skin, and bales of yellow hair, and the prettiest pair of hands you ever laid sight on, slim and fine, with nails like pink almonds. I sized her up as out of a good family, first thing, miles better than the other four. She was well-rigged, fore and aft and every way. I judged that, dressed right, she was the kind to make men turn round and look after her on any street in the world.

We talked a good deal, that woman and I. She told me truth and I told her lies. You'd have lied, too, for the good-and-welfare and the peace of mind of a woman like that, lied under oath, or you'd have been a cur, not a man!

She was all stove up in her plans, all her hopes broken, everything cut loose and gone by the board. That was a good thing, too, for you wouldn't think a woman—not one like her, anyway—could have had such plans and held such bitterness, such poison in her soul, as she'd had and held in hers. My being a middle-aged sort of man, you see, and plain-spoken, sort of loosened her tongue, that and the storm and the wreck and all. Otherwise I don't believe she ever would have told me, and then this story wouldn't have ever had an end.

You can bet your last twist of tobacco, and not lose it, either, that I won't forget that day after the wreck, very soon,—her and me sitting off by ourselves in one twilight corner of Tuvutha's hut, with a split-log table betwixt us, the others huddled together out of hearing, dumb and dazed, while the rain drummed on the thatch and the whole shack trembled on its stilts in spite of the protecting kukui-grove through which the wind swooped bellowing. Forget it? Forget those eyes of hers and her broken story, a few words at a time, then a long pause while the storm shouted, then some more words, till I knew everything? No sir! That was one of the times men never forget, not even sea-salted traders in fruit and oil, three thousand miles by sea from any white-man's land.

It was Frazer she'd been hunting, I saw that plain enough inside of ten minutes. Frazer, though she called him Hargreaves. She described him all right, hair and eyes and all, even the scar on his right hand, which she said he'd made by having an accident with lunar caustic just before he'd vanished from England, three years before, without leaving a word or sign or anything. I never batted an eye, not even when she

told about the acid. I knew just what kind of an accident he'd had, and why.

She showed me a ring he'd given her. They were planning to have got spliced in a week or two more, she said, whether he'd taken another woman with him or not she didn't know, but it made no difference any way. She had her mind fixed what to do, like some thoroughbred women will, in rare cases, and she'd tried hard to do it—was still trying.

She'd had some money in her own right, *dot* she called it, if I'm not mistaken; and without saying a word to anybody she'd just drawn it and gone after him. Already, in the search, she'd spent it nearly all.

A score of times she'd picked up his traces, and lost 'em, but had finally got news of him at Honolulu, south-bound. The trace was faint, and very old, but it had been enough. She'd taken ship for Fiji, in the "Scythian." Now, here she was, and what about Hargreaves, eh?

She put the whole case right up to me, like I was her uncle, or father, or something. Didn't keep anything back, you understand, not a thing. She showed me what little money she had left—a few odd pounds. Laid it out on the rough table, right in front of me, so. Something else she showed, me, too, a gun she'd never once left out of her bosom in all those three years. It had only two cartridges in it. One for him, one for her. Miss her aim? No sir, women like that don't miss.

Hmmmm! There was nothing to do *but* lie, so I lied. Lied, and swore to it straight up and down, with her hand on mine, her eyes looking right into my eyes. Hargreaves? Sure enough! I'd seen him myself, I told her, a couple of times; heard of him, off and on, for some time. He'd settled at Samoa. Folks said he was a writer, looking for what they call local color; which is mostly brown, I take it, down our way. Eight months before, he'd been lost in the wreck of the "Paumota," a hooker trading between Apia and Tutuila.

That was all I knew. It wasn't much, but what it was I freely gave. While I was telling it I never even blinked, so I guess my nerve was all there, no matter *if* what happened later shook it pretty near clean out of me.

She took my perjury easier than I thought she would. Kind of smiled, that's all, and drooped her eyes a minute, thoughtful like. When she raised 'em again to mine I saw gladness and a big, quiet, restful look in their deep blue.

"So that's all?" said she, with a little smile on her lips. I nodded.

She took the pistol up, very lovingly, and before I sensed anything or could so much as thrust my hand out, she turned it against her full warm breast, and fired. Fired twice, both cartridges.

I caught her in my arms even while the echo crashed through the hut. Her blood stained my coat as I laid her back upon the matted floor.

Then she died.

Her death was thoroughbred, just like her life had been.

VII

They left everything to me, of course, the others did. They were all too shaken-up to hardly sense things, anyway. So I buried her myself, all myself, without even the help of my Kanaka-boys.

I buried her two days later, after the storm had passed; buried her by starshine out there on the sand-pit, close beside Frazer, where the Pacific could talk to 'em both, eternally, and make things right for them, if anything could.

I laid her so her face would be toward the big, dark, booming sea. Somehow that seemed kind of appropriate, in a way. I covered her face with a piece of clean white cloth so the sand shouldn't touch it, ever.

As I didn't recollect any prayer to speak of, except "Now I lay me," I said that. You've got to say *something*, you know, even if you *are* out East where it's a ten-to-one shot all wires are down.

So that's the end of it Maybe I did wrong. Maybe I ought to have told her the man was somewhere else—but if I had, you know what would have happened in the end. I guess there just wasn't any other way out of it.

They're right there, anyhow, both of 'em, in the sea-washed sands of Pauna Loa, under the Trades, under *Kona*, the south-wind, under the sun and stars and big white moon, with the long swells

never at rest over Tawatami singing to 'em, with the palms forever whispering things, secret things, hidden things that can't ever be known, ever, ever, so long as the world lasts.

The truth? Told her the truth, you say? No—not though I'd had to bite my tongue out to keep it from her! No, not for all the summer islands in that summer sea!

For the truth, as I suppose you've guessed, the *truth* was Frazer was a leper. Had been, for three years. So you can see for yourself just how big a blessing it was to that one little woman that she never knew.

Tom and Bill

When Tom and Bill were baby boys,
Infant Bill
Was fretful, squally, full of noise.
Noisy Bill,
Redheaded —and it was a fact—
From morn 'til night his parents racked
To keep his neck from being cracked,
Troublesome Bill:

As they grew older, folks would say,
"Lazy Bill."
But naught he'd care, it was his way,
Idle Bill.
He'd spend his time in foolish joys,
And shift his jobs on other boys,
Poor fools, who followed his decoys,
Scheming Bill.

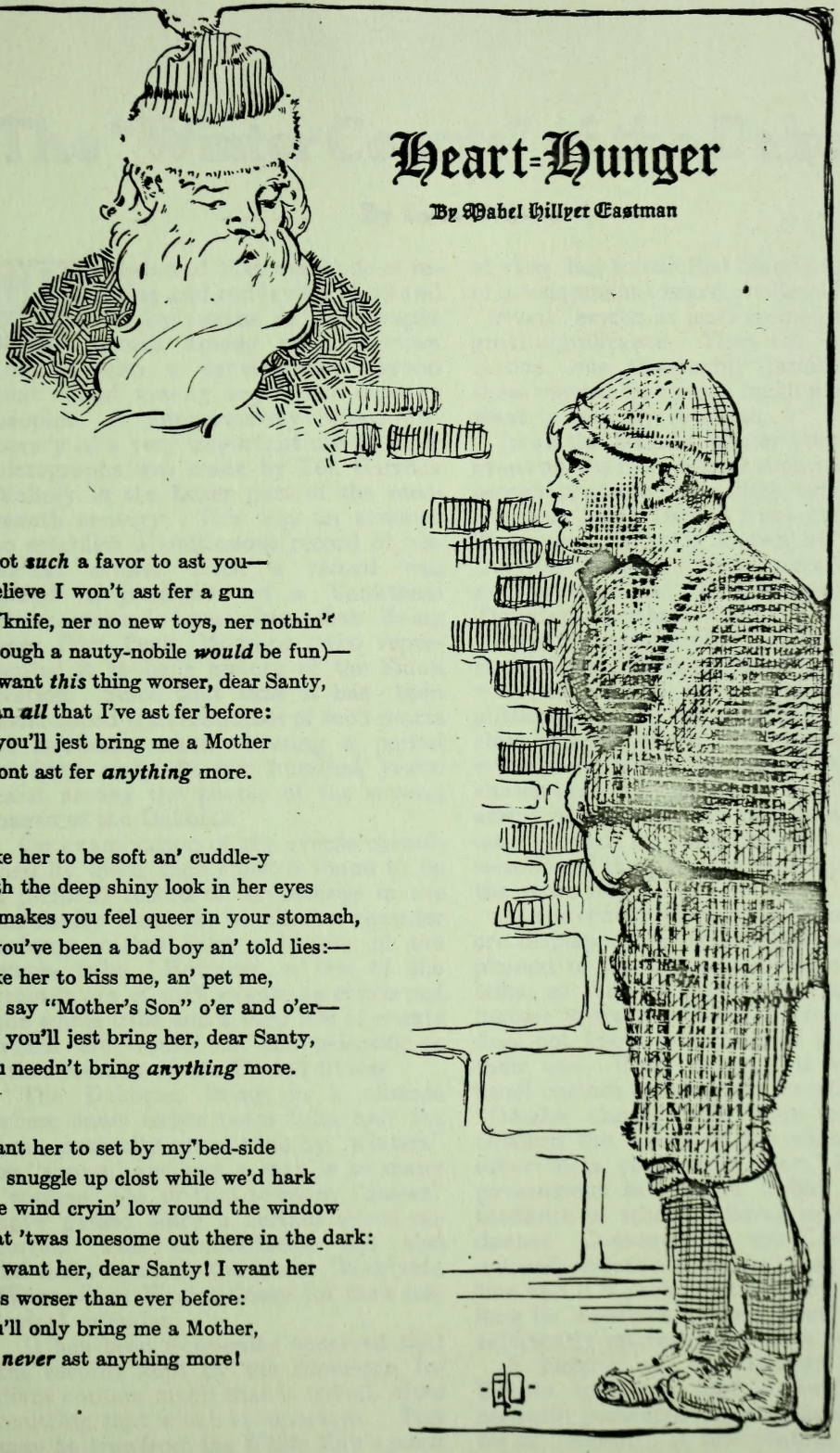
And when the boys to College went,
Shiftless Bill
To grinding work no interest lent,—
No account Bill.
While Tom was quick, and apt to learn,
And said bright things at every turn
Which made the slow with envy burn,
'Twas "Hopeless Bill."

The years have come, and gone away,
For Tom and Bill;
Tom keeps a set of books each day,
And Bill
Has office hours from ten 'til two,
And owns a bank, a block clear through
He's looking for new worlds to "do,"
Incomprehensible Bill.

A. DUNLAP

Heart-Hunger

By Mabel Hillyer Eastman



I've got *such* a favor to ast you—
  I believe I won't ast fer a gun
Ner a knife, ner no new toys, ner nothin'
  (Though a nauty-nobile *would* be fun)—
Fer I want *this* thing worser, dear Santy,
  Than *all* that I've ast fer before:
So if you'll jest bring me a Mother
  I wont ast fer *anything* more.

I'd like her to be soft an' cuddle-y
  With the deep shiny look in her eyes
That makes you feel queer in your stomach,
  If you've been a bad boy an' told lies:—
I'd like her to kiss me, an' pet me,
  An' say "Mother's Son" o'er and o'er—
Oh, if you'll jest bring her, dear Santy,
  You needn't bring *anything* more.

I'd want her to set by my'bed-side
  An' snuggle up clost while we'd hark
To the wind cryin' low round the window
  That 'twas lonesome out there in the dark:
Oh, I want her, dear Santy! I want her
  Lots worser than ever before:
If you'll only bring me a Mother,
  I'll *never* ast anything more!

The "Winter Counts" of the Dakotas

By Lena Ranson

IT is believed that the mode of recording and conveying ideas and facts by means of pictographs prevails among the American Indians with a development beyond that found among any other existing peoples. A comparatively recent discovery of a very important use of these pictographs was made by Col. Garrock Mallery in the latter part of the nineteenth century. This was an attempt to establish a continuous record of historical events. Such a record was found in possession of a Yanktonai Sioux, named Lone Dog, then living near Fort Peck, Montana, who represented it to be a history of the Sioux Nation. Since that time it has been ascertained that a number of such charts or calendars, each covering a period of from sixty to one hundred years, exist among the people of the several bands of the Dakotas.

On examination of the events chronicled by these, each chart is found to be a pictorial record of happenings in the particular band to which the recorder belongs, rather than a history of the whole tribe. However, a few of the records are of such events as concerned the whole tribe and a very few of events which are found in the scientific or other records of the United States.

The Dakotas, living in a climate where snow exists more than half the year, naturally count time by "winters" or "snows" and say a man is so many "winters" old, or that so many "snows" have passed since a certain event occurred. This circumstance has also led them to adopt the name "Waniyetu Wowapi" or Winter Count for their historical calendar.

It has been frequently observed that the records kept by the American Indians contain much that is trivial, often omitting that which is important. This may be true from the White Man's point of view, but to the Red Man in his stage of development toward civilization these "trivial" events at least seemed to be of great significance. Then too, by association, one thoroughly familiar with these records may recall much more than what is actually recorded.

In all the Dakota Winter Counts, one event only is recorded for each year, that being represented by a single symbol and the year being named from the event. Thus one winter is known as "Many-Dakotas-Died-with-Smallpox Winter" and another as "Killed-five-of-Little-Thunder's-Brothers Winter."

It is the custom of the recorder (who is usually a "Medicine Man" or priest") with the council of the old men and authority of the tribe or band, at the close of each winter, to fix upon some event to represent the year. The event chosen must necessarily be one that will admit of portrayal by picture and this may account in some instances for the selection of the trivial to the exclusion of the more important.

At convenient times the winter counts are displayed and their significance explained to the different members of the tribe, so that an intelligent Dakota of mature years can hardly be found who does not know something of them and their use. Until recently it was the usual custom to bring the counts to the "Omaha dance" and there teach the children the names of the winters and other facts concerning them, but the government saw fit to forbid the attendance of school children upon these dances. Consequently the Counts are not well understood by the rising generation and it is probable that they will not long be continued; there being no one sufficiently interested to act as recorder.

A number of the Dakota Winter Counts, including that of Swift Bear, herewith presented begin with the winter of 1800-01. A few contain records



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SWIFT BEAR WINTER COUNTS

for twenty or thirty years earlier; and one, that of Battiste Good, dates back to the year 900 A. D. It is believed, however as declared by the Indians, that the Battiste Good Chart formerly contained records for the time covered by the others only, and that he gathered the names of the preceding winters from the old Indians and himself devised a pictograph to represent each. In this way he took his record back to the year 1700 A. D. For the eight centuries preceding this he uses only thirteen figures, all of which are connected with legends or myths.

There is no proof that this system of Dakota Winter Counts existed prior to the date of our independence. Possibly contact with civilization caused the Indian to feel his need of some method for recording time. Yet the whole system as adopted by them is so entirely different from that used by civilized peoples, who always count time from an era, that we cannot doubt its Indian originality. The date of any event as recorded by this system can be ascertained only by counting backward from the last record made, or backward or forward from any record of which we already know the date.

The Swift Bear Winter Count was obtained by J. H. Bratley from Singlewood, a Tteon Sioux of the Brule division in 1899 and the record is brought down to that date. Singlewood lived on the Rosebud Reservation, near Lower-Cut-Meat-Creek Day School at which Mr. Bratley was then employed as teacher. The interpretations and explanations were given by Singlewood, the last of the three recorders, and verified by Search the Enemy, Yellow Robe, and others. The recording was begun by Swift Bear's father, then taken up by Swift Bear himself, after which it was continued by Singlewood.

The photograph herewith presented is

of a deer-skin copy of the original, the one actually used by the recorders being kept on a strip of cotton cloth about seven feet long and six inches wide. On the deer-skin copy the record takes the form of an outward turning spiral, beginning at a left central point and proceeding toward the right and downward, ending near the outer edge. There seems to be no fixed method for the arrangement of the pictographs, some recorders using the outward and others the inward turning spiral while still others begin in a lower corner and continue backward and forward across the chart until the top is reached; the object being to use a method that will admit of the constant addition of records without breaking the continuity.

A definite memorized knowledge of each event more than any key to Indian pictography is necessary to the interpretation of the Dakota Winter Counts, the characters used being in the main only an aid to the memory.

The records found in the Swift Bear Count may be grouped as follows: Those in which white men were concerned, principally traders, twenty four. These are found to be much more frequently in the latter part. Battles or skirmishes, including murders and scalpings, twenty; epidemics, six; horse stealings, five; government issues, five; accidents, four; unusual phenomena, three; and a number of events not easily classified.

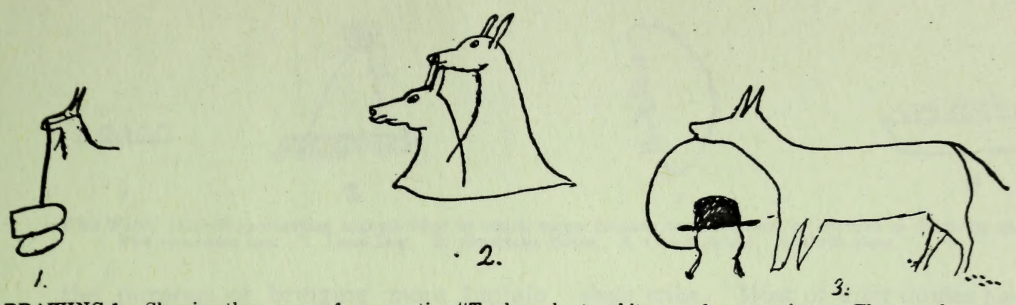
Eleven of the ninety-nine pictographs used consist simply of the name-totem of some individual Indian with no sign whatever to show what event of his life is thus recorded. Thirteen others contain name-totems. The fact that most of the Indian individual names as adopted by themselves very readily admit of pictorial representation may account for what seems an over frequent use of personal appellations.

The following explanations will serve to make intelligible some of the characters used in the Swift Bear Winter Count and give an insight into the nature of the events recorded. (The figures in the photograph are not a part of the chart, being added by the author merely for use in reference.)

The earliest character, the one at the center or beginning of the spiral (Fig. 1) represents a White Man, the hat worn only by civilized peoples being used throughout the Swift Bear Count to designate the Caucasian Race. The position of the hand denotes "good" and the winter (1800-01) thus represented is known as "First-good-White-Man-Come Winter." This was not the first White Man that had been to the camp, but the first to come and live among them. Another pictograph containing the White Man's hat (Fig. 76) is used to represent "Soldiers-drove - away - Dakota - Horses Winter." The object of this seeming injustice was to deprive the Indians, for the time being, of this means of going on the warpath. Fifteen years later the government made reparation by paying them forty dollars for each pony taken at this time. No direct reference is made by any of the charts to Custer's Massacre, though it occurred during this year. Fig. 79 represents a White Man Leading a reluctant Indian in blanket and feathers. In October 1879, Major Pratt, so long at the head of the Carlisle Indian School, took eighty-two Dakota boys and girls to Carlisle. These were the first to leave the reservation to attend school. Only one of the number could speak any English and all except one wore the Indian dress.

Among the eleven pictographs which are composed of Name-totems, are six representing the names of warriors who died at the hands of the enemy. On initiation a warrior always receives or assumes a new name. Until this name is well established it is liable to change after every exploit.

Fig. 3 is the name-totem of Chief Big Elk, who was shot with three arrows as the pictograph shows; Fig. 18 of Crooked Wrist, his deformity giving him the name; and Fig. 54 of Brave Bear. Fig. 63, a rattlesnake with Elk Horns, is a double name-totem, that of Rattlesnake Elk; and a man known by two names (as is often the case among the Indians) is represented by Fig. 75, Spotted Bear or Buffalo Head. Fig. 91 represents Spotted Female Elk, known among the Whites as Big Foot. He and most of his band were killed this year, during the Ghost Dance Craze, which ended in the Wounded Knee



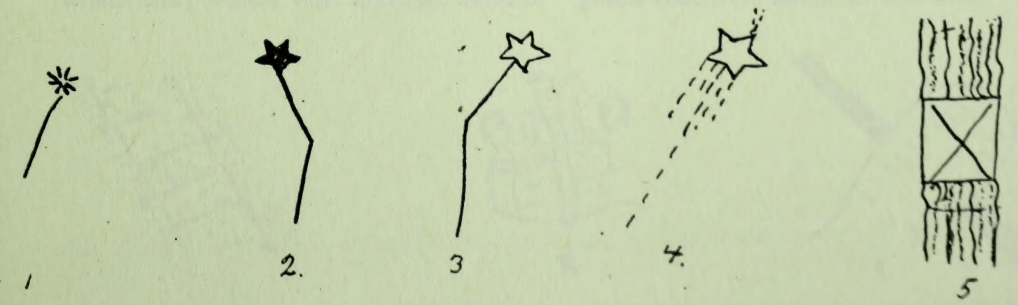
DRAWING 1.—Showing three ways of representing "Trade-mules-to-white-man-for corn winter. The recorders are: 1. American Horse. 2. Cloud Shield. 3. Swift Bear.

Battle at Pine Ridge, S. Dakota. A foot with red spot, indicating blood, on the toe (Fig. 32) is the name-totem of Broken Toe. This warrior was sent out to the top of a certain hill to watch for the enemy where he was surprised by a band of Crows. He fled and in his haste struck his foot against a rock and the Interpreter tells us that every toe on one foot was broken back. However, he made good his escape and lived to bear the name the accident gave him. It is probable that this event was chosen to mark a year simply because of its peculiarity.

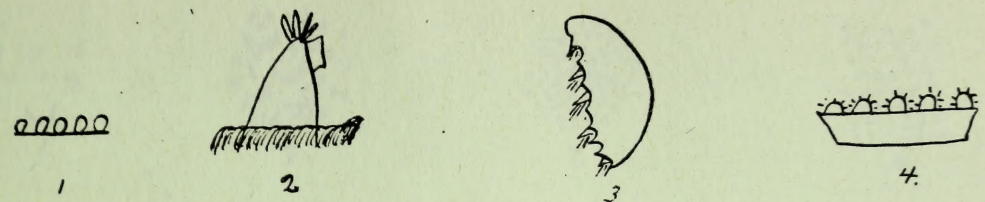
The Indians superstitiously believe the thunder and lightning to be the cry and look of a great bird. The hawk (Fig. 85) with a zig-zag line from its eye is the name-totem of Lightning Hawk. The interpreter tells us that Lightning Hawk had threatened to steal White Cloud's Wife, which threat kept up a continued quarrel. Finally the Indians held a council and sought to appease the wrath of the parties concerned, by giving them presents of ponies, and thus secured their promise to make no further trouble. But Lightning Hawk did finally steal the woman and afterward killed White Cloud. The year is known as "White-Cloud-Killed Winter."

The recorders of the Swift Bear Winter Count have used very little color, the drawing being done mostly in black. Red, however, plays quite an important part, principally as representing blood. Thus at the incision of the three arrows piercing the throat of the elk (Fig. 3) there is a red spot. In a number of the pictographs death or a wound is indicated in this way. A red spot on the forehead denotes that the scalp was taken. In figures 9 and 69 where death is caused by a falling tree the back of the human figure is covered with red. This color is also used to indicate an epidemic of smallpox or measles (Figs. 19, 46, 56 and 89) and the "medicine flag" wherever used is colored red.

The Dakota Medicine Man who is also priest and magician occupies an important place in the tribe, whose power often exceeds that of the chief. He mixes no medicine, concocts no doses, but instead practices ceremonies (incantations, etc.) to the Great Spirit. Most of the ceremonies recorded in this chart were for



DRAWING II.—Different representations of the falling of a meteor, or a "great noisy star." 1. The Flame. 2. Lone Dog. 3. The Swan. 4. Cloud Shield. 5. Swift Bear.



DRAWING III.—Representing a great flood in which many Indians were drowned or crushed to death by the ice. The recorders are: 1. Lone Dog. 2. American Horse. 8. Cloud Shield. 4. Swift Bear.

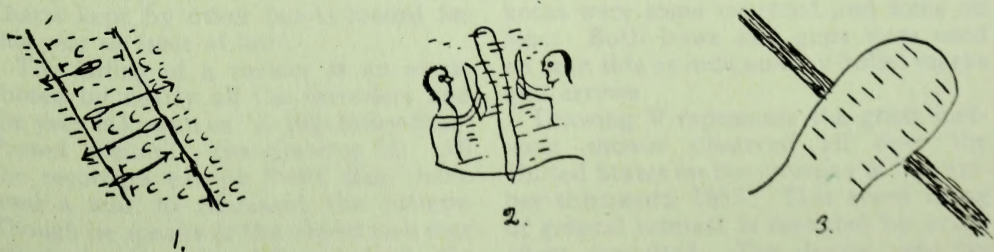
the purpose of bringing more buffalo to the vicinity.

In this chart we find records of thirty-two instances of hostilities between the Dakotas and other tribes. Ten of these refer to the Crows, eight to the Pawnees and others to the Shoshones, Utes, Rees and Omahas. Such references grow noticably more infrequent toward the latter part of the century and several of the records for the eighties note peaceful intercourse between the Dakotas and Crows.

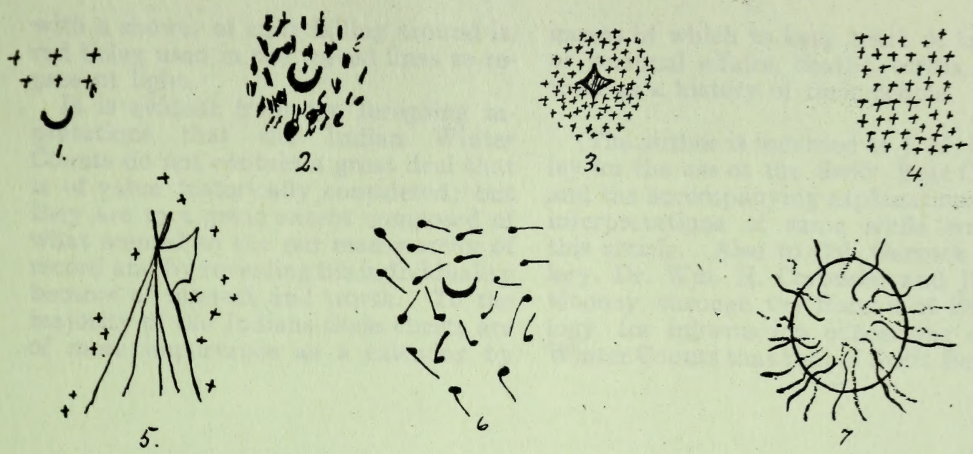
Up to the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the buffalo being the main source of supply for these Indians, the abundance or scarcity of that animal betokened a feast or famine. Figure 12 contains an empty drying pole, indicating a scarcity of buffalo meat. The circle, a part of the same device denotes many, usually more than one hundred, and the year is called "Many-Dakotas-Starve Winter." Fig. 25, a tepee on which is painted a buffalo head, records "Killed-One-Buffalo Winter," and also indicates that the Indians "made" buffalo medicine here, "after which many buffalo came," so the interpreter said. Another year of want is represented by Fig. 27. This was a very severe winter and the band keeping this record decided to move farther up stream where timber was more abundant and where they would visit another band of their tribe. Most of their ponies having already perished they ingeniously used their saddles as sleds, and loading them with their tepees and other belongings, the squaws dragged them up the river. The mark crossing the device represents the track where the saddles cut the ice. "Buffalo-Bull-Meat Winter," is denoted by one large buffalo bull. The Indians never ate bull meat when any other could be had. Fig. 67 denotes still more suffering. The pictograph represents a Young Dakota warrior who went to a Ree Camp to get something to eat and was shot. The Aracaras, commonly called Rees, being enemies of the Dakotas, this was a bold venture and must have been prompted by severe hunger.

The last record of want is for the winter of 1868-69, "Traded-Mules-to-White-Man-for-Corn Winter." A year of plenty is known as "Killed-ten-White-Buffalo-Cows Winter" and the device (Fig. 31) is a large buffalo decked with ten arrows, each arrow representing one buffalo killed.

Toward the latter part of the count records of want give place to records of government issues, the first being for the winter of 1851-52, known as "First-Goods-Issued Winter." The design (Fig. 52) is of a gray blanket which is here used as a symbol of a great variety of goods that were issued at this time. Two



DRAWING IV.—Representing a battle on the ice between the Dakotas and the Pawnees. 1. American Horse. 2. Cloud Shield. 3. Swift Bear.



DRAWING V.—Different methods used by the recorders of Dakota Winter Counts in representing the great meteoric shower observed all over the U. S. on the morning of November 18, 1833. 1. The Flame. 2. Lone Dog. 3. American Horse. 4. Cloud Shield. 5. Battiste Good. 6. The Swan. 7. Swift Bear.

issues of horses are denoted by figures 72 and 90, one of wagons by figures 78, and one of cows by figure 93.

In examining the several charts kept among the Dakotas they are found in a few instances to agree, but more often to differ in the choice of events. There is no exact date in the summer on which the old year ends and the new year begins and often this causes a dispute in the camp as to which of two successive years an event belongs. This is the cause of a few of the variations. Even when the same event has been chosen to represent a year there is an interesting variety in the pictographs used to record the same.

"Traded-Mules-to-White-Man-for-Corn Winter" (See drawing I) Represented in the Swift Bear Count by a White Man and a mule, is pictured in the count of American Horse by a mule tied to two sacks of corn or flour, and Cloud Shield represents the same by two mule heads. These three recorders all belong either to the Brules or to the Ogalalas, two colsely associated bands of the Dakotas. Charts kept by other bands record for this year an issue of beef.

The falling of a meteor is an event chosen by nearly all the recorders and the year is known as "A-Big-Noisy-Star-Passed Winter" (See drawing II) All the recorders except Swift Bear have used a star to represent the meteor. Though he speaks of the object as a star his device is quite different from the others. Waved lines, part of them red, extending from the rectangle show that it let off particles of light in its passage. Scientific records for this date give no account of such a meteor, but it is probable that at this time there did not exist in that region any one sufficiently intelligent and interested to report the same.

Drawing III shows the several ways of representing "Many-Dakotas-Drowned-in-Great-Flood Winter" The Indians being camped in a bend of the Missouri River at the time of the spring thaw were taken by surprise and many of them drowned or crushed to death by the ice.

Drawing IV gives three representations of a battle on the ice between the Dakotas and the Pawnees. The Pawnees had camped on one bank of the North Platt River when the Dakotas came up on the opposite side. Swift Bear records nine Pawnees and ten Dakotas killed as shown by the black marks. The pictograph from the chart of American Horse is interpreted as representing the Pawnees all as footmen while the Dakotas were some mounted and some on foot. Both bows and guns were used on each side as indicated by bullet marks and arrows.

Drawing V represents the great meteoric shower observed all over the United States on the morning of November thirteenth 1833. This event being of general interest is recorded by every chart consulted. The device used by Swift Bear represents a tepee or lodge

with a shower of stars falling around it, red being used in the waved lines to represent light.

It is evident from the foregoing inpretations that the Indian Winter Counts do not contain a great deal that is of value historically considered; but they are to a great extent composed of what seemed to the red man worthy of record and by revealing his individuality become of interest and worth. To the majority of the Indians these charts are of more importance as a calendar by means of which to keep track of family or personal affairs, deaths, births, etc., than as a history of their people.

(The author is indebted to J. H. Bratley for the use of the Swift Bear Count and the accompanying explanations and interpretations of same while writing this article. Also to Col. Garrock Mallery, Dr. Wm. H. Corbusier and James Mooney, through the Bureau of Ethnology, for information concerning other Winter Counts that that of Swift Bear.)

A Song of the West

A song of the West when the West was new,
A song of the West when old;
Of mountain and gorge where Titans hew,
Of wide, wild plains a-glint with dew,
Of fields a-gleam with gold.

A song of the West when the West was new,
Of life that was brave and free;
Of still, white nights with nothing to rue,
Of a chance in the open for man to be true
To what God meant him to be.

A song of the West when the West is old,
With the promise of youth fulfilled;
The fullness of earth so richly tolled,
The largess of life the years unrolled—
All these to the West God willed.

—Laura Alton Payne.

Marvilla Peck's Blood Kin

By Mrs. Abby Beckwith Greenfield

"IF there ain't Angie out in that field again." Marvilla Peck peered over her glasses into the wheat field opposite her house. "I should o' thought Jim c'd 'o had a a hand this summer."

She put on her sunbonnet and bustled hurriedly out to the field across the road, where a slender, sallow-faced woman was setting up shocks, with the aid of an undersized, ten-year-old boy. The day was unusually warm. Heat circles were rising above the yellow grain and there was not the slightest breeze anywhere.

"Angie Simpson, this is no place for you," she began.

The other woman straightened up and put her hands on her hips.

"I know that," she said, "but it's just got to be tended to. See them clouds. It'll rain before night. Me an' Jim's jes' got to save that wheat."

"Couldn't I help you any about the work? How's Molly gettin' on? I might—"

"Molly does first rate," returned the other. "that is, if Pap'd only think so. I'm afraid, though, he won't stay his week out. Three dollars ain't much but it does help some. You wouldn't mind takin' the baby over? He's into things so."

"No," returned Marvilla. "I'll go right over now and get him."

"Much obliged. Come on, Sammy," to the little boy who was helping her, and they turned to their work.

Miss Marvilla Peck lived comfortably on her forty acres of land with its neat, little, white house behind flower-beds and rose bushes. She had been there for years and years. There had never been any "blood kin" so far as anybody knew, but to all she was "Villy" or "Aunt Marvilly," a common relative to everybody. Especially was her kinship felt for the neglected brood of tousled children across the road. She had helped "raise" them all.

At noon Angie Simpson dragged herself up to the pump and began to wash. It had been awful in the harvest field and the cool water was refreshing to her arms and neck. Her father, a little wizened man of seventy-five or more, was lying under the shade of a box-elder tree near by.

"Well Angie," he begun quarrelously. "I's wonderin' if we ain't never going to have no dinner?"

"I 'spect the children's about got it by this time. Villy Peck, she's so good, come an' took the baby, so's Molly—"

The old man sniffed. "That's the way you feed boarders, is it? When a body pays out good money, he wants—"

"Oh Pap," broke in the woman. "We've jes' got to save that wheat. It's so hot, it'll rain tonight sure, and over there by the crick, the stalks are down so bad a'ready Jim can't cut it more'n one way."

"Well, then, I'll go right over to Barb'ry's." he concluded crustily. "She'll be glad enough to see me."

"Pap," Angie came near and looked down at him as he lay there. "Jim wanted me to ask you somethin'."

"Wants a loan, does he? Well, he won't get it."

"We wouldn't be askin' nuthin' o' nobody if the collery hadn't come and took off all them nice, fat hogs, but the mortgage is due in three weeks. It's in two notes, you know, one for six and one for eight hundred, and they won't give Jim no more time. He's got to raise one or th'other."

"I ain't got it." said her father, "not 'less I sell th'other place, and that I won't do either, not for six thousand dollars."

Angie didn't say anything. She knew that he was lying, and that he had plenty of money lying idly in the bank without drawing a cent of interest.

"We'd give s'curity and pay good interest." she said finally.

"Yes, I reckon y' would."

"Jim's good-fer-nuthin'." he continued. "You mind I told you never to take him. If ye hadn't, you'd be keepin' house fer me yet and have all ye needed."

Angie bit her lips. It was hard to keep from firing back but she held her tongue.

"Jim works hard an' tries to get along." was all she said.

"Well, he won't get nuthin' from me. You kin mark that right down. An' I'll have decent cookin' an' livin', that I will, or, confound it all, I'll go off an' get married. Then I'll see you squirm!"

"Yes, I see you." Angie sniffed. Then she broke into a low, sarcastic laugh. Pap's threat of marrying again had been one of thirty years standing.

"Dad blast it!" roared the old man getting up quickly. "Think I can't, do you? I'll show you, you bet I will!" He picked up his walking stick and shambled jerkily out of the disordered yard.

"Confound these blasted children anyhow," he muttered as he went along. "I'll show 'em—I'll show 'em, if I've got to go clean back to Pennesylvany!"

He stopped with a jerk in front of Marvilla Peck's neat little place. Villy, why hadn't he thought of her long ago? He had always hesitated about taking a second wife because folks say they are apt to cost a lot—much more than the first one, but here was Marvilla with her well-kept little forty acres, her chickens, her berries and her cows. Why, she could make her own keep and more besides. He swung open the gate and went in. The odor of blackberry pies allured him around to the kitchen door, and he seated himself on the porch. The little three-year-old toddled inside.

"Dra'pap's tomin'."

"Wy, how'd do, Jake? Won't you come in to dinner?"

"No," he said, taking out his pipe. "Do' want no dinner. Might take a piece o' pie though. It smells nice an' tasty."

Marvilla cut him a generous piece, put it on a plate and gave him a silver fork.

"You ain't goin' over to Barb'ry's a'ready?" she asked.

"That's just what I am. I want some decent victuals. These children, blast 'em, always a-wantin' an' a-wantin' an' givin' as little as they can.

"Villy," he went on, cutting a big bite out of the luscious pie. "How much have you got?"

"Got! Why, Jake Heggley, what's that to you? I've got this forty and about two hundred dollars in the bank."

"Is it clear?" he asked coolly.

"Yes, it is." said Marvilla curtly. There never was no debts."

He leaned back against a post, crossed his legs and with the last morsel of pie wiped up the juice.

"I reckon I'm worth easy thirty thousand dollars." he remarked complacently. "Probably more. An' when I'm gone the half of it you can have—that is, if you'll take me now."

Marvilla stopped in the middle of a mouthful and laid down her fork.

"What!" she gasped. Then comprehending, "Take you! What do I want with you, Jake Heggley?"

"You kin have it." he went on. "Don't make no difference what kind of a rumpus the children—"

"I've got enough to keep me." she returned shortly. "I don't want anybody's money. And for a person's gettin' married—"

"Oh, it's good enough pay. I might live ten years yet, and then again, mebbe not more'n two."

"No," said Marvilla, slowly reflecting. "But it ain't the right thing to do. I've always knowed you, and you'd make a good man, but them children's worked to help you get what you've got, and you nor anybody else has got a *right*, I say to take it away from 'em."

"I'd like to know!" burst out the old man. "What's mine's mine, I reckon." Then he stopped and looked at her, pityingly, an expression of disgust on his leathery old face. He smiled slightly.

"Marvilly," he said "you're a fool—a blamed fool. You c'd get most all I've got if you went at it right."

"I'm a church member," said Marvilla quietly. "An' I'll do the Lord's way as far at I've light. Now, if you was to die, say in six months—."

"Oh, I'm in fer a good two years yet." spoke up Jake quickly, "likely more."

Marvilla studied a moment and then began again. "Now, say I was to sign off everything from you and you was to pay me plain board—."

"Board! Good golly, no. Now, if I'd marry a woman she'd get hern when I'm dead an' gone, not now."

"Well, I won't do it." said Marvilla finally. "I don't want a man nohow!"

Jake reached for his pipe, put it between his teeth and got up. "All right, Marvilly," he said crustily, "but it's a good thing you've let slip. I'll warrant there's a dozen women 'tween here'n town 'ud jump at the chance. I'll get somebody an' you'l see."

He walked out of the yard slowly and down the road toward Barbara's. He was thin and bent and in her heart Marvilla felt sorry for him. A "lone" man in the world is a pitiable creature, much more so than a "lone" woman, for she can have her little house and her flowers and things cozy, but a man—what can he do? Jake was a crabbed old fellow she reflected, but all the neighbors thought well of him and spoke of him as square and honest. Then, poor man, he had rheumatism.

Jake walked slowly over to Barbara's. He knew what it would be like there. The contrast between it and at Angie's was complete but he liked it none the better for that. Barbara's first children had been boys and were now pretty well grown and able to help with all the work. Her husband was a good farmer and things always looked thrifty and neat about the place. There were lots of chickens and turkeys, a good garden and plenty to eat. They gave him the big room downstairs and the little girls kept bringing in flowers and honeying around him. He knew what they did all that for.

Marvilla Peck was the one for him, she certainly was, he thought, the taste of the pie still in his mouth. The sentimental feeling which plays such a conspicuous part in most courtships was entirely lacking. Still, with Marvilla, good soul, there was a kind of sympathetic pity which made up for many of the old man's short comings.

"I told him I didn't want him," she apologized afterwards, "but he stayed right close by me and wouldn't hear to 'no' a bit, and I just did feel sorry for him with nobody to do for him right."

And so, there had been a bargain. First, Jake was to sell the "other" place for what he could get and divide the money equally among his six children. Of course he demurred at first but Marvilla would have it no other way, so finally he agreed to it. Marvilla's liberal heart had been made confidante to all the worries and cares that troubled Angie Simpson's life and she yearned for her and the ragged, unkempt children she had so often taken care of. She knew that the money would do them good and as the wife of Angie's father she could help them more perhaps. They would be hers—*hers* and the lonesomeness and longing she had never allowed herself to feel, gathered in her bosom. In all this world there was not a living relative that she knew about.

On a bright day a week or two later Jake Heggley came out of his room dressed in his best clothes, neatly brushed. He had on also a clean collar and a new tie.

"Why Pap," exclaimed Barbara. "Where are you goin'?" He never dressed up for anything unless it might be a funeral.

"I'm goin' to the county seat to look after that farm." he said gruffly though they all knew he had sold it a week before. "Do I have to tell you any time I go any place?"

Jake got on the train alone. Then Marvilla got on and they sat in different parts of the car. When they reached the county seat, they went quickly to the court-house and were married. Jake was a little nervous as he looked at Marvilla and realized that she was Marvilla Peck no longer but Mrs. Jake Heggley. Until then he had not felt the deep significance of his act. He almost wished he hadn't been so hasty.

"Marvilly, Marvilly," he said nervously, "don't you tell nobody."

"Why not?" she asked mildly. "They 've got to know. The license'll come out in the paper anyhow."

"Oh, but there'll be a big hullaballoo on and don't you forget it! I'd rather they'd find it out from somebody else first."

On the afternoon train they came back.

One of Barbara's boys had driven in to meet his grandfather and Marvilla walked out to her house alone.

"I've got the money for the place." said Jake when he came in. The family was just sitting down to supper. "I'd always thought mebbe I hadn't done just right by the children. I gave each girl a cow when she left home and the boys each a team o' horses and a good Bain wagon. Now, I'm goin' to do somethin' more."

Everybody looked up interested. This was entirely new. The old man took some papers out of his inside pocket.

"These here are legal papers." he said. "This'n's fer Barb'ry, a thousand dollars, an' each one's just the same, boys an' girls alike."

"Oh, Pap, you're so good." cried Barbara coming over toward him.

The old man backed off holding out the paper. "Git out, none o' yer sweetness."

"Another thing," he began a little unsteadily. "I don't like the way I'm livin'."

"Of course you don't. You can stay right here all the time, an' we'll—."

"I ain't a-goin' to though. I'm goin' over to Marvilly Peck's. She'll board me cheaper."

"Marvilly Peck—what on earth!"

"Yes, I am. She says I can come, and I guess I'll go right away if somebody'll take my things over. I ain't a-goin' to have you an' Angie and the rest all a-pullin' and a-haulin' me one way an' another."

"Better have some supper first."

"No," said the old man. "I'm goin' over right now."

When he reached Marvilla's neat little house, she was already setting the supper on the table.

"What did they say?"

"Say? Nuthin'. I didn't tell 'em."

"Didn't tell 'em! Why didn't y'? Why, Jake, we've got to. What'll folks think? We'll go right over to Angie's now."

"I'm goin' to have some supper first." he growled and dropped into a chair.

After they had finished their meal, Marvilla and Jake walked over to Angie Simpson's little tumbled-down home. The girls were washing dishes. Angie herself was stirring up yeast for tomorrow's baking. She had a headache. There were deep, dark circles around her eyes, her face was even yellower than before, and her thin shoulders had a more forlorn look.

Jake sat down on a bench and Marvilla remained standing. Angie nodded to them and brought a chair from the "other room." Jake went through his story again telling about the cow and the wagon.

"Now," he concluded. "is this thousand dollars for you."

He handed a paper to Angie who took it without a word, looked at it carefully by the fading light and folded it up.

"Thank you, Pap, you've done us a good turn." she said. "How much interest do you want?"

"He's goin' to give it to you." said Marvilla quickly. Angie looked incredulously at her father and he nodded.

"There's somethin' else too." said Marvilla.

"Yes," said Jake giving her a quick look and catching the words out of her mouth. "I'm boardin' at Marvilly's."

"We're married." said Marvilla.

"What!" The other woman took the spoon out of the sponge she was mixing and leaned heavily against the opposite wall. Her voice was deep and husky. "You don't tell me nuthin' like that, Marvilly Peck! It's easy enough to give up *one* thousand dollars when you get *ten!* The money us and our poor mother worked for is to go to you, it is?"

Her eyes were large and dilated and there was a bright red spot in her cheek.

"Don't talk like this, Angie." Marvilla interrupted, half rising.

"You don't tell me! You take him now, an old man, ready to topple into the grave and take care of him a year mebbe—."

"Oh, I'll be hear ten years yet, likely more."

"Angie." Marvilla began, interrupting the rapid flow of words. "I'm a church member an' a God-fearin' woman an' I'll do what's right."

"I *expect!*" the thin lips curled and Angie turned around.

"A thousand dollars," Jake snapped, "ought to be enough for anybody! An' you kin hold yer tongue, if you ever get

any more. I tore up my last will. You kin hand me back that money!"

Angie slipped it quickly into her waist, defiance in every angle.

"Come on, Marvilly, let's go home."

"I was afraid of this." sobbed Marvilla as they went down the road.

"I ain't dead yet, confound 'em. Guess I kin do as I d——d please with my own money."

The next week Jake Heggley went to town and bought one of the finest houses there. Then he ordered expensive furniture from the city. It was a grand place but the mere thought of it made poor Marvilla sick at heart. She felt guilty every time she touched anything or sat in a cushioned chair. Everybody in the old neighborhood was blaming her, she knew that. She was "just like all second wives." Possibly there was nobody who watched the fitting out of the new house with more venomed jealousy than did Angie Simpson. Even Molly turned her head sidewise when she passed Marvilla. The action was but slight but it cut the good woman to the quick. How she longed to go over there as she used to do and patch and mend for them all.

"An' I done it to do 'em good." she choked.

The warm summer passed, and autumn was making good headway among the leaves and grasses. A sixth baby had intruded into the Simpson home, but saw its mistake an hour later and died. Angie, however, was not getting better rapidly. There was nobody to care for her but Molly. Marvilla had almost hoped they would send for her. They always did when there was sickness.

One day when she could wait no longer she put on her sunbonnet and walked out to the little farm. It was with some trepidation that she knocked at the outer door, the first time she could ever remember of waiting for admittance. Molly stood aside for her to enter.

"Is your ma any better?"

"I do' know. Want to see her? Go on in there then." motioning toward the bed-room.

Marvilla hesitated, then pushed the door open gently. Angie turned her head.

"It's you, is it, Villy? Well, you needn't bother to come in. I don't want to see you."

"Oh Angie," sobbed Marvilla. "I--I come to do you good."

"We don't need yer goodness."

"But wait, Angie—." Marvilla backed out and closed the door. She felt as if she had been struck. She did not go home, however. She made the kitchen neat and comfortable and got Jim and the children a decent meal. She fixed up broth for the sick woman and, while she slept, tidied up the room and aired it, moving noiselessly about. Late in the afternoon she sat by the bed and kept the flies away while Angie still slept.

The woman opened her eyes and turned them toward her. "You here yet?"

"Yes," said Marvilla. "An' believe me, Angie, I never had nuthin' to do with that house. I—."

"H—m."

"Wait, let me tell you what yer Pa an' me did th'other day. We made our will and had it sworn and witnessed. All that's Jake's an' all that's mine goes to his children. His children's my children now."

She slipped her arm under Angie's head and put in a fresh pillow. Then she stroked the thin hair gently. The woman turned. There were tears in her hollow eyes. That had been nearer a caress than she had for many a long day. She sighed deeply. The room was pure and sweet, the bed clothing restful.

"Marvilly," said she. "I believe you're a good woman." Then she added brokenly. "It—it was you had the thousand dollars give us. I kind o' knowed it, but folks said—."

"Pshaw." said Marvilla gently. "Why shouldn't I want you to have it?"

"It come in awful handy, Villy, an' Pap he'd never o' done it for us."

Marvilla smoothed her brow. "Just you rest easy, Angie, an' don't get up till you want to. I'll stay right here." A glad, happy thrill ran through her. They were *hers*—her own "blood kin."

The City

By Frederic Arned Kummer

DISTORTED mass of stone and steel upreared
Upon a warren burrowed in the rock,
Titanic, cloud-crowned feet with fire seared,
Thou art to God and man alike a mock.

Deep in a labyrinthian-web, far flung,
Thy toiling victims clutch the bait of gold.
The blood of Youth has kept thee ever young,
The sins of age shall keep thee ever old.

The Golden Calf within thy roaring marts,
A million worshippers may see each day.
At morn the wine-press fills with human hearts,
At night the river sweeps the lees away.

From East and West and North and South they come,
To make thee great, they bring their puny lives;
Their hopes, built in thy granite walls, are dumb.
They give their all—thy fame alone survives.

Within the gloomy canyons of thy streets,
Forgotten churches hide in sombre dread,
While clang of bell, or shriek of whistle greets
The tortured slumbers of their restless dead.

A golden froth upon a seething pot,
A purple robe upon a painted jade,
A fruit with velvet skin and heart of rot,
A hungry beast, in front of brass arrayed.

A grave of broken dreams, forgotten goals,
A mad, fantastic dance by day or night.
A roaring torrent filled with human souls,
A queen, crowned with a diadem of light.

Thou buildest up, with mad, insensate might
Thy Babel towers. 'Neath thy scourging rod,
No man his neighbor understands aright.
Go forth, O Fools, into the Light of God!

The Day of the Dog

By Theo. H. Scheffer



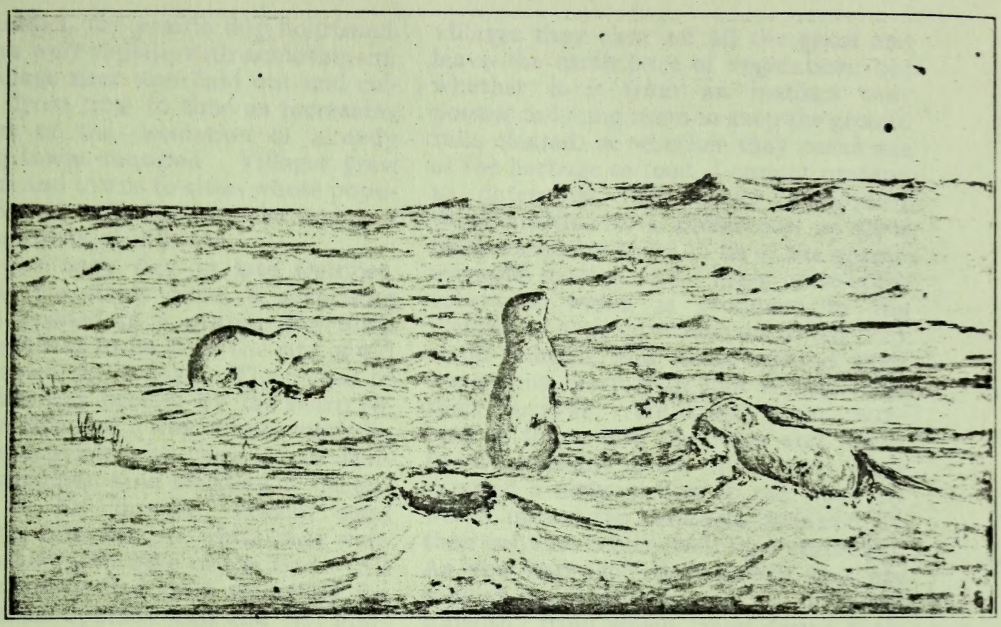
IN the days when Captain Zebulon M. Pike came trailing through the land of the Kansa with a chip on his shoulder for the Spanish authorities to dislodge, the original denizens of the plains were having things pretty much their own way. If the "wild fox" wanted to "dig his hole" he proceeded to dig it—"unscared," too. If the "rank thistle" took a notion to "nod in the wind," it nodded and there was none to gainsay. What the dog—the prairie dog—did, however, while the fox was digging and the thistle nodding, is a matter that must be investigated right now. It is safe to say that he did as he pleased so far as interference by man was concerned. His tribes had laid out their town-sites where they choose, over a broad range of country extending from the Rio Grande almost to the south fork of the Saskatchewan and from the sunrise slope of the Rockies to the grassy prairies of what is now eastern Oklahoma, Kansas, and the Dakotas. These more eastern prairies the dog shunned, preferring the short-grass country with its higher altitudes, its dry atmosphere, its hot sunshine, and its wild, free winds. The ninety-eighth meridian was a boundary line which the dog did not care to dispute with other faunal tribes.

Of course the prairie dog had his trials; every dog has. If it isn't fleas it is something else. In his case it was fleas, though, among other things, and in these modern days of germ hunting some eminent authorities have gone so far as to arraign these same fleas on the charge of distributing the plague bacillus among mankind. But there were other and more formidable foes to the peace and welfare of the prairie dog. The skulking coyote, crouching low and lying motionless until his yellow-brown coat seemed but a tuft or hummock on the buffalo sod, waited patiently for his chance to attack. Suddenly there was a rush, a swirl of dust or gravel about one of the mounds and the dog town was short one prominent citizen on its census rolls. With chattering cries of alarm the others would plunge headlong into their burrows, where, for a time at least they were safe.

The security of the burrow, was however, more fancied than real. There were other foes more insiduous and relentless than the coyote. Prominent among these was the black-footed ferret, an animal which, when its kind was sufficiently numerous locally, often depopulated an entire village, not an inhabitant being left to report the desolation. Lithe and slender of body and thirsting for blood only, the ferret might easily enter the prairie dog's burrow and wantonly kill at leisure. For the dog there was no retreat.

Sometimes the clumsy but strong and sharp-clawed badger, possessing neither the slender body of the ferret nor the skulking instincts and quick action of the coyote, set himself the task of deliberately digging out a dog from his burrow. From the standpoint of the surviving dogs it must have been some consolation to know that the clumsy foe had at least earned his meal before he enjoyed it.

While the eagles of the plains and the larger hawks, circling and hovering over the dog towns, occasionally managed to capture an unwary citizen, their presence did not constitute a serious menace to the peace and prosperity of the commonwealth. The elimination of such members of the colony as might be surprised by an enemy in plain sight overhead only served to bring out more strongly the qualities of wariness and



THE PRAIRIE DOG "AT HOME"

watchfulness in the race. But there was another enemy whose abiding presence in the dog towns was a constant menace to the lives of the young, particularly, though many an adult lost his life in the defense of his progeny. I refer to the scaly, forked-tongued, gliding rattlesnake. The very earliest of the pioneer explorers in what was then the far West frequently make mention of seeing these reptiles about the prairie dog villages. Many of these travelers, however, reached conclusions at a single bound and looked upon the association of snake and dog as a friendly one. A certain zealous but credulous missionary to the Indians even went so far as to point a moral from this remarkable illustration of the Scriptural picture of the lion and the lamb lying down together. In a restricted sense he was right, for the snake and dog often did lie down together; but the dog was always inside. These "nature-faking" stories need not have come down to us with their increment of detail and far fetched absurdities if some attention had been paid to the very first account of the prairie dog ever written. An inquiring naturalist of the Lewis and Clark expedition—1804—took occasion to investigate a suspicious bulge in the body of a rattler he had just killed, and behold the bulge was a young prairie dog. Other naturalists in more recent times have also been curious enough to want to see what was on the inside before reporting and have occasionally found two and even three young dogs in the stomach of a single snake.

Both dog and snake seem to be in mortal terror of each other. After a conflict between the two, brought on by the efforts of the latter to enter a burrow, the snake may sometimes be found outstretched with crushed neck vertebrae, while the dog crawls feebly away to succumb speedily to the terrible poison of the rattler. It is reported on good authority that when the mother of a prairie dog family returns from a temporary absence and finds her burrow occupied by a snake she sets up a peculiar cry or bark which the rest of the colony at once interpret as a tocsin. Rushing to the scene they speedily proceed to demolish the mound about the mouth of the burrow, packing the dirt into the opening until in an incredibly short time they have entombed their foe. The intruder may feast, but it will be his last meal.

Now, in spite of this array of foes, whose attacks were as irregular as they

were sudden, the prairie dog flourished. His days were replete with achievement. New village sites were laid out and colonized from time to time as increasing numbers or the desolation of already existing towns required. Villages grew to towns and towns to cities whose population occasionally ran into the tens and even hundreds of millions.

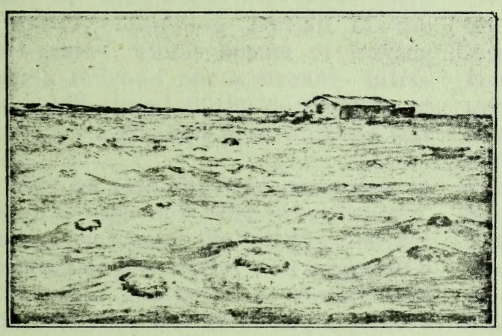
But one hazy day in late October, 1806, as we count time, a surprising thing happened in a prairie dog town near what was to be later the site of old Fort Larned in Kansas. The peace of the plains was broken by the sharp report of a rifle and a dog, whose instincts were not familiar with these death dealing instruments, sank bleeding at the entrance to his burrow. Others soon shared his fate, for the white men were on the scene with Pike in the lead. All day this party had been searching for traces of the Spanish trail and not finding any were contenting themselves now with firing at the little sentinels on the mounds that thickly dotted the flats adjacent to a small stream.

Sufficient interest attaches to Pike's account of the homes and habits of the prairie dog to warrant my quoting some extracts from his journal. His was the first account of this interesting little animal ever published, although, as already stated, notes on the subject were entered on the journals of the Lewis and Clark expedition about two years before this time. Writing under date of October 24, 1806, Pike says: "We ascended the right branch" (Pawnee fork of the Arkansas) "about five miles, but could not see any sign of the Spanish trail. We returned and on our way killed some prairie squirrels, or wishtonwishes, and nine large rattlesnakes, which frequent their villages. The wishtonwishes of the Indians, prairie-dogs of some travelers, or squirrels, as I should be inclined to denominate them, reside on the prairies of Louisiana in towns or villages, having an evident police established in their communities. Their holes descend in a spiral form; therefore I could never ascertain their depth; but I once had 140 kettles of water poured into one of them in order to drown out the occupant, without effect. In the circuit of the villages they clear off all the grass and leave the earth bare of vegetation; but whether it is from an instinct they possess inducing them to keep the ground thus cleared, or whether they make use of the herbage as food, I cannot pretend to determine. The latter opinion I think entitled to a preference, as their teeth designate them to be of the graminivorous species, and I know of no other substance which is produced in the vicinity of their positions on which they could subsist; and never extend their excursions more than half a mile from their burrows. We killed great numbers of them with our rifles and found them excellent meat, after they were exposed a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness acquired by their subterraneous dwelling is corrected. As you approach their towns you are saluted on all sides by the cry of 'wishtonwish,' from which they derive their name with the Indians, uttered in a shrill and piercing manner. It requires a very nice shot with a rifle to kill them, as they must be killed dead, for as long as life exists they continue to work into their cells. It is extremely dangerous to pass through their towns, as they abound with rattlesnakes, both of the yellow and black species; and strange as it may appear, I have seen the wishtonwish, the rattlesnake, the horn-frog, with which the prairie abounds, and a land tortoise, all take refuge in the same hole. I do not pretend to assert that it was their common place of resort; but I have witnessed the above facts more than in one instance."

Members of the party in the Long expedition—1819, 1820—also ate the flesh of the prairie dog and pronounced it "well flavored." Maximilian, in his journals written some twelve or fifteen years later, even went so far as to state that "These little animals" (prairie dogs) "are a favorite food among the Americans." Did he mean to compliment us, or not?

A little touch of color added by a naturalist and historian of Long's party will serve to complete this picture of the days of the dog's peaceful occupancy of the plains. The exploring party was trailing down a branch of the Arkansas and had reached a point somewhere in

the central part of what is now Oklahoma. During the previous night one of the violent rain storms characteristic of the season and the region had swept down over the plains from the north-west leaving the air cool and the sandy trail compact as the shingle of a beach. The party had been in the saddle since dawn and had nearly completed the day's march when, as the narrator says: "Our course led us out of the river valley, and for a few miles lay across the open plain. Here we passed a large and uncommonly beautiful village of the prairie marmots" (prairie dogs) "covering an area of about a square mile, having a smooth surface, and sloping almost imperceptibly towards the east. The grass which covers this plain is fine,



A TYPICAL PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.

thick, and close fed. As we approached the village, it happened to be covered with a herd of some thousands of bisons; on the left were a number of wild horses, and immediately before us twenty or thirty antelopes, and about half as many deer. As it was near sunset the light fell obliquely upon the grass, giving an additional brilliancy to its dark verdure. The little inhabitants of the village were seen running playfully about in all directions, and as we approached they perched themselves on their burrows, and proclaimed their terror in the customary note of alarm. A scene of this kind comprises most of what is beautiful and interesting to the passing traveler in the wide unvaried plains of the Missouri and Arkansas."

In the wake of the exploring parties came the settlers, slowly for the first few decades then in successive waves of migration that soon overspread the fertile valleys and began to creep out along the water courses that threaded the more arid plains. As long as free range for cattle existed little attention was paid to the prairie dog, except to note that the numbers of the little animal were steadily increasing with the advent of the settler. This increase was due to man's interference in nature's balance of power by destroying the natural enemies of the prairie dog, and to the cultivation of crops which furnished additional food supplies for the herbivorous wild animals. When, however, the lands began to be taken up by sections and quarters for grazing, dry farming, and irrigation purposes, it soon became evident that the prairie dog was in the way; that his villages disfigured the fair face of the plains and that his kind cropped the grass so closely as to leave nothing for the cattle. The first general occupancy by settlers of the eastern edge of the semi-arid belt, in the middle Eighties, lasted but a brief time; so brief, indeed, that before the prairie dogs had become accustomed to the proximity of sod shanties and to the neatly turned furrows made by the breaking plow, these same shanties began to crumble from neglect and dwarf sunflowers were bending before the wind where the erstwhile claim holder had pictured fields of waving grain.

When, almost in the beginning of the present decade, the lure of the West and a succession of more prosperous seasons again drew settlers to the edge of the plains, the more observant and better trained were not long in taking stock of the country's resources. In this invoice of things the prairie dog was reckoned—well, not among the assets. By careful investigation and computations, made through the assistance of the Bureau of Biological Survey, it was found that two hundred fifty prairie dogs will eat about as much as one steer, and that on their extensive village sites the dogs were drawing upon the land for from fifty to seventy five per cent of its producing capacity. Moreover, in the interim between the first and the second influx of immigration the prairie dog had steadily increased in numbers, to such an extent, even, that some of the scattered

settlers who had remained to brave the country's hardships were now literally forced to leave with their cattle. Along the Smoky Hill river in Kansas a prairie dog town extended almost continuously for about one hundred twenty five miles. In this infested territory a post office—Elkader—was said to have been abandoned for no other reason than that the prairie dogs had driven its patrons from the land.

From general apathy regarding the prairie dog the settlers awoke to the knowledge that he was a terrible nuisance, a menace to the industries of the country. Legislatures and experiment stations were importuned for aid and tentative attacks were made upon the pest here and there. But it remained for Kansas to bear the brunt of the battle. In the legislative session of of 1901 in that state, one Steve Cave of Haskell county—a section of the "Short-grass" which boasts of having neither a railroad nor a stream—introduced a bill aimed at the destruction of the country's greatest pest, and the war was on.

It may be said that the campaign in Kansas, though not brief, was decisive. After the passage of the bill the conduct of matters experimental and aggressive was given in charge of a special field agent. Circular letters of inquiry were at once sent out to the officers of the various townships in the state, and the facts and figures given in their replies were tabulated. In this way it was learned that the total area of lands in Kansas infested by prairie dogs amounted to two and one half millions of acres.

After a few months of experimentation, poisoning was adopted as the cheapest and most easily applied method of solving the prairie dog problem. The agent of the state proceeded to carry the war into the infested territory in a series of vigorous campaigns which have since been followed by attacks all along the line. Bulletin succeeded bulletin in organizing and furthering the work and the public press copied and quoted profusely. The wholesale drug houses of the country were taxed to their utmost to supply the poison. In Kansas alone a ton of potassium cyanide and strychnine has been used. While the work of extermination has been largely carried on by township and county officers acting under provisions of the laws, their efforts have been ably seconded by many private individuals whose interests enlisted their co-operation.

The results of all this effort may be briefly summed up—for Kansas, at least. Over most of the broad scope of country once the domain of the dog, he is no longer a factor to be reckoned with by the farmer and the stockman. In many townships and some counties practical extermination of the pest has been secured. To such an extent has the little animal become a thing of the past in many localities, that the occasional isolated dog town is now looked upon by the residents as a matter of interest and old-time association rather than as a nuisance. Still, in many quarters of the West, particularly along the Smoky Hill river in Kansas and over vast areas of the plains sloping eastward from the Rockies, the prairie dog has yielded ground but slowly and will probably remain to interest at least the first generation of Westerners which succeeds the present one. The edict of the settler has gone forth against the "petit chien," however, and this means that the day of the dog is in its closing hours.

Buried Treasure

By F. Dumont Smith

AUNT KATY was a medium. I do not mean a professional, one of those grafters who show you your grandmother for fifty cents and "tell your past and future." She was what I suppose would be called today "psychic", though we knew not the word then.

She was a frail body with fair hair that never grew gray, a delicate face, with a faint tinge of winter rose in the cheeks and blue eyes that seems always looking at some other world than this. She had a curious faculty for reading people. She never made a mistake in character, and could diagnose an ailment infallibly though she knew nothing of medicine, and those near-sighted, blue eyes that seemed to look out from some other sphere into this, possessed strange powers of vision. Once in a while when no one but the family were about she would consent "to sit." And the lights would be turned low and we would sit in a circle and join our fingers on the table. Presently one would feel a strange prickling and crackling in the finger tips and the pulse would throb as it does when one grasps a galvanic battery; and then the table would begin to creak and act uneasy. It would tip a little and by and by, there would be tiny tappings on the bottom where no human hand was and those rappings spelled communications. I have forgotten the code but there were strange messages that Aunt Katy and my mother devoutly believed were from another world. And sometimes Aunt Katy would begin to struggle, her features would twitch and then with a sigh she would become unconscious and speak to us in a thin far-away voice and answer questions and tell us about absent relatives and what they were doing and how they fared; and these tidings of the near or the far were always true as we learned from time to time. We never spoke about Aunt Katy's powers to people outside the family. I think we were just a little ashamed of these dealings with the occult. Spiritualism was not very fashionable in those days; in fact it was hardly considered respectable and these transactions with the other world were much frowned upon by the conservative people who constitute public opinion.

But there was always something in these sittings inexplicable by any knowledge we possessed, unaccountable by any force we knew of and though we never tried to put them to any practical account we more or less believed in her mysterious powers.

One Sunday night when she was visiting us I was away from home. This was not unusual but I had gone across the river to spend Sunday with a friend on his fishing shore, and while I am not bound to tell how we spent our Sundays, I will admit that fishing shores on the Potomac are not opened with prayer, nor did we go to church. I had gone as usual in my sailboat, the swiftest, crankiest, most uncertain water-witch that ever skimmed the top of a wave. She was so cranky that if a june-bug lit on the mast she would capsize, but she could out-sail anything on the river, and I spent half my waking hours in her with my factotum, Ise, a worthless darky about my own age. The neighbors predicted that the boat would be the death of me and my poor mother was never easy when I was out in her. It had been a rough day on the river, blowing half a gale, and reckless as I was I dared not venture homeward till the wind had gone down with the sun and so I was late and my mother nervously anxious for me. To please her, Aunt Katy consented to "sit" and learn if I were in danger. Here was a curious thing about her trances as she explained them: She was more or less conscious of everything though physically insensible; she

knew where she was and what she was saying. It seemed to her that in this condition friends long since lost to her came and took her from that insensible body and showed her scenes far distant; scenes that she described with the accuracy of a photograph and more or less of this she remembered when she came from under this mysterious influence. And so that night she was taken to some place she had never seen and she described it. And there she was shown a buried treasure and told that all those who might claim it were dead and that it belonged to any lucky finder. But news of me she had none; and in fact a little later I was safely home.

Curiously enough, no one present had ever seen or heard of the spot she described but I knew it instantly. It was in a lonely part of the Great Neck or peninsula on which we lived, far up Accopanck Bay, cut off from the railroad station on one side by a great marsh impassible except when deeply frozen, and on the other side by rank thickets and broken woodland, wholly uninhabited. Moreover the place had a sinister name and a no less sinister history.

It had belonged to a cadet branch of the once wealthy and powerful Magruder family. Just before the war this branch of the family that inhabited the place consisted of the father, the mother, a northern woman, a son and a daughter. The father was a morose silent man, accredited a miser. They went nowhere, not even to church. The son was a young ruffian who consorted with the poor whites and wood choppers, forsaking young people of his own rank. The girl was seldom seen, a shy timid creature, not without girlish charms but unsought by wooers or young people, of any sort. The mother was a dim, colorless woman, bowed with some ailment that kept her much in the house; and so for years the family lived in that remote spot difficult of access, unvisited and almost forgotten even by their own kin.

The tragic end of this family was as swift, as comprehensive, as horrible as the plot of Oedipus. A young overseer, employed because of the idleness of the son, fell in love with the girl and she with him. Because he was an overseer matrimony was denied them and they came together without the sanction of the church. When the consequences discovered the shameful truth, the son caught the overseer and shot him like a dog in the very doorway of his own cabin and his blood soaked the threshold for hours before his body was removed. The war was just beginning. *Inter arma silent ledges.* Amid the discord of civil war the crime went unpunished, without even an inquiry. The girl died in child-birth. The father and son enlisted in the Southern army. The negroes ran away. The mother went to her relatives in the North and was forgotten. The father was killed at Bull Run almost within sight of his own house and the son fell in some obscure skirmish. Deserted, abandoned, the big house was for awhile the home of a band of guerillas and one day a passing gunboat, annoyed by their sharp-shooting, threw a well aimed shell, that bursting through the front door exploded in the hall, fired the house, and in an hour nothing was left of it but the two great chimneys,—t h a t characteristic l a n d mark of the South when the war ended, —marking the site of many a once stately home.

Left without tillage the impoverished fields relapsed into forest. The wilderness reclaimed its own. Barns and outbuildings were gone, fences had disappeared. Nothing remained of the once comfortable and even stately home but the two great chimneys holding forth to the elements their fireplaces that would never again dance with firelight to welcome host and guest. Of all the tilled land, naught remained but a little triangle about the house stretching down to the bay and ending on the border of the swamp. Nothing grew on this but brambles and poisonous vines. It seemed as though the wholesome trees shunned the spot as accursed and in fact the story soon grew that the place was haunted; that the murdered overseer walked o'nights, and year by year the story grew that somewhere about the place the old miser had buried a hoard.

But such was the reputation of the place that no one, white or black cared to visit it or dig for the treasure. And shunned by every one its owners dead,

its title lost in uncertainty, it lay unvisited, unclaimed, a free-hold derelict.

My wandering feet had brought me to the borders of that clearing more than once but I had never cared to explore it, but one object had fixed my attention. At the apex of the triangular clearing that remained and on the borders of the swamp, stood a Sweet-gum the very monarch of the forest. Too soft for timber, too tough to split, the Sweet-gum is spared for its uselessness and this one had grown to a vast height. The foliage of the Sweet-gum when touched by the first frost turns a vivid scarlet, a perfect flame of color, and many a time in the early autumn, coming unexpectedly on one of these trees I have thought the forest on fire. Owing to its height and situation, almost on the shore, it was a land-mark for the river men, and steamboats ran through the channel into the Bay and out by this great tree.

But as I have said, neither Aunt Katy nor any of those of the family who sat with her that night had ever seen or heard of the place. But she had described it minutely. The ruined mansion, the log cabin, the great tree, everything was there as clear, as exact as a negative.

I think there was some talk that my brother and I would go there sometime and explore the place. But the days passed. We were young; it was that golden time when the days are so short and the years are so long. Seed time and harvest, feast and frolic, gun and dog and boat claimed my time. The incident was almost forgotten. We had removed to the city when Aunt Katy once more visited us. And with her came an old friend of the family. He was a rare man, unlike any one I have ever known. Born of a Massachusetts family of the bluest blood, of the very Brahmin caste of New England, comfortably rich, and a graduate of her proudest college, he had been all his life a wanderer, a frequenter of silent places. He had fished and hunted and trapped from Florida to the Arctic Circle. A born woodsman, he loathed cities and civilization and people and spent his life in the waste places of the earth. One of his few friends was Aunt Katy and he believed religiously in her occult powers. I do not remember why he was with us, tarrying for a day I think, on his way to the Everglades. But that night he insisted on a sitting to know what his only sister was doing back in Hartford. He got no news of his sister that night but instead Aunt Katy was once more shown the Magruder place, the Buried Treasure. She was even told the amount thirty thousand dollars, and just where it lay and how to find it.

Barstead was on fire at once. He cared nothing for the money; it was the adventure that called to him. He insisted that he and I should go at once and prove the truth of this friendly ghost's description. I was little loath. I had been wearing out shoe leather on paving stones till I hated the city. I was longing for a touch of the open, for a smell of the woods. It was near Christmas but the weather was mild and open. The adventure would take me into the woods for a week and so the trip was planned. We decided to go to the nearest railroad station and from there by boat. As duck hunters we would excite no suspicion and no comment.

At the railroad station where the Bay becomes a river we found a flat bottomed boat for hire. We had the usual dunnage of duck hunters but concealed in it were spade and pick and shovel and a light strong steel rod for sounding.

I remember that the day was unusual for late December even in that climate. The Bay was like a mirror. A low haze hung over the distant water, the sun was obscured but shone warmly and the air was like summer. "A weather breeder," I said, "we shall have a Northeasterner before morning," and we buckled to the oars. Two hours steady pulling brought us to the place. The sun sank suddenly as we landed. The wind was rising and moaning in the trees. The sky was overcast with premonitions of the coming storm. I had seen that deserted corner of the earth more than once but never had it looked so sinister, so ominous.

The massed and imminent woods dark in the fading light, the ruined house, the deserted cabin, the leafless branches of the giant Sweet-gum, the overcast sky, the moaning wind, and over all, the shadow of guilt and crime,

of unhappy love and untimely death, hung like a pall.

"And over all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
That said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

But Barstead was insensible to tradition and weather. He cared no more for ghosts than he did for the elements and he had dared the latter in too many climes to fear them.

We found the overseer's cabin sound but nearly uninhabitable. Its tamarack logs were undecayed but the chinking was gone and the rising wind whistled through the cracks, the door was off the hinges but whole. Floor there was none but the dirt was dry and hard and the fire place and chimney were in perfect order. With some boards we had brought we contrived a bunk in one corner nearest the fire-place and I cut pine boughs and gathered leaves for a mattress while Barstead chopped firewood. Night fell quickly and with it came the wind. The violence of the first gust drove us indoors, if such it could be called, where the wind shrieked through the unchinked logs, howled up the wide chimney and sent us shivering to our blankets. The terrific draft made the wood burn like tinder. It fairly flew up the chimney in smoke and sparks. Hardly was a log thrown on the fire before it was a flaming mass, and before we had garnered its heat it was ashes. There was nothing for us to do but to chop and chop. For myself I am no axeman. I could not have chopped wood enough that night to have kept the tiniest blaze. But Barstead was master of all woodcraft and somehow we got through the night though we never slept. Sleep was impossible.

The cold in that open cabin was intense and the wind terrific. I have never seen it blow harder on land. Straight from far Labrador it came, across ice floes and shrieking seas and tumbling white-caps till it found us shivering before that inadequate fire and raved and howled about us like something insane. At times its voices were almost human and there was human malevolence in its impact and persistence. But it kept me from thinking of the dead overseer and the bloodstained threshold and that tale of illicit love and shameful death. Morning found us a pallid shivering pair. Even Barstead's iron nerves were shaken, but coffee and bacon put new heart in us and under his directions we set to work to mend our house. The wind moderated but it was growing colder, and we hastened to bring mud from the spring under the old sweet gum and chink enough of the logs to make a wind break. We cut and piled wood about the bunk and before the fire-place and night found us fairly comfortable. We were too tired to dig that night and slept on our pine boughs and forest leaves, the sleep of weariness.

That night a light snow fell. I tracked and shot a rabbit and Barstead fixed a dead fall baited with corn-meal and that evening caught a big, wild turkey. We had agreed that it was too risky to dig in the day time, and we spent the day completing our cabin and lounging before the fire. The hours were short, for Barstead of the camp was a different Barstead from the man I had known. In company he was shy, unspoken, wordless. He was not a boor, his manners were perfect, but he had nothing to say. The small talk of civilization was not for him. But in camp, sprawled on our blankets before the fire, pipes going, he was the most companionable of men, the prince of story-tellers.

We were lucky in one thing throughout the days we passed, no human being came near that clearing. We might have been in the middle of a desert or marooned on a coral reef in the South seas for all of human faces we ever saw and that was entirely to our minds. And so the second night we set to work. In that last sitting the Friendly Ghost had come to particulars. The great Sweet-gum tree was one point and a rock above the spring another and at the apex of a triangle drawn from those two, was the spot. We were to dig till we struck a flat stone and beneath that was the box that held the gold. And first we made our measurements and then split off the frozen top soil for a wide space and probed with our steel rod. At first we struck nothing, but at last at a depth of nearly five feet we

struck rock. That encouraged us, though rock is common enough in that country. But somehow Barstead's faith, the surroundings, the spell of rumor and tradition, had taken hold of me. I had begun to believe the treasure was there and the spirit of boyish adventure, the mere junket had given way to a serious belief and purpose.

We fell to work and dug for hours. The rock was deeper than we thought and day-light was palely glimmering when we struck it. We had waited till midnight before we begun and so we must stop for a day.

We ate and slept and smoked and ate, and wore out the hours till midnight came again. We began to clear the surface of the rock believing that beneath it lay the treasure but the rock was immovable. We extended our digging without reaching its limits, to go further we must widen our excavation. So once more we began at the top and widened the hole. Once more day-light was upon us and no result.

The next night we found the edge of the rock, a thin slab of sand-stone, perhaps a foot thick. It seemed the very rock we had looked for. But still it was immovable. We dug and widened till daylight came without reaching its limits. We wore the day out again. We were fairly convinced now that this huge slab was never put there by hands, and we held a serious council as to where we should dig next.

We went over our measurements again.. They were exact. This was the rock we were looking for. And so that night we cut down at the disclosed edge and began to burrow beneath it. Night after night we toiled away. We were down so deep now that we must relay the dirt to get it out and at the bottom we were in the ooze and slime that percolated from the nearby swamp. Our hands were blisters, and with tired backs we groaned under the unaccustomed labor. We were unshaven, unkempt, our clothes matted with clay, but the lure of gold spurred us on. Night after night we delved and burrowed, widening our tunnel, propping the rock with timbers till we had excavated beneath it, a space far wider than our original measurements. Night after night we returned to the work, and night after night our faith slowly waned. Dejection began to take the place of confidence. We no longer talked but rested in sullen silence beside the fire. Our food supply reached its limit. Coffee, bacon, and meal were gone. Nothing remained but a few potatoes and a remnant of the turkey.

When we emerged from the tunnel at the end of the seventh night the gray dawn just breaking over the sinister loneliness of that accursed spot, our faith failed. With bitter dejection we agreed that we would dig no more. If the treasure was there it was not for us.

We rested a few hours and prepared to leave. The river had frozen so that we could not return as we came. There was but one way out, to walk twelve miles around the great swamp to another station. Wearily we set out. An accident to my foot a few days before, not yet healed, and aggravated by the cold and exposure, made me almost a cripple. But somehow I managed to hobble over those twelve interminable miles of rugged frozen roads, in pain at every step, cursing Magruder and his gold and the ghost who had lied to us.

We reached the station forespent with weariness and dejection to find that it was Christmas Eve, and the little doggery that fronted the railroad, was serving "Tom and Jerrys," a time-honored custom in Old Virginia.

I do not know how many we drank, but sometime in the night Barstead put me on the train and when I awoke I was in my own bed and the bells of St. Aloyisius were ringing for Christmas morning.

The next summer I went West and years passed before I saw once more that beautiful stream, that old, wasted, impoverished yet still fair land. As it happened I was coming up the river on the "John W. Garland" and sitting in the pilot house with my old friend Captain Ross who had run the river for forty years. He had seen the Old Dominion in its flower, witnessed the ravages of Civil War and the long, slow decay of that which had once been one of the fairest richest and proudest of commonwealths. He knew the river and

its people, and sitting there in the lofty wheel-house I watched the estuaries of the great river open, draw near, and close; the giant headlands burning with Autumnal glory, shine and fade away, and listened to the Captain's mellow voice as he recalled old times and old friends. When we swung into our marks at the mouth of Accopanck where the channel runs far into the Bay the first thing my eye caught was the great Sweet-gum on the Magruder place, a pyramid of flame, resplendent, still staunch and unbowed.

"I see you still run by the old Sweet-gum," I said.

"Yes sah," said the Captain "I sholy would miss that ole tree." I picked up his binoculars and examined the place. It seemed unchanged except that the girdle of forest had drawn a little closer, the little clearing was smaller but the old chimneys still stood untouched and the overseer's cabin seemed as sound as ever. The old man watched me for awhile, ruminating his tobacco, and slowly swinging the wheel back and forth as he worked his way into the bay. I was silent, recalling my adventures in that dreary spot, wondering at my own youthful folly, the credulity that could have believed such a tale of buried treasure. At last with a sharp order to his wheel-man he swung the wheel hard down and turned the prow toward the open river. In a few minutes the clearing disappeared, then the big tree faded from view and we headed for Occonac Landing. This was my old home wharf, but if I expected to see any familiar faces I was disappointed. Not a face that I knew, nothing but strangers. I had had some vague thought of landing and spending a day but the strange faces discouraged me. I concluded that it was not worth while to see the old home in the hands of strangers, to revisit like some forgotten ghost those happy spots and wander forlorn among scenes that could not longer bring me anything but regretful memories.

"For the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.
And the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom."

As we left the wharf and swung into the main channel the Captain resigned the wheel to his assistant, sat down beside me and accepted a cigar.

"Well," he said, "how does it look to you."

I replied rather sadly that I had seen nothing but strangers.

"Yes," he said "the old folks is all dead and the young ones all moved away. Its a mighty poh country and it gits a little poheh everh yeah. They don't ship as much from the whahf now as they did twenty year ago. They's no chance for a young man. You was smaht to leave. No body has made any money in the Neck in my time but that Boston yankee. Seein' the Old Magruder place reminded me of him."

I pricked up my ears.

"The Old Magruder place" I said. "what made that remind you of him?"

"That was whah he made the money."

If some of the Captains reminescences had fallen on inattentive ears before, he had an interested listener now. "Tell me about it" I said "I used to know that old place well."

"Was that afteh youah time? I reckon it must aben, though its been a right smaht while back. Do you ricollect the time they found the big hole on the place whah some one had been diggin?" Did I? Well I might, but I disclaimed all recollection of it. "Well I reckon that was shohtly afteh you left. Some duck huntahs camped thah and found that some one had spent a right smaht while diggin a hole on the ole place and thah was a powah of talk about it up and down the riveh for you know they used to say Old Man Magruder who was a kind of a miseh, had lef' buried money thah. Anyway some one had suah been pesticating around thah lookin foh it. One of the duck huntehs told me that the hole was big nuff to bury a bouse in. But anyway right soon after that hyah cum a shahp nosed yank from Boston down the riveh one day and got himself put off at Occonac. He spent quite awhile with me up hyuh in the wheelhouse, and asked me a lot of questions about the Magrudeh place and whah it was and how to get to it. I finally told him to hunt up old Barclay Magruder, he was alive then and a

powehful good niggah, you know he belonged to 'em befoh the wah, and he'd likely tote him thah as fah as the clairin' anyhow. Well it tuhned out that Old Bahk was at the landin with his mule and the stranger and him afteh some bahgainin, stahted off togetheh. I remembeh the Yank had two old fashioned cahpet bags with him. The nex mawnin when we came back, hyah was Mistoh Yank and Ole Bahk at the landin'. The stranger suah was muddied up some, he was red clay to his waist and he was about the haggardest lookin man I eveh see. He looked like he hadn't slep foh a week. He and Bahk toted his bags onto the boat and that man neveh stopped till he had them two old cahpet bags in the puhseh's office. Then he give ole Bahk a drink and a five dollah bill and seemed as glad to get away 'fom that whahf is if he was runnin' from yellow feveh.

"When we got to the city, which was then about one o'clock he called a hack and made the puhseh go with him straight to a bank but the puhseh neveh got to see what was in the bags noh no one else. On the next down trip the puhseh who was mightily intrusted got Old Bahk into his room and give him a drink and pumped him of all he knew which wasn't much. Old Bahk as I knew, wouldn't go neah the house but him and his ole mule cahied the strangeh to the aidge of the clairin' and lef him thah about sundown, promisin' to come afteh him again at sunup.

"Well sah, Bahk was thah and thah was the strangeh waitin', white as a sheet, and mud to his neck. He 'sisted on liftin' the bags in himself and they must ha' bin heavy and he made Bahk drive him out of thah as fast as the ole mule could go.

"Well Bahk he wasn't satisfied. He was mighty cu'us to know what that white man was prodjiickin' round thah foh and as he got a white wood choppeh from High Pint to go with him and vestigate. Bahk wouldn't go inside the clairin' but the white man he went and he found whah the strangeh had done prized up the ole ha'ath stone and dug down about three feet and at the bottom of the hole was a squah place jest like a box had done rested thah. But the box was gone and the hole empty."

The hearth-stone. There it was all the time and we had sat within three feet of the treasure for a week.

Oh, Friendly Ghost, where was your sense of location? Did you leave it behind when you parted with terrestrial things and was your arithmetic as faulty as your geography? And then the irony of it. With what sardonic humor that old man must have crossed that blood stained threshold and buried his treasure beneath the hearth-stone of the destroyer of his daughter, the wrecker of his home and honor. And there through the years the gold had lain, guarded by the wraith of the murdered overseer, keeping watch in death over his masters hoard, protecting the hiding place till the heir should come.

"Well o' cose that set folks atalkin' and finally it stuhed up the man down in Prince William County who held the tax title on the ole place. You know them Prince William County people are mighty overreachin', always a lawin' and tryin to git some one else's proputty."

Every old fashioned Virginian firmly believes that the people of his own county are the most generous, honorable and hospitable people in the world, while those in the adjoining county, outside of a few they may happen to be related to are "mighty over reachin' and graspin." Likewise his own county is the healthiest in the state; even though he may be taking ten grains of quinine before breakfast every morning. "Thah's no feveh heah sah" while the next county is "just plumb full of it."

"Seems like endurin' the wah the old place had been sold for taxes and this hyah Prince William man done bo't it: fust him and Miss Magruder and lateh the executors and ligatees had been lawin' about it eveh since. Well you know how them law suits go up to the Cote House (videlicit County Seat,) they ain't in no hurry up thah. Every once in awhile they gits the papeh's out and files em again, wondeh they aint plumb woh out, and the judge says somepin or does somepin and then they all go to sleep agin."

How well I remembered the "Cote House" with its antique temple of justice buried in ancient oaks, surround-

ed by a square, with the tavern and two or three stores, and a few old fashioned, pillared, white painted houses. Every one asleep even to the dogs and swine that wallowed by the road side. Twice a year there was a semblance of life at "Cote time," an imperfect resurrection, when a few old white-headed lawyers, made perfunctory motions, which the judge sustained or overruled; the cerements of various long dead cases were removed and the remains exposed, and then reinterred till the next term. And then the village relapsed into its customary slumber for another six months. If ever a case was finally tried and ended I never heard of it. Most of the business was in chancery under the old practice, land titles obscured by the mishaps of Civil War, the lapse of time, tax titles, unknown heirs and every technicality known to a highly technical practice. No one, litigants or lawyers ever seemed to want a final judgment. Probably all were afraid of the result. And so cases drowsed through the years, awakening now and then for some interlocutory order that disturbed no one.

"Well this case had been pesterin' along jest that away. Old Jedge Basset was fur the tax title man and young Crozier was foh the Nothehn folks." Young Crozier was fifty years old when I knew him, but there had once been an "Old" Crozier, long dead, and this gray-haired old man would be "Young" Crozier to the last. "You remember Ole Magrudeh and the boy was both killed and ole Miss Magrudeh who was a nothehn woman died up thah somewhahs. But when Mr. Tax Title Man begin to suspicion that this huyh Yank had done come down and dug up a whole lot of money on the ole place he jes nachully tuk his foot in his han' and cum arunnin. Yes Sah, thah was somethin' doing. They say Old Jedge Basset got nigh fifty dollahs out of that case one way and anotheh and no one knows how much Young Crozieh got. But law, the Yankee had too much money. That money he got out fum undeh that ha'ath stone was too much for Mistah Tax Title. You know money allus wins in a law suit? Don't you? They tell me you all got to be right smaht of a lawyeh out West thah and you know that dont you?"

I admitted that sometimes the scales of justice might be deflected if there was a great deal of money on one side but I wanted to know what this fabulous sum was that the Yankee had got from under the old hearth-stone, that money that really belonged to me.

The old man chuckled. "Well that was funny. The Yank, he win the case but Jedge Basset in the upshot made him tell how much he dug up. Mistah Yank, he didn't want to. He wriggled and he squirmed and he twisted and he demurred and he continued, and he nolleed and prevaricated but at last the Jedge he got him under o'th and how much do you think it was?"

The mists of twenty years rolled away. I sat in my mother's sitting room in the old house, the lights turned low, the rapt circle about her, now alas all gone but me, while Aunt Katy's sweet, thin, far-away voice described the spot she had never seen and told where the miser she had never heard of had left his treasure.

"You'd neveh guess" said the captain.

I had faith in the ghost. "Captain" I said "I'll make you a sporting proposition, I'll bet you two of those big long mint juleps that Nigger George makes better than any bartender on the river, that I can guess the amount the first time."

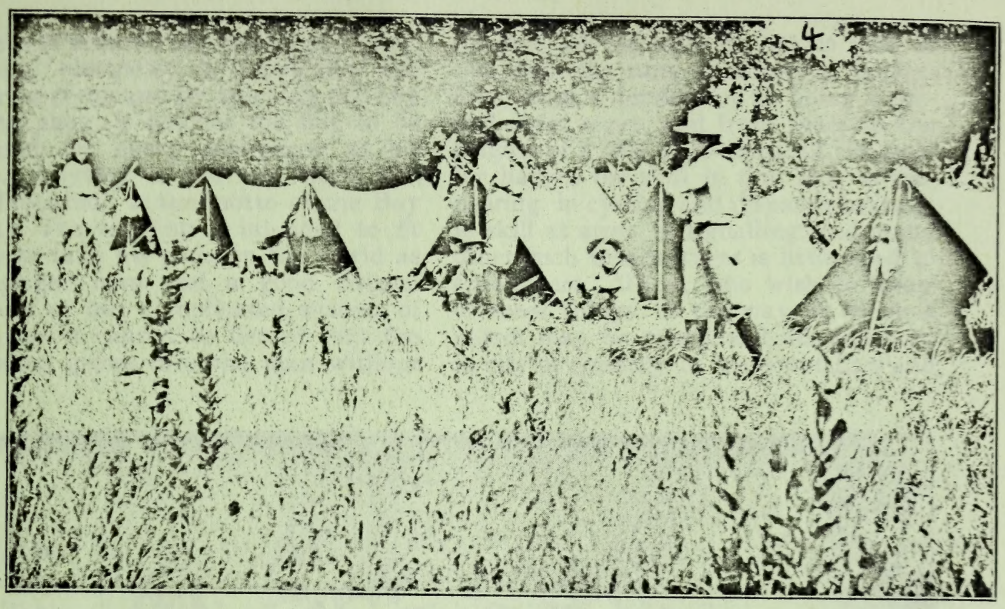
"You all ah on." said the Captain.

"Thirty Thousand Dollars."

"You win." said the Captain sadly, "but some one done tole you."

"Captain" I said solemnly," No human being ever told me the amount."

Was I right?



A TYPICAL CAMP OF BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts of America

By F. John Romanes

SCOUTING for Boys is now being talked of to such an extent that it would not be far wrong to say that the movement has assumed national proportions. The actual origin of Boy Scouts seems to be a matter of some doubt, but very few great movements are able to trace their origin to the man who first conceived the project. In the case of the Boy Scouts, whoever was the first to conceive the plan, it is clear that the credit for making the movement a live thing, for getting the boys to undertake the training, belongs to Lieut. General, Sir Robert Baden Powell of the British army. In the seige of Mafeking in the War in South Africa, General Baden Powell utilised the boys of the town as dispatch carriers and medical orderlies. Upon his return to England the General was struck by the waste of Boy energy in Great Britain and organized the first patrol of Boy Scouts. This proved to be such a success that soon other patrols were formed, either by the General himself or by his immediate friends. During the first year or so the movement spread but slowly, then B. P., as the General is known the world over, wrote the Scouts' handbook, Scouting for Boys. From the time that book was published the movement had spread like the fire in the forest raised by the chance match of a careless camper. B. P. confesses that in his wildest dreams he never thought that his book would raise the fire of enthusiasm throughout the world as it has done. Go where you will, to Great Britain, to Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, you will find the Boy Scouts. The handbook has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and companies formed on the the lines laid down in the book.

The movement is not a military movement. Its originator never intended it to be so, but the traning has all the best

features of military life, discipline, honor, bravery, alertness; it inculcates the power to command by teaching the boy how to obey; it teaches the boy to be prepared for every emergency at all times. Loyalty is the key word and "Be Prepared" is the motto of the Boy Scout. The training is intended to fit a boy to take his place in the world as an upright man and a good citizen. In spite of our complicated system of education it cannot be denied that the boy often grows into the man without



RAVEN PATROL, SALINE COMPANY OF BOY SCOUTS

that moral, and in the cities the physical backbone which is necessary if he is to "make good." The training the Boy Scout receives fills the gap and makes the boy a self-reliant and most useful member of society. In England if you get into any difficulty, lose your way, become stranded in a strange town, suffer an accident, or any other such misfortune, you may at once turn to a Boy Scout and you will be helped in the most practical possible way and without any further motive on the part of the boy than because it is his duty and if you offer him a tip he gives you the Scout salute and thereby rebukes you.

As for the actual training the Scout receives, of the tests he has to pass to rise from the rank of recruit to tenderfoot, from a tenderfoot to being a second class scout, and from there to the heights of a first class scout, of the tests for badges for skill in first aid, in pioneering, in cycling and dispatch bearing, in skill at arms, in signalling, and many other such things, there is little need to speak here. Those who wish to know of these things, of the way in which a patrol may be raised and administered in city or country, of the Scout Law and other kindred matters, may inquire of one of the headquarters or of the writer. But it may be of interest to give a short sketch of the first properly organized company of Boy Scouts in this country.

The Raven Patrol of the Salina Company of Boy Scouts claims to be the premier patrol of the first properly organized company. This patrol has flourished since its start in the early part of this year. During the winter and spring months the Scoutmaster trained the boys in discipline, the elements of drill and signalling (semaphore), in the Scout Law, in various scouting games, until all but two of the ten recruits were able to pass the Tenderfoot

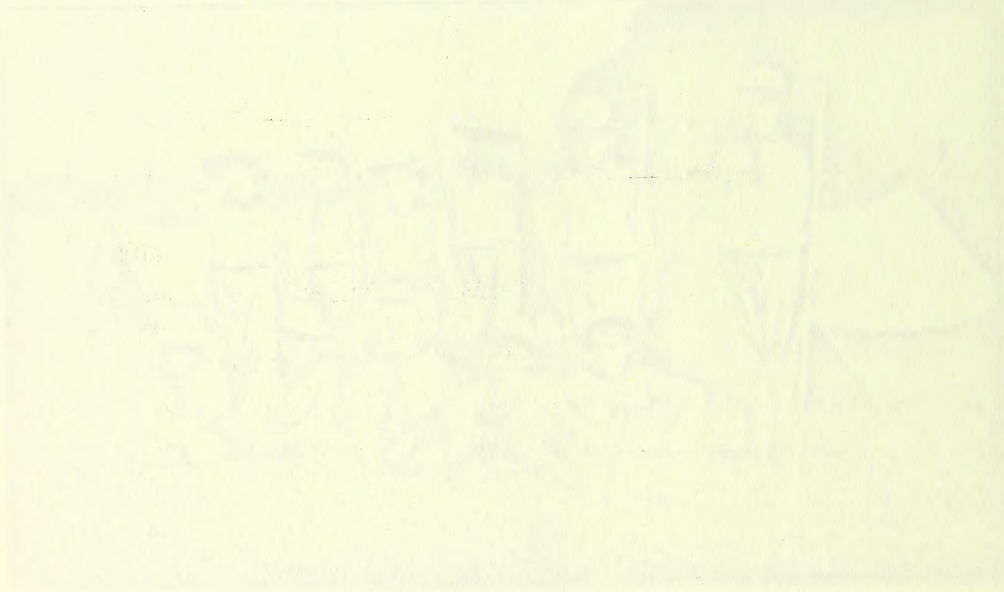
test and be enrolled as members of the world wide organization of Boy Scouts and receive the coveted Scout badge. During this time the boys had been saving up their money and in June went into camp for nine days. From every point of view this camp was reckoned a success. Three boys passed the test for a second class scout, one obtained his cycling badge. The camp was some 16 miles from their local headquarters and both the march out and more especially the return march was a very creditable performance. The latter was done at



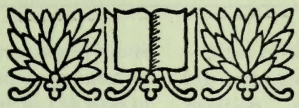
WOLF PATROL IN CAMP

night; camp being broken at 11:00 p. m. and the march begun at midnight and the distance covered in about four and a half hours. Now this Patrol has doubled its numbers and will be divided into two. The result of camp was to increase the interest in Scouting amongst the other boys in the town and the Scoutmaster was able to refuse admittance to several applicants, thus raising the status of the Scouts in the eyes of the boys.

In order to give the movement a fair start and to keep it in the right channel when it is properly under way a District Headquarters has been formed and the Boy Scout District Commissioner is engaged in forming patrols and troops all over Kansas and Colorado and helping others who are engaged in the same work locally. The movement is progressing as fast as is good for it and the commissioner is kept busy answering questions and giving advice. A Scout paper is being published, the first number being the October issue. This paper will keep the different scattered patrols united in methods and aims, it will maintain the Scout standards for the tests for the badges of merit, and give a general sense of unity to the whole movement. The Scout Commissioner is ready at all times to answer any questions and to give any help in his power to those who are interested in this great movement for the training of the boys of this country. That the movement is going to be a mighty power for good if it is properly controled is undisputed. The effects of it are already apparent in this country where patrols and troops have already been organized, while in Great Britain, it is no exaggeration to say that it has entirely altered the life and manners of the boys and brought back to light that chivalry of the ancient days, which had so long lain dormant and unused.



For the benefit of those who wish for further information on this subject or who desire to raise patrols of Boy Scouts, we give the address of the Scout Commissioner: Mr. F. John Romanes, District Scout Commissioner's Office, St. John's Military School, Salina, Kansas.



The Sunflowers

When tokens come of fresh springtime
And maple sap begins to climb;
When into streams has slipped the snow,
The wild sunflowers begin to grow.

Their golden heads are flaunting high
When other flowers are struggling nigh;
They grace a page of nature's book
Along the pathway near the brook.

They wave above the stretching plain
And fringe the seas of royal grain;
Or line the roadside's dusty way
Between the meads of scented hay.

They are the namesake of the sun
And gaze at him till day is done;
Their buds reach up; their leaves expand
To catch the rays on every hand.

O rugged plants, of green and gold!
Those yellow lips to sky unfold
From dewy dawn till folding night,
And make the fields of Kansas bright.

—Ernest Claire McBride.



Contentment

Restless and fretting, the idle Knight
May long for the battle's din;
Scenting afar the brewing fight
Which morning shall usher in.

The regal King upon his throne
May dream of a coming day
When princes and monarchs to him alone
Will forfeit their rule and sway.

The lover may sigh for his fickle lass,
Pining the autumn through;
The drunkard may have his burning glass
Of sapphire mountain dew.

Waves of ocean, surging swift,
May race to the distant shore;
The moon in vain seek a tiny rift
In the clouds, forevermore.

I care not a whit what others are,
I long not for power or gold,
For a ruddy light that I see afar
Marks the empire that I hold.

Family and fireside, and deep content,
Are all that I ask to own;
The love of kindred, when day is spent,
To welcome me at home.

A. R. Byzick

Here and There

TALKING TO YOU Among other changes made by the new management of the Kansas Magazine, is the change in the title of what might be, but will not be called the editorial page. "Editorial" is too dignified for the random wayside notes this page will hereafter carry. Nor will the much abused editorial "we" be used herein. There is only one editor of this Magazine and he will not be enlarged by the use of a fictictious plural. Nor will this column be so largely devoted to politics in the future though there will be political comment from time to time. To the writer, Magazine work is something new but this I know from newspaper experience, that most political writing must be timely. It must hit a subject while the public interest in it is keen and fresh. And an editorial that must lie written many days before it appears is likely to be too far behind the subject it covers. The swiftness with which political events are moving since the Colonel returned, leave Magazine comment too far to the rear so far as events are concerned. So far as the Colonel himself is concerned he is always here, always in plain view and a plain mark for any one at any time. We delight in him, all of us, we love to read about him, he is a never ending source of interest and glad surprise and personally the writer loves to write about him. What would we of the Press do without him. When there is nothing doing, there is always Teddy, and he is the most interesting subject alive and his interest never grows less.

THE STORM CENTER Just now the storm center politically is New York. True we are watching New Jersey with some interest. We shall be glad to see that very fine democrat Woodrow Wilson elected Governor of New Jersey, because with the disappearance of Gaynor by reason of his illness, making it almost certain that he can never under go the fatigue of a campaign again, Woodrow Wilson offers the only hope of a first class Democratic Candidate for President. All of us who love our country want to see a first class man run for President on the Democratic ticket.

Most of the ills the Republican Party is suffering from are due to the lack of a good strong opposition. An opposition always near enough to victory to keep the party up to its very best all the time. When the Democratic party broke down as a result of the war, we had for many years the same condition of things and the Republican party as a result fell off woefully from the ideals of its founders. Something of the same sort has been happening lately and we need a first class man for a democratic candidate. A first class man is already assured for the republican party, either Taft or Roosevelt.

So our interest in New Jersey is secondary, a sort of future interest, but the interest in the result in New York is immediate. Before this goes to print we shall know the result and so I am not predicting anything. I am only proposing to correct some misapprehensions about the Roosevelt sentiment in New York City and particularly down about Wall Street.

I have just returned from New York and while there, spent some little time arouund that corner where the financial heart of the United States pulsates mightily every day from ten o'clock till three. I talked with all sorts and conditions of men, mainly brokers and men of capital. To my surprise I found very many of them, a minority of course, but still a considerable number who are for Roosevelt through thick and thin. They intend to vote for Stimson because he is Roosevelt's candidate and they are not at all alarmed by the cries of "Third Term" "Diaz" and the like which liberally sprinkle the editorial columns of the New York papers.

These with the exception of the Tribune are all against Roosevelt, but they were also against Gaynor and Gaynor licked them. But I found this, that no matter what my business or with whom, before we were through, the conversation inevitably drifted to the Colonel and there as here, I found none but partisans. Every one is for him or against him. No one is lukewarm or indifferent or doubtful. People may hum and look doubtful about the business situation, the new Tariff Law, Infant Damnation or the Trust Question but every one has an opinion about the Colonel and expresses it. And how

they do express it. As Ingalls said of Jim Lane:

"With his partisans the superlatives of adulation were feeble and meagre with his foes the lexicon of infamy contained no expletives sufficiently lurid to express their abhorrence and detestation."

I heard him extolled as the most Godlike man the Republic has ever produced, exceeding in greatness and moral worth Washington and Lincoln. And I heard him denounced with more bitterness than Andrew Johnson ever inspired.

He is the storm center, the vortex of the cyclone wherever he goes. In New York he is the sole issue, it is not Dix or Stimson, it is Roosevelt and anti-Roosevelt. All else is forgotten and naturally the Colonel is delighted and having the time of his life. It just suits him and the more they abuse him and denounce him and the louder the storm and the blacker the mud of vituperation the happier he is. What should we do, what shall we ever do without the Colonel.

DREAMS The other night I had one of those horrid dreams, in which the unfortunate dreamer, finds himself in a public place with little or no clothes on. In this particular dream I was reclining on the stage in a big steamer chair with a blanket over me, and nothing on. At some point of the performance, every one on the stage had to put on roller skates, and the Professor who was stage managing the thing requested me to join. I had to lift the blanket on the side and away from the audience, to make him quit. I have this sort of a dream quite often, unpleasantly often and I wonder if other people suffer from it too. Evidently it is not uncommon for the ancients who were great believers in dreams, declared that such a dream presaged that the dreamer would lose his possessions. So it must be common. But my dreams, of which I have many, for I dream nearly always when alseep, have a fashion of repetition that I think is uncommon. For instance in my dreams I own a house in a town where I once lived. I never could locate the street exactly though I know where it is with relation to many places in the town. I have been in that house a hundred times. I have repaired it. added to it, furnished it, done everything but live in it. It is always about the same house, rather large, a little shabby, but comfortable, and it is always my house, I thought I had lost this dream for two or three years, but not long ago I was back in my house again.

A very pleasant dream I often have is that I am flying, I am in open spaces and by a mere effort of will, I rise and skim over the country, over houses and trees, but I must always keep up the effort. I don't float, I exercise my will and by the exercise of it lose my gravity and skim around in the most delightful manner and it seems so real when I awaken, I still feel so acutely the delight, the glory of it that I shall certainly fly if an aeroplane every comes my way, with an aviator obliging enough to give me a chancc. I want to feel when I am awake, just once that delightful sense of power and swiftness that I so often feel in my dreams.

By the way, where is the old fashioned person who kept a dream book and consulted it religiously? Has she, it was always a she that kept a dream book, disappeared? It seems a pity to forget all the learning that has been expended on dreams. Just now we are beginning to believe in ghosts again, and miracles and a lot of things our ancestors of the Nineteenth Century had agreed to give up. May not our faith in dreams return with these other beliefs, so dear once, so much berated a little later as the superstitions of ignorance and now once more emerging into intelligent society?

The most learned and clear sighted men of ancient times, men at whose feet we still sit to study philsophy and morals believed fervently in dreams, and studied and interpreted them. They divided dreams into classes. Plutarch declared that only those dreams which occur after midnight are true, the others are false and not to be trusted. He also says that those who eat beans or onions will always have false dreams, not to be depended upon. Aristotle, Pliny and Discorides agreed with him as to beans and Cicero explained it on the theory that beans disorder the mind.

Pliny also thought dreams in Autumn when the leaves were falling were false dreams. Tertulian assures us "Dreams we have from God" and "no man is so foolish as never to have known any dreams come true." Artemidorus wrote five books on dreams and in them you may find an explanation of all the dreams that men dreamed in that day. But I will bet a little that he could not explain a dream I had the other night. I saw a young lady get off the Golden State Limited and mail a hat box two feet across in a common mail box. Just put a two cent stamp on it and dropped it in. I have a shrewd guess what it means and that it is going to come true, but it will be the bill for the hat that will reach me and not the hat she mailed.

Book Reviews

THE Price of the Prairie" by Margaret Hill McCarter.

Mrs. McCarter has been well known in Kansas for several years as a graceful writer and a woman of unusual force and brain, but nothing that she has so far done prepared us for her last book.

We do not mean to say by that that the "Price of the Prairie" is the Great American novel we have been looking for so long. But it is a charming story, that never drags a moment; full of real people and real life; full of Kansas, its fields and forests, its sunsets and sunrises, its storms and calms, its ups and downs, and vicissitudes of war and peace. The life of the story is short, from 1854 to 1868, but covers our most interesting period and much of its history is woven into the story with great skill. Full of intense interest is the description of the Forsythe's fight on the Arickaree where with fifty men he stood off a thousand indians for ten days and saved his command. The wonderful winter campaign of the Nineteenth Kansas under Gov. Crawford when Custer broke the power of the Cheyennes and Kiowas forever are well told and will inform many people of historic incidents in our history that were perhaps unknown to them. The love story of the stalwart hero and the lovely heroine, their tribulations and estrangement and final union, though somewhat hackneyed, are well told and hold one's interest.

No one in Kansas should fail to read this book. *The Price of the Prairie.* McClurg Co., Chicago. Price $1.50 net.

Socialistic Fallacies by Yves Guitot.

If you are interested in socialism and want the other side, here it is. M. Guitot is a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, a writer well known in France and the book is one of the most complete answers to the socialistic claims that we have seen. He describes briefly the various socialistic experiments, all of which so far have failed. He takes up the different socialistic theories, Lasalle Marx, Ricardo and the long line of writers down to Briand who is today perhaps the leading socialist of Europe and analyzes and contrasts their ideas.

Whether he shows the fallacies of socialism will depend very much upon the mental leaning of those who judge the book. To our mind he answers conclusively certain fundamentals of the socialistic propaganda. One of these is that under modern conditions industry tends to concentrate more and more into a few great establishments paving the way for one ultimate employer, the state. He takes the industrial figures for the different European countries and the United States and proves that industry is becoming more diffused rather than more concentrated and that the number of employers of labor as well as employees tends to increase rather than diminish.

He shows quite as conclusively, that though swollen fortunes are on the increase, that small fortunes, competencies and small savings are increasing with vastly greater rapidity than are the great fortunes. Some of our muck-rakers in America would do well to examine M. Guitot's figures which are elaborate, authentic and very illuminating. In fact in this regard the book is a perfect mine of information on modern industrial conditions.

Fallacies of Socialism by Yves Guitot MacMillan Co. Price $1.25 net.



Music Department

Answers to Questions on Musical Topics
By RAFAEL NAVAS
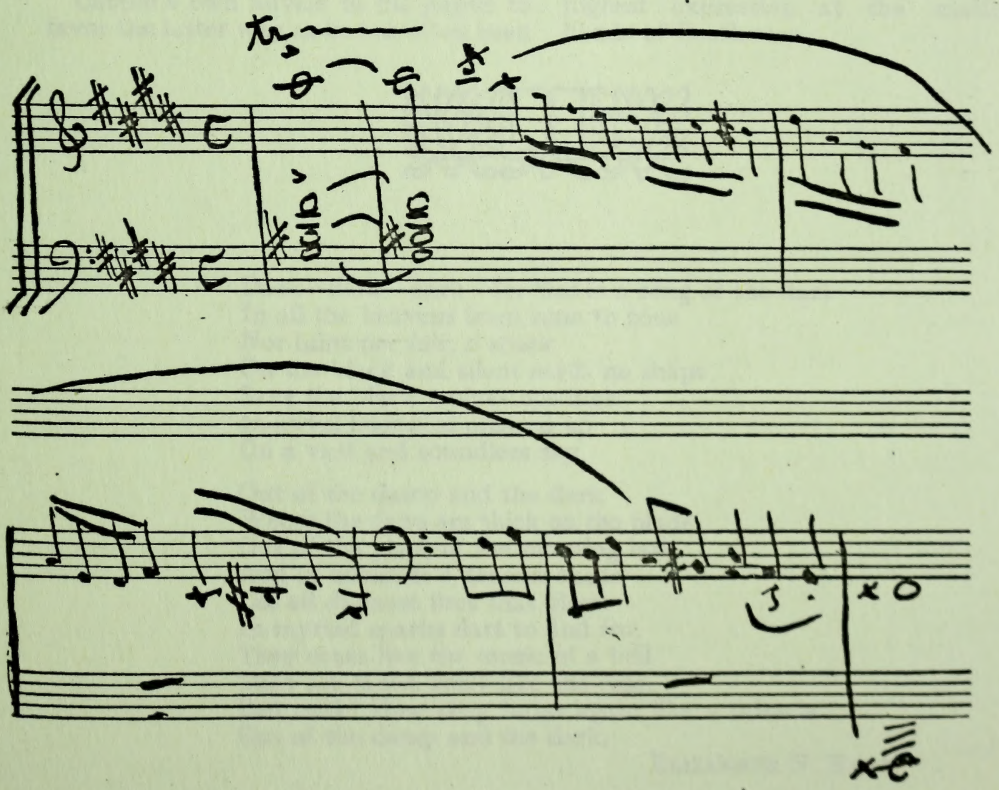
Questions pertaining to or in any way related to Music will be answered in this department by the well known pianist and teacher, Mr. Rafael Navas. Only those questions as have been received in writing properly dated and signed will receive Mr. Navas' attention. Questions received after the first of the month will be answered in the Magazine number of the subsequent month. The subject of the question and the initials of the inquirer will be found heading each answer.

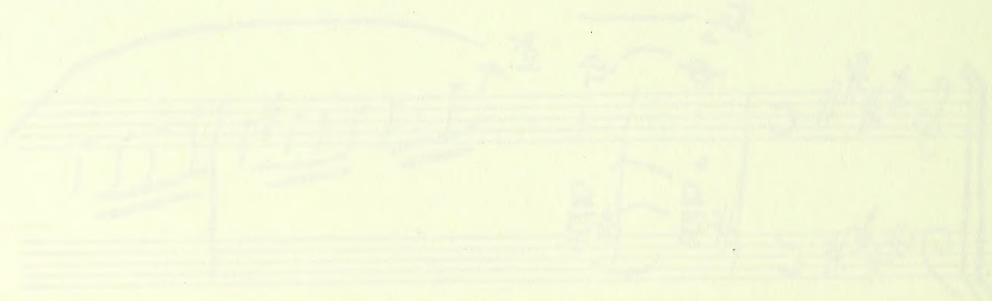
The Kansas Magazine sincerely hopes that its subscribers and readers interested in music will avail themselves freely of the opportunity offered by this department.—THE EDITOR.

PASSAGE FROM FAMOUS SONATA

M. C.—The notation of the passage you refer to is undoubtedly Beethoven's own. As to how to render this passage is a question which taste, experience, and, above all, rhythmical sense can alone decide.

The latitude given by the composer in such cases applies mainly to the *master-performer*, amateurs and students would do well in adopting the notation offered in those cases by certain standard editions. Von Bulow's notation of this passage is particularly commendable and, as such, it is appended here:





ENHARMONIC INTERVALS

Mrs. C. W. M.—The distance between two notes of different name, such as C natural and D double-flat, which however sound in unison, is called enharmonic interval. This interval is also known as "diminished second."

RUBATO

R. L.—*Rubato* means "robbed" or "stolen": hence, *Rubato Tempo*, means robbed or stolen time.

Rubato Tempo is either a temporary retardation or acceleration of time, or that capricious and disorderly mode of performance by which some notes are protracted beyond the proper duration and others curtailed without, however, changing the aggregate duration of the measure or phrase.

This last mode or performance is the *Rubato* of Chopin and may be executed in two ways: (1) Melody and accompaniment rushing or retarding together, or, (2) Accompaniment kept in strict time while the melody is executed in *Rubato Tempo*.

Chopin's own advice to his pupils to favor the latter way as he has often been quoted, as having said: "Let your accompanying hand be your conductor, and let it keep time, even while your other hand plays *Rubato*."

ORIGIN OF THE STRING QUARTET

B. S.—It was only until the time of Haydn (1732-1809) that the string quartet came into being. The instruments employed in the string quartet are two Violins (first and second,) Viola, and 'Cello; the slow development of some of these instruments accounts for this fact as may be readily seen by examining the instrumental parts of Orchestral compositions before Haydn's time.

Haydn's first quartets were of a very simple nature, the first movement of the first quartet contains only twenty-four measures.

He contributed largely to the development of this musical form by constant practice and succeeded in creating a model which has been usually adopted since.

The string quartet attained its highest expression at the masterful hands of Beethoven.

Dark—dark—dark—for this is a song of the dark
In all the heavens from zone to zone
Nor faint nor fair, a spark
On the black and silent earth no shape
Save the blacker pine-tops high
In awful hugeness pillared up
On a vast and soundless sky.

Out of the damp and the dark
Where the dews are thick on the blade
Out of the place of the morning lark
And of noontide's densest shade
Lo, all divinest fires that glow,
In myriad sparks dart to and fro,
They cease like the music of a bell
They are faded away like the rose,
But hark! How they burst again like a miracle
Out of the damp and the dark.

ELIZABETH N. BARR.

Some of the Plays and Players That Are Amusing New York this Season

By Ruth Crosby Dimmick

MARIE DRESSLER is always funny—frequently without making an effort to be, and in "Tillie's Nightmare," just closing its second season at the Herald Square Theatre, she is given the most satisfactory vehicle, in which she has been seen for several years.

Of the painfully small number of attractions that have drawn anything resembling crowds on Broadway this fall, "Tillie's Nightmare" has been sold out, weeks in advance since the night of its opening. In view of this fact it seems little short of criminal to take the production out on the road in the height of its metropolitan run, but—"there's a reason."

Just now Miss Dressler will be given the advantage of the best bookings in the United States. With two or three exceptions, she will play only one week stands for a period of thirty-two consecutive weeks in the best houses, whereas if she waited until spring, she would naturally be compelled to take anything that happened to be left.

Thus while Broadway is losing one of its main attractions, Miss Dressler and the territory through which she is booked will be gainers through the change.

"Tillie's Nightmare" is not all comedy; there is a touch of pathos running along with the thread of the story that reaches the heart of every woman who sees it and also appeals to most of the men.

Tillie Blobbs is a big, overgrown country girl who has spent her entire girlhood in the village of Skanateles, N. Y., slaving away in her mother's boarding house and going without many of the necessities of life and all the pretty things dear to the feminine heart, in order that her younger sister, Maude, may have the advantage of an education and be reared as a lady.

Sim Pettingill is Tillie's beau, while Maude is engaged to a young man from New York who assumes a good many airs. One night, after Tillie had planned to go to the theatre, for the first time in years, she is compelled to stay home and help her mother, who has taken a sudden notion to make pickles. Late in the evening she falls asleep reading the papers, and in a dream, or nightmare, which follows, visits New York where Sim is the owner of a large department store in which Maude and her "dandy" are clerks.

Of course Tillie triumphs over Maude—and everybody else for that matter—and her experiences are convulsively funny from beginning to end. At last she awakens by falling from an airship and finds herself once again in the old dining room with her mother's voice calling to her from the kitchen.

The love of the chorus girl for Broadway is like the love of a salt water fish for the sea, and it is seldom that a musical production leaves New York for the road, that about half of the members of its chorus do not "give notice" at once.

It speaks rather well for Miss Dressler that when she called her girls together and announced that she was going out within two weeks, not one of them refused to remain with the company until it disbanded.

Edgar Selwyn has scored the biggest success of his career as playwright with "The Country Boy," now playing at the Liberty Theatre.

The story deals with a youth from a small town who has been unfortunate in his local attempts to win wealth and fame and decides to try his luck in a big city. He comes to New York, leaving the best of his heart back home with a girl, whose father is opposed to having him for a son-in-law until he



HOPE LATHAM AS A "BELLA" IN "SEVEN DAYS"



proves he is competent to make a living for himself and a wife.

A few weeks later the boy is located in a typical theatrical boarding house in New York, where, since he has been unable to find employment, he is shifted about from one room to another by his landlady who has an eye—like the rest of her kind—chiefly to the financial income of her establishment.

In this house the boy meets a chorus girl, gifted with the charms and understanding of her type. Her tender age makes an appeal to the lad's sense of gallantry, and he endeavors, on various occasions, to defend her good name until his becomes unpleasantly coupled with her by some of the boarders.

One day the girl from home, accompanied by her father, calls to see how he is getting on, and this visit naturally results in misundertsandings all around.

The night after their visit the boy finds himself without hope and without ambition, lodged in the parlor, with his belongings scattered over the house. He realizes that this is his last move—his next stopping place will be the street. He resolves to end it all, and is carefully arranging the gas tube over the folding bed, when a middle-aged dyspeptic, journalist, in the adjoining room, "smells a mouse," and comes in to pay his respects.

He is also down and out, he tells the boy, and is seriously thinking of putting an end to things. They begin to console one another and presently the young man is pointing out to the older one the advantages and opportunities of life. Before they are through, they have both arrived at the conclusion they want to live, and begin concocting a scheme to return to the boy's home town and start a newspaper, since the place is much in need of one.

Neither have a cent to call their own at the beginning of their conversation, but before they get through talking, a young ticket speculator—one of the boarders—who has made a sudden "killing" on a horse race, turns up at the psychological moment and stakes them. Of course the boy goes home, convinces his future father-in-law that he is made of the right kind of stuff, and marries the girl of his choice.

One of the amusing lines in "The Country Boy," crept into the second act when the company was in rehearsal, without the knowledge of Mr. Selwyn, but after it had provoked him into spontaneous laughter during a serious moment, he allowed it to remain.

Mrs. Stuart-Robson who is the landlady of the plot and tips the scales at considerably over two hundred pounds, and Arthur Shaw, who takes the part of the ticket speculator, were going to rehearsal one day when they passed the corner of Broadway and Forty-second street where an immense building is under way of construction.



MRS. STUART-ROBSON as Landlady of the Theatrical Boarding House in "The Country Boy," Liberty Theatre, New York

Looking up Mr. Shaw saw a sign which read: "Fuller Construction Company."

"I've go an idea," he said to Mrs. Stuart-Robson. "you know when you come on after the theatre in that startling evening gown, I ask you who made it for you? Well, today I am going to spring: 'Who built that gown for you, the Fuller Construction Company?'"

And every time Edgar Selwyn hears that line he laughs—I suppose because he did not write it.

During this transitory period in the world of theatricals when managers seem at a loss to know just what the public wants and many are bewailing the apparent tendency of popular taste toward the vulgar and risque, it is refreshing to note the success of "Seven Days," which has just closed at the Astor Theatre, after a record run extending far into its second year.

In this laughable comedy there does not appear one word or situation that so much as hints at being "off color" and yet New York has in this case paid homage, in full, thereby proving that the day of clean cut comedy is not a thing of the past.

"Seven Days" is a ludicriously funny mixup. James Wilson, who is dependent upon his Aunt Selina for support, has had some trouble with his wife, Bella, who has left his roof. One evening, while he is entertaining a number of friends, his aunt, who has never seen Bella, and is ignorant of any family spat, drops in, unexpectedly, to pay her dear nephew a long threatened visit.

"Jimmy," as he is affectionately called by his intimates, knows that if Aunt Selina finds Bella has left him, she will cut off his supply of funds, and, at the last moment, being at his wits ends, he introduces one of his guests, Kit McNair, as his wife.

While "Jimmy" is silently praying that his aunt may terminate her visit, and just as his prayer is about to be answered, an officer of the law steps in to announce that the cook has been carted away to the hospital suffering with small-pox and the house is quarantined.

In the meantime, Bella, in driving by, has seen the ambulance, and stopped in to learn from the servants if "Jimmy" was ill. A burglar has also been in hiding behind a screen in the drawing room. And here is this happy household locked up in a limited number of rooms for a period of seven days with no hope of escape.

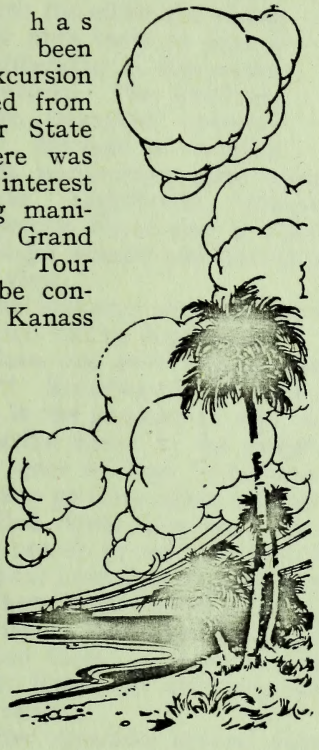
The situations arising as a result, while Bella endeavors to keep in hiding from "Jimmy" everybody tries to keep out of the way of Aunt Selina and the burglar scuttles about to avoid being seen by the numerous members of the house who are scattered in every conceivable corner, can scarcely be imagined.

"Seven Days" has proved a veritable gold mine to the members of its cast who have remained with it since the opening night. Several of the number have purchased country homes and automobiles and we can only guess at what the authors and managers have been able to purchase with the profits derived from this one successful production.

Hope Latham, the creator, of Bella, the wife, has mapped out an interesting itinerary which she will undertake at the close of the season. It is her intention to cross the Atlantic and after a journey to Exeter, England, will go on a walking tour through Devonshire. As she will probably arrive there in June, she will see that beautiful portion of the English Isle in all its floral glory. At the conclusion of her walking expedition Miss Latham will motor through continental Europe, and spend the latter portion of her vacation in Paris.



THE KANSAS MAGAZINE EXCURSION

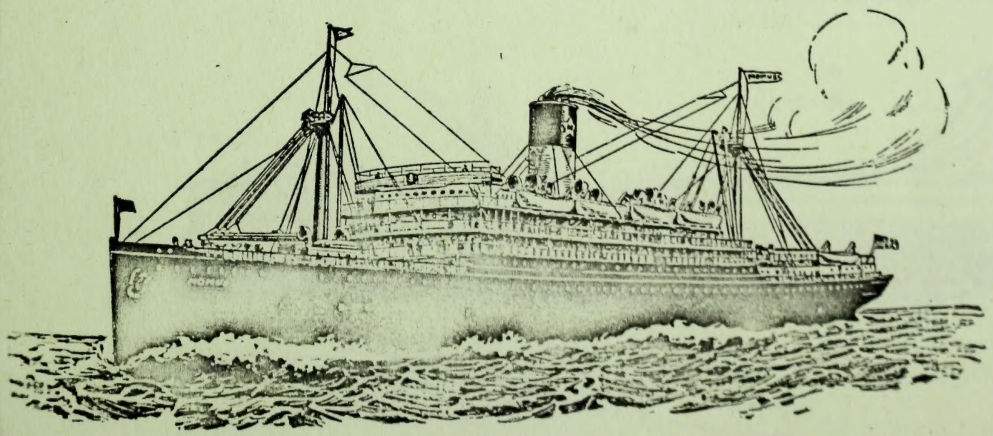


THERE has never been an excursion planned from the Sunflower State in which there was more real interest than is being manifested in the Grand Educational Tour which is to be conducted by the Kanass Magazine Company next May.

Over fifty bright, intelligent young women have already undertaken the work, leaving only the same number of counties yet to be covered.

The plan of the Magazine Co., as has already been extensively advertised, is to select one young lady from each county in Kansas. This young lady is required to secure 300 subscriptions in her county to the Kansas Magazine, and when this is done she is given a certificate which entitles her to a free membership in our great excursion party. Already a large number of these young workers have secured over half of the number of subscriptions required, and it is practically assured that the company will include at least eighty members. There is none of the uncertainty of the subscription "contest." Every member of our excursion knows exactly what her reward will be before she undertakes the work and the average young woman will find it an easy matter to secure 300 subscribers by soliciting among acquaintances and relatives only.

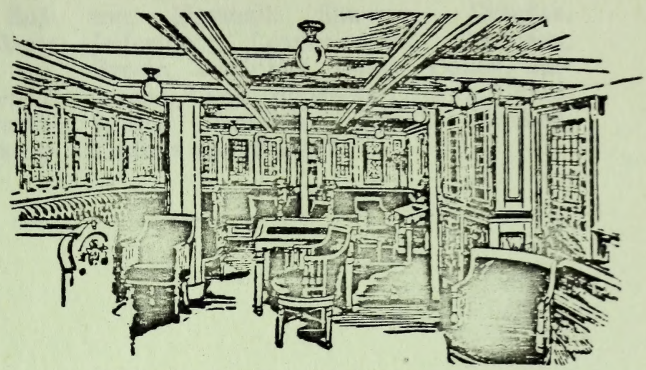
The Kansas Magazine Tour will open up educational advantages that rarely come to the average young woman. The itinerary will touch the greatest places of interest on the American continent. The excursion will leave Wichita on or about May 15th. From Wichita we will got to either Galveston or New



THE GREAT BOAT UPON WHICH THE KANSAS MAGAZINE PARTY WILL SAIL

Orleans. One day will be spent in sight-seeing in one of these great Gulf Coast cities. From thence we will sail for New York on one of the great ocean going boats of the Southern Pacific Steamship lines.

A boat trip through the Florida Straits is alone worth the effort the young lady puts forth to earn a membership in this entire excursion. The low-lying shore, beautiful! entrancing! Myriads of tropical birds, picturesque coral islets, Flowery Rocks, Lighthouse, Alligator Reef, American Shoal and a hundred other sights of wonder and beauty sweep past our view.



LADIES' DRAWING ROOM ON OCEAN LINER

Our first stop after leaving the Gulf of Mexico will be New York.

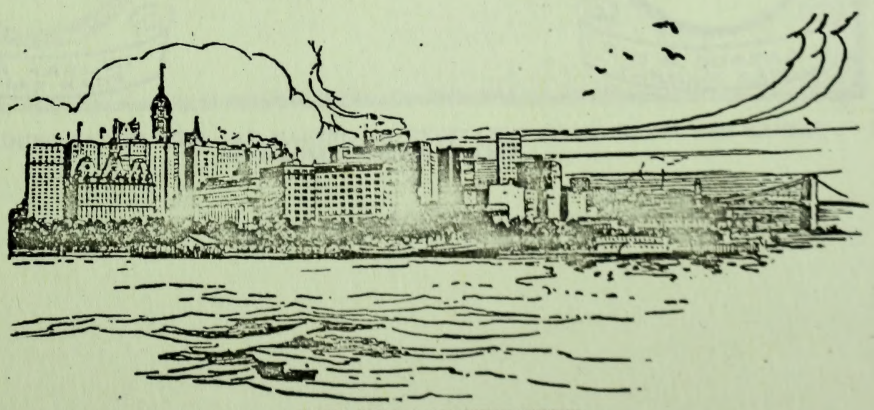
Have you ever walked down Broadway? Broadway is thirteen miles long and is the greatest as well as the most beautiful street in the world. No one ever goes to New York who does not want to go there again, and no man ever strolled down Broadway once that he does not do so the very first night after his next arrival at the great metropolis. As there is an unseen force in the Falls at Niagara that unconsciously draws you toward them, so there is a fascination about Broadway that you simply cannot resist.

After spending several days in New York, visiting the principal places of interest—the Bowery, Fifth Avenue, Wall Street, Central Park, one of the most noted parks in the world, Coney Island and other places of interest, we will then go to Albany, via. the historic old Hudson River on one of the modern and comfortable boats,

After visiting Albany the capitol of the Empire State we will go thence by rail to Boston, and after a short stay in this old historic city, visiting many places of interest, will return to New York City on one of the big ocean vessels plying between the two cities.

Our second visit to New York will be brief. We will go from there to Washington D. C. by rail, as no visit East is complete that does not include the Nation's Capitol. Plenty of time will be taken to see the places of interest, including Arlington Heights, the National Zoo, The Capitol, Mt. Vernon, the Old Potomac and hundreds of other places of historic interest.

Our homeward journey will be made



LAST VIEW OF NEW YORK

via. Chicago and Kansas City. Sufficient time will be given to visit places of interest in both cities.

We are yet in need of live representatives in the following counties: Pottawatomie, Waubansee, Geary, Washington. Marshall, Shawnee, Douglas, Jefferson, Leavenworth, Atchison, Brown, Doniphan, Osage, Coffey, Anderson. Lynn, Bourbon, Ottawa, Cloud, Salina, Republic, Jewell, Mitchell, Phillips and Russell.

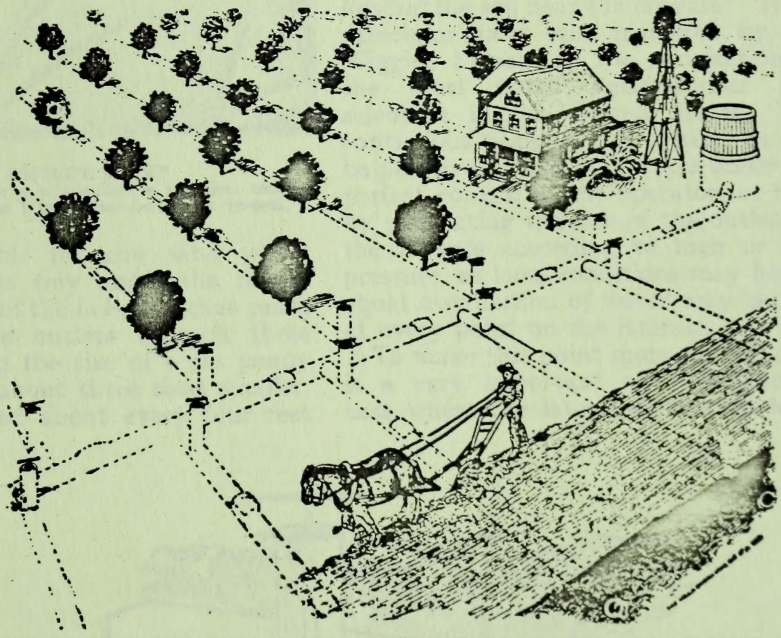


FOUR YOUNG LADIES WHO ARE MAKING AN EXCELLENT SHOWING FOR THE KANSAS MAGAZINE EXCURSION TRIP

SUB-IRRIGATION

By D. M. Morris

SUB-IRRIGATION is no experiment. It has long been practiced and understood by scientific agriculturists as the most desirable method of artificially applying water to the soil. Until recently, however, the methods for sub-irrigating land have been very crude, costly and unsatisfactory—the ordinary drain tile being mostly used. Its immense value and great avdantages, however, over the ordinary methods of surface irrigation, have interested many thinking men of the country in the creation of a system which would be both practical, as well as moderate in cost of construction. This has at last been practically accomplished by the Wiggins System of sub-irrigation.

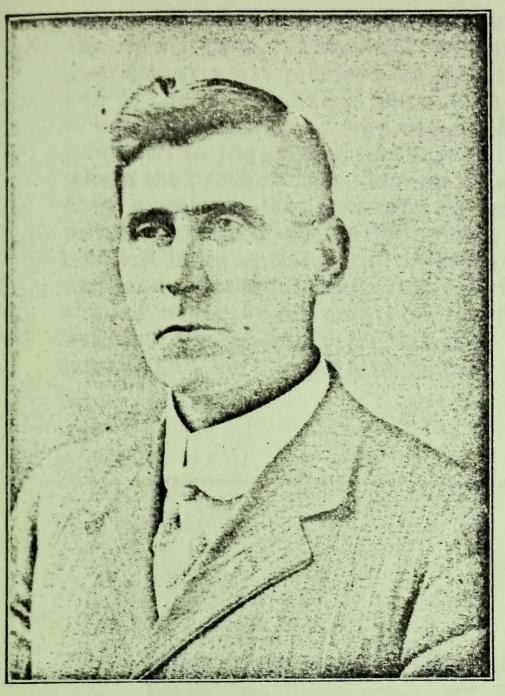


VIEW SHOWING HOW THE WIGGINS SYSTEM OF SUB-IRRIGATION IS INSTALLED

This system consists of a series of continuous concrete tiling placed 24 inches underground, made by a continuous tile-making machine right in the ditch without a break or joint, thus effectually preventing the tile becoming filled with roots or dirt. It is nothing more than an underground pipe line system for distributing water when and where wanted.

The system has a main conduit and laterals running at right angles, as shown in cut on first page. Each lateral at the point where it leaves the main conduit has a brass valve by which the water is turned on or shut off as the operator may desire. The water is admitted to the ground through a series of small tubes on the top of the lateral, each tube being covered by a concrete shield, thus insuring against these outlets becoming clogged, and admitting a free flow of water to the ground at all times. These tubes project above the pipe about one half inch, which makes it



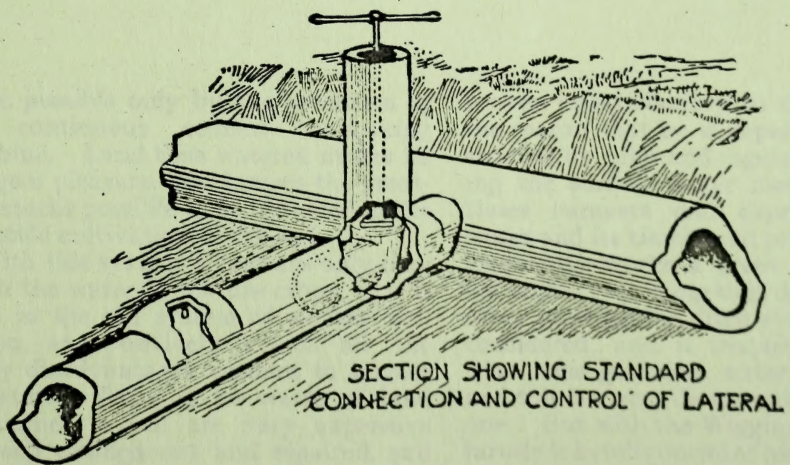


MR. GEORGE STUMP
The man who made sub-Irrigation a practical success with the now noted Wiggins Sub-Irrigation System.

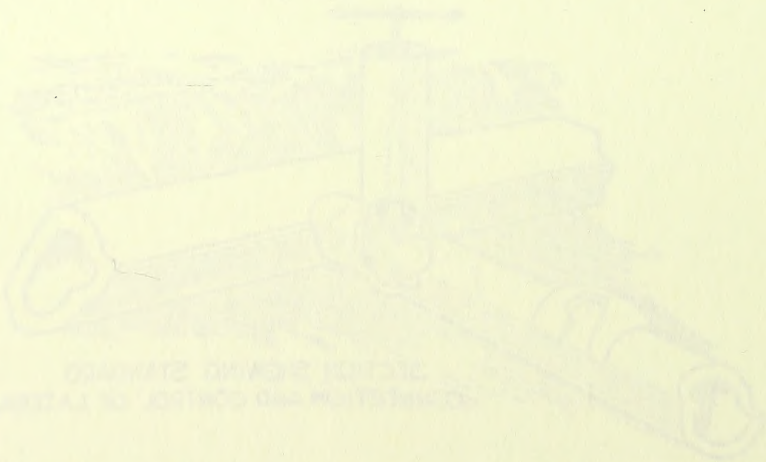
quite impossible for any sand which might work its way under the shield, to settle back in the hole and thus cause stoppage. The outlets through these tubes are from the size of a six penny nail down to about three sizes smaller, and are located about every four feet apart along the lateral. Persons not acquainted with the results to be obtained with such outlets usually wonder how it is possible thus to admit sufficient water into the ground to moisten it, but this very feature, connected with the making of the continuous tiling, forms the basic principle which makes possible and absolutely scientific an equal distribution of water to the ground. These principles are what have made the Wiggins Sub-Irrigation System a practical and pronounced success.

It is proclaimed by expert agriculturists and men of science, that the two main points in sub-irrigating land is first to obtain an equal distribution of water to the ground. Second, to admit the water to the ground no faster than it can be absorbed, thus avoid water-logging the soil near the laterals. These principles have been mastered by the Wiggins Sytsem to the satisfaction of the most noted agriculturists and scientists in the United States. The continuous tiling of this system, as will be perceived places the water under the perfect control of the operator, so that by graduating the size of the outlets in the laterals according to high or low pressure, as local conditions may be, an equal distribution of water may be had at every point on the laterals.

To make this point more clearly, as it is a very important one. Suppose a case where the lateral is 20 rods long,



VIEW SHOWING HOW THE LATERALS ARE CONNECTED TO THE MAIN TILE; THE VALVE WHICH CONTROLS THE WATER INTO THE LATERALS, THE OUTLET FOR THE WATER INTO THE GROUND, AND THE CAP THAT PREVENTS ANY DIRT GETTING INTO THE OUTLET.



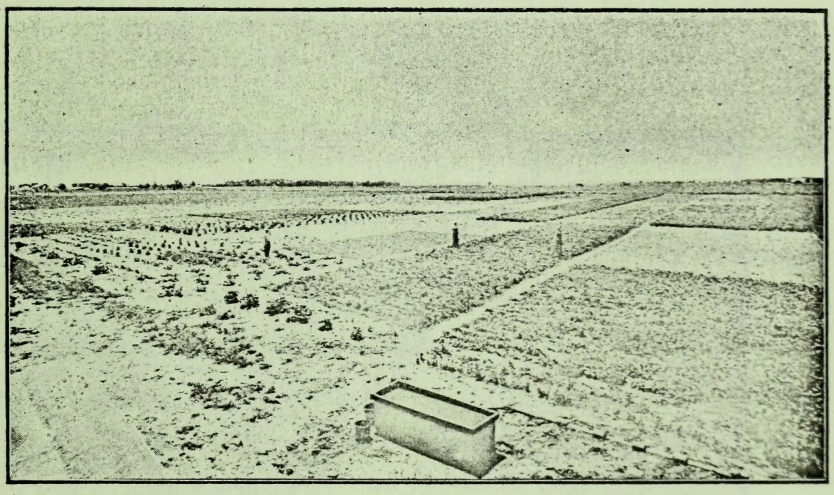
with a fall of two feet in the ground at the lower end. This will naturally give the greatest pressure on the lower end of the lateral, and if the outlets are of uniform size, most of the water will be admitted to the ground at those points, where the pressure is the highest. Hence they overcome this difficulty by graduating the size of the outlet-placing the smallest holes at the points of increasing distance, thus equalizing this distribution of water at all points in the field without the necessity of leveling the land. This very important feature was made possible only by the invention of this continuous cement tile-making machine. Land thus watered makes its tillage a pleasure, and insures the greatest returns possible to be obtained in the scientific cultivation of the soil.

With this system it requires only one-tenth the water to mature crops, that is used in the old system of surface irrigation, and positively avoids all the many disadvantages incident to surface irrigation. There is no waste of land in ditches, which are very expensive to keep cleaned out and repaired, and are veritable plague spots of weeds—no stagnant pools to breed mosquitoes and fevers; no paddling in water or mud; no baking, cracking or crusting of the soil, with practically no time or expense in applying the water; so that one can cultivate double the acreage possible in surface irrigation.

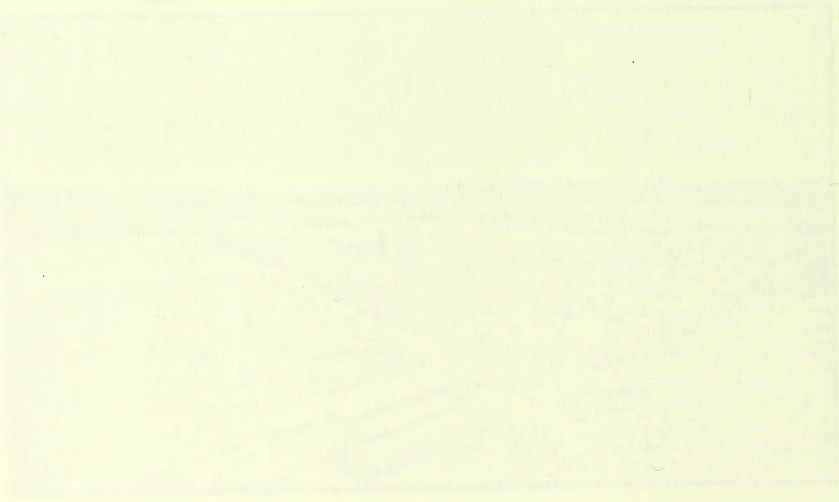
Where the water is impregnated with gyp, alkali or salt, the application of water on the surface is injurious to plant life; but when applied beneath the soil does not affect the plant growth; neither does it impair the fertility of the soil.

The ditch system of irrigation has proven unsatisfactory to the farmer for the reason that he is dependent and restricted by rules and regulations governing the surface water user, that often times hampers and deprives him of water and its timely and proper use, and frequently works a great detriment to his product by being thus deprived. All other users on the ditch system must be considered, and it frequently happens that some get more water than others, and this is a very disagreeable and costly one. But with the Wiggins system each farmer is in full control of his own system.

The discovery and application of the Wiggins system of sub-irrigation is one



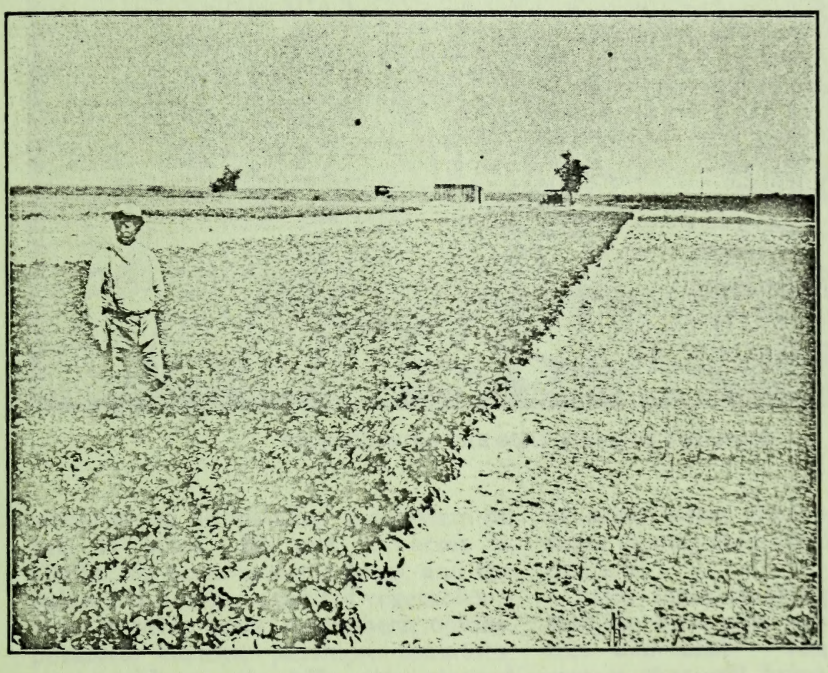
SHOWING STUMP'S DEMONSTRATING FARM OF 17 ACRES 1½ MILES WEST OF GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.



of the most important factors ever presented for the good of progressive farmers, for beyond all doubt it is the greatest and most prolific project of the age, and since its entrance into practical use, the work of sub-irrigation is growing every day. Its practicability is being demonstrated in many places, because the same land not irrigated, with this system will produce from 200 to 300 per cent. more product.

Just think of the millions of acres of the richest soil on the face of the globe that could never have been irrigated until this great system was discovered, for with this system, it takes but little water and small capital, and the average farmer can install it and own his own system, as the main cost is the labor and he can do that himself, for all he needs is a well and tank. An ordinary windmill will supply water for a number of acres and at a very small cost of a two and half horse-power gasoline engine you can easily pump sufficient water with a forty foot lift to irrigate 40 acres at a cost of about $1.50 per acre, with the Wiggins Sub-Irrigation System.

Hearing so much about this Wiggins-Sub-Irrigation System being demonstrated at Garden City, Kansas, I made a personal visit there to see what Mr. Stump was accomplishing with this system on his little farm of 17 acres, and I was fully repaid for my trip. One could not believe that such results were obtainable. Mr. Stump went there last May and asked for a piece of ground on which to demonstrate what he could produce by sub-irrigation with his system. The United States Sugar & Land Company gave him 17 acres of land, one and half miles west of Garden City. This land was claimed to be the poorest piece of land in that section of the county. The Sugar Company had tried to raise sugar beets on it, but failed, and of course they were willing to donate it for any experiment. Many people thought Mr. Stump foolish to try to raise anything on that land; but he had faith in the project and knew what the system



VIEW SHOWING THE POTATO PATCH ON THE STUMP DEMONSTRATING FARM.



VIEW SHOWING THE CORN FIELD ON THE FARM.

would do so he installed the system on this 17 acres. He put six acres in alfalfa; six acres in sugar beets, and the balance in a large variety of vegetables—such as table beets, cucumbers, onions, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, tomatoes, peas, cabbage, etc. He also planted two acres to watermelons and cantaloupes that produced quality and quantity proclaimed by experts to be the greatest production ever known. He was late in planting all his seed, but with this drawback his results were more than astonishing to the great crowds who went daily to his farm. This was simply a demonstrating farm, and Mr. Stump was almost constantly on the road in his automobile from Garden City to his farm, taking parties who came there to see what this great system was accomplishing.

On the same land the Sugar Company tried to raise sugar beets by surface irrigation, Mr. Stump raised six acres of sugar beets that tested better for sugar quality than any in the entire beet district.

After these results parties who had told Mr. Stump he was foolish, came to him and said: "You have got the system that will bring wealth to this county and every man or woman that comes to Garden City. The first place they are taken is to the Stump's demonstrating farm, to show what can be raised in that country. Experts on irrigation have made special trips from New York, Texas, California and Canada, and many other states, to get full information and details about this wonderful system, and have reported it to be the most perfect and practical system of sub-irrigation ever produced.

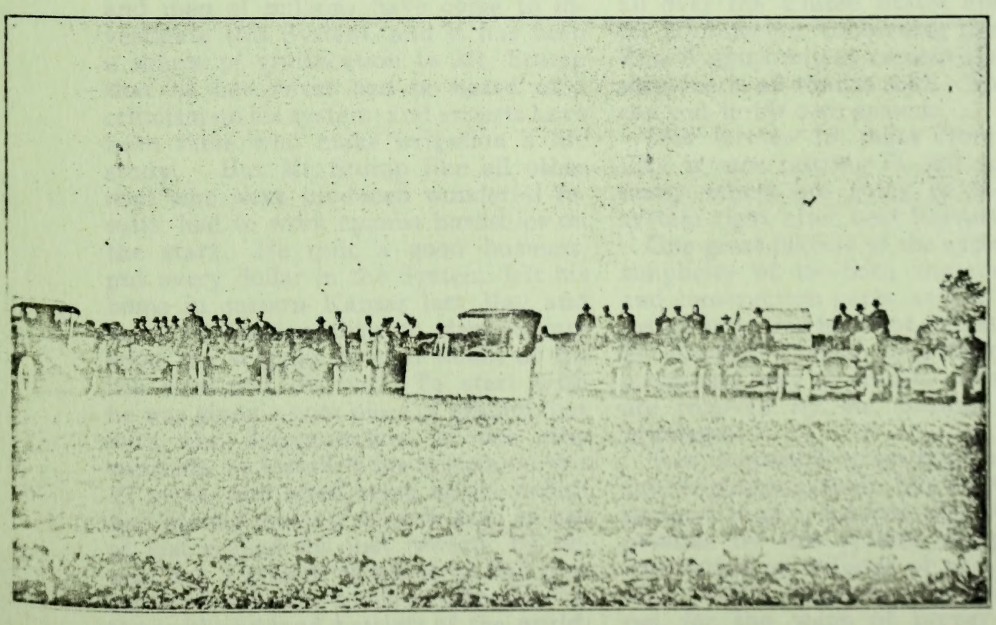
Mr. W. B. Anderson from India was there to see the System, and purchased a machine to take back to his native land with him. Also Mr. Nethersole British Superintendent of Irrigation in

India, wrote Mr. Stump for full particulars regarding his system, as he had heard of it at the National Irrigation Congress at Pueblo, but was unable to stop and see it, as he would liked to have done.

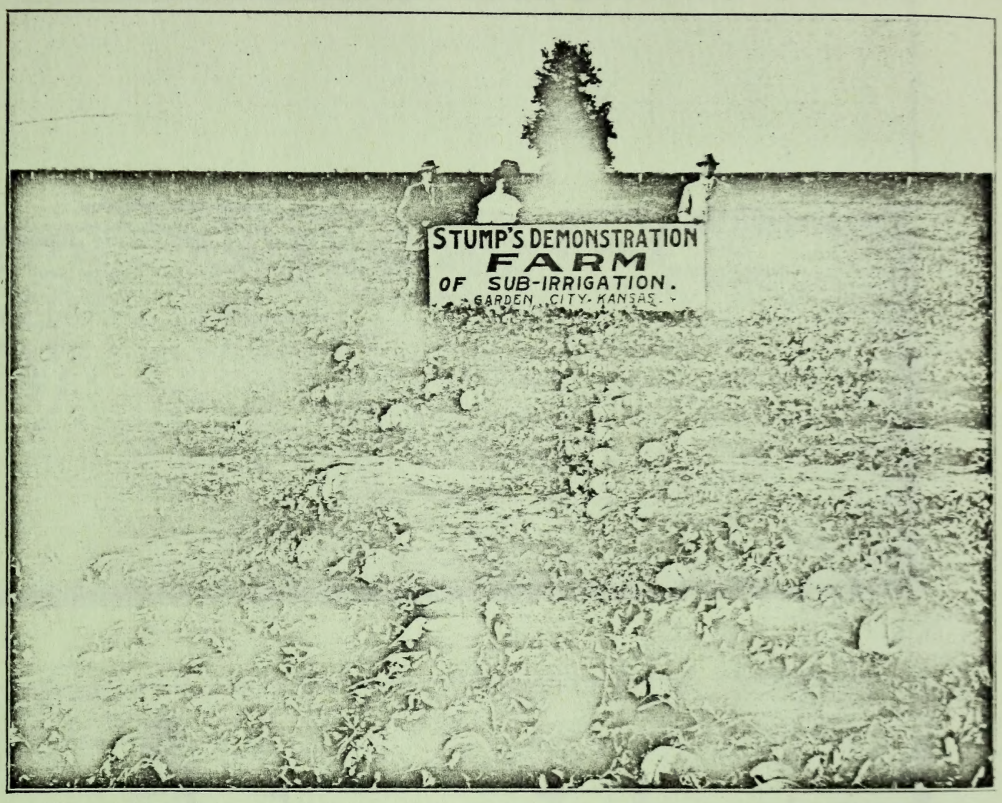
Mr. Stump says it has been a pleasure and source of education to take the people to see the effects of sub-irrigation by the Wiggins System on his farm. People from all walks of life—men who own from 800,000 acres to a town lot,



VIEW SHOWING THE TABLE BEET PATCH. THE BEETS RAISED ON THIS FARM WERE PRONOUNCED BY EXPERTS AS THE FINEST QUALITY KNOWN.



VIEW SHOWING 14 AUTOMOBILE LOADS OF LAND BUYERS, INSPECTING THE WIGGINS SUB-IRRIGATION SYSTEM ON STUMP'S DEMONSTRATING FARM NEAR GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.



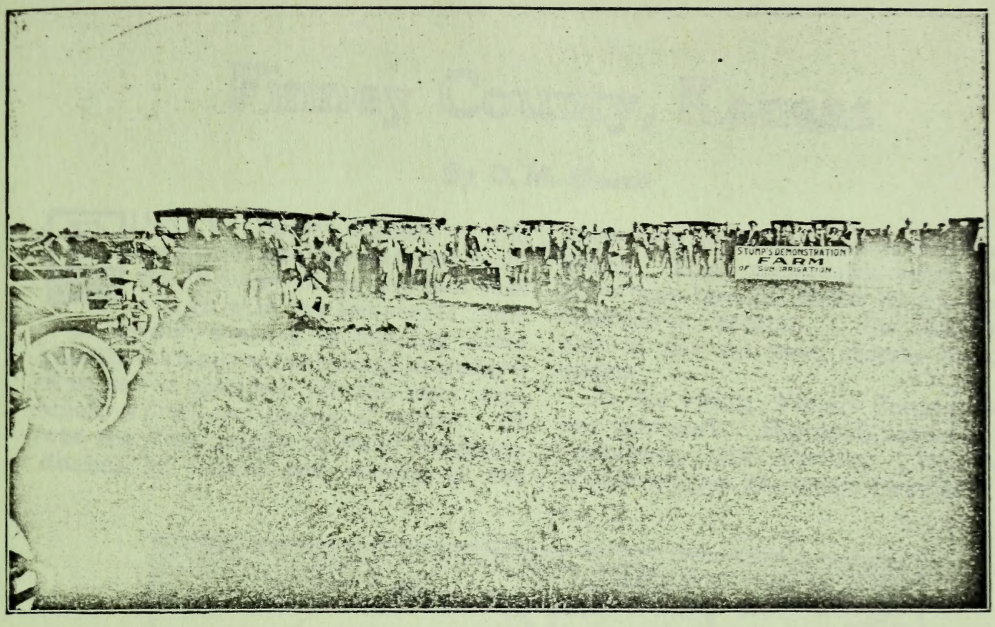
MR. AND MRS. STUMP AND SON EARL IN THE CANTALOUPE PATCH

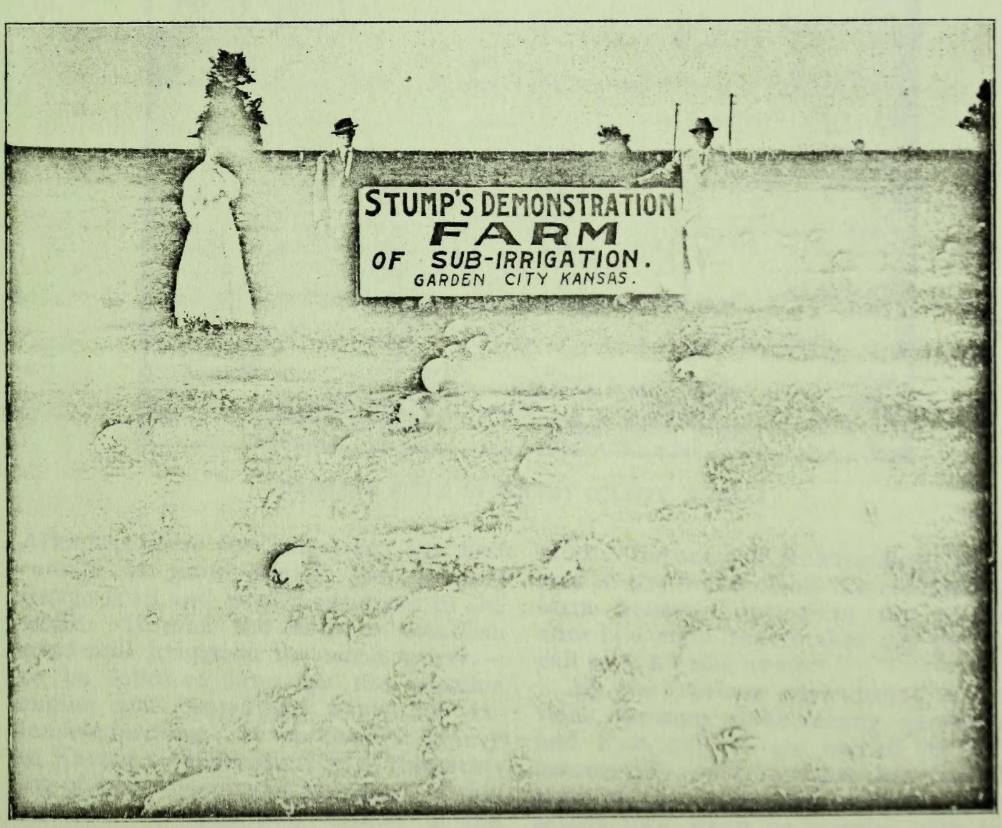
and men of millions have come to investigate this System, and it has been a source of gratification to Mr. Stump that he has never had or heard of a criticism on his system; and experts have been there who make irrigation a life study. But Mr. Stump like all other men who have produced wonderful results, had to work against hardships on the start. He quit a good business, put every dollar in the System, left his home in eastern Kansas last May and went to Garden City to demonstrate what the Wiggins System would do for the semi-arid district. To start with he was given a poor piece of ground, but with the determination of one who succeeds, he installed the system on this 17 acres, and after being called foolish and having many a gloomy day, he has at last reaped his just reward, by developing a system of sub-irrigation pronounced to be the epoch of salvation for the semi-arid land districts of the world; and now farmers and large land owners all over the United States are writing for information concerning this system. The Wiggins patent cement-tile-making machine is all that is sold. The farmer can put in his own system.

One farmer 18 miles from Garden City is now putting in 320 acres, and many others are going to install the system right after beet harvest time.

One great feature of the system is the simplicity of it—both the mechanical and construction parts, as any man can install it on his farm lot or yard. It is an excellent system for a lawn as it is cheap and easy to install. Many orders are received by Mr. Stump for lawn privileges.

It is impossible to set the Goal of this sub-irrigation system, but we should be grateful that a Kansas man has made possible by this system the profitable cultivation of millions of acres of land that would otherwise have laid barren for the want of proper nourishment.





VIEW SHOWING THE WATER MELON PATCH ON THE DEMONSTRATING FARM

Finney County, Kansas

By D. M. Morris

FINNEY County Kansas is the county of alfalfa, beet and practically every other product that will grow in the temperate zone, —a county that is developing more rapidly than any other county in western Kansas,—a paradise for the man with small capital and plenty of energy. It was the first county to build irrigation ditches to utilize the waters of the Arkansas river for irrigation; the first county to grow alfalfa, the greatest forage crop and wealth producer in the world. It was the first to establish wind-mill irrigation for small tracts.—to be followed later by the gasoline engine and centrifugal pump for extensive farming. It was the first county in Kansas to experiment with the growing of sugar beets, and by reason of this was the first and only county in the state, to secure one of the largest and finest beet sugar factories in the United States. These remarkable achievments have been brought about by the people themselves, because of the faith they had in the ultimate success of their efforts.

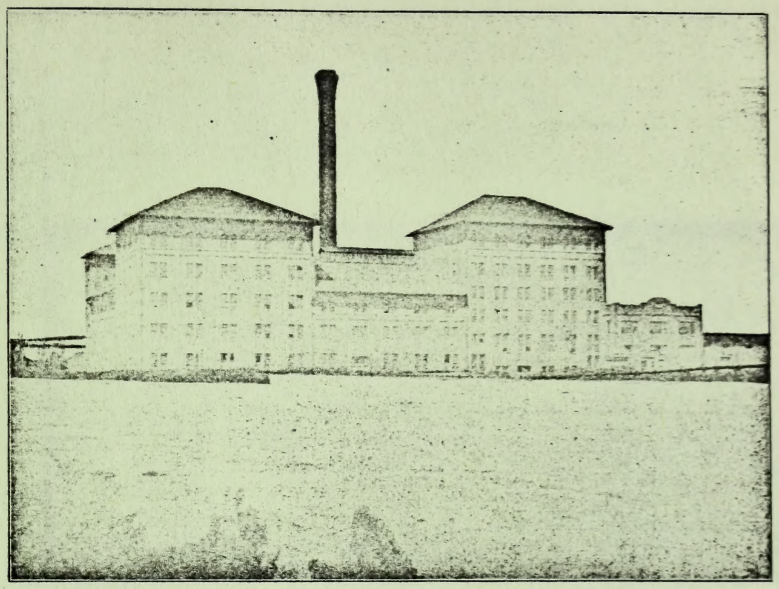
To the visitor, Finney County seems one vast park. Her fields are fresh and undulating with verdure. The fields of golden grain, the green shimmer of the alfalfa, the acres of growing sugar beets, and in the midst of all the comfortable farm houses, dotted in the picture affords a sight that makes one glad to call such a place home.



CABBAGE FIELD IN FINNEY COUNTY, KANSAS

All the various agricultural avocations; farming, stock raising, gardening and fruit culture are carried on here successfully; and nowhere are the results of the farmer or stockman more satisfactory when he couples with his efforts the scientific methods of the

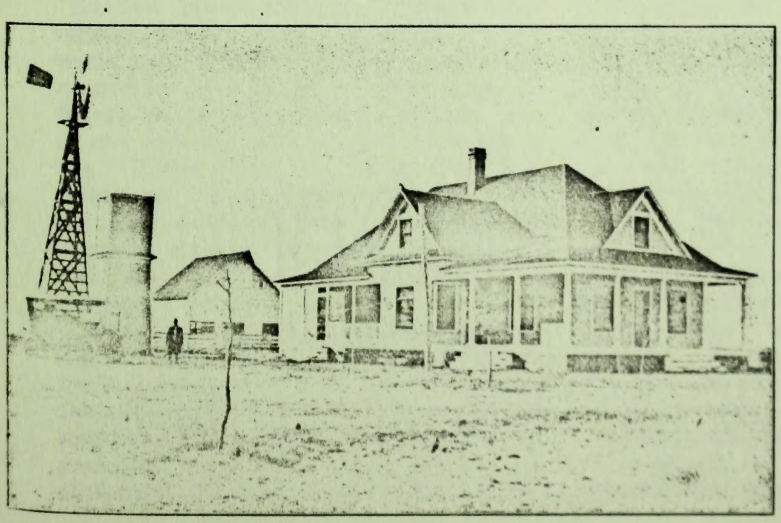
UNITED STATES SUGAR COMPANY'S FACTORY GARDEN CITY



farmer, or intelligent care and feeding of his flocks and herds.

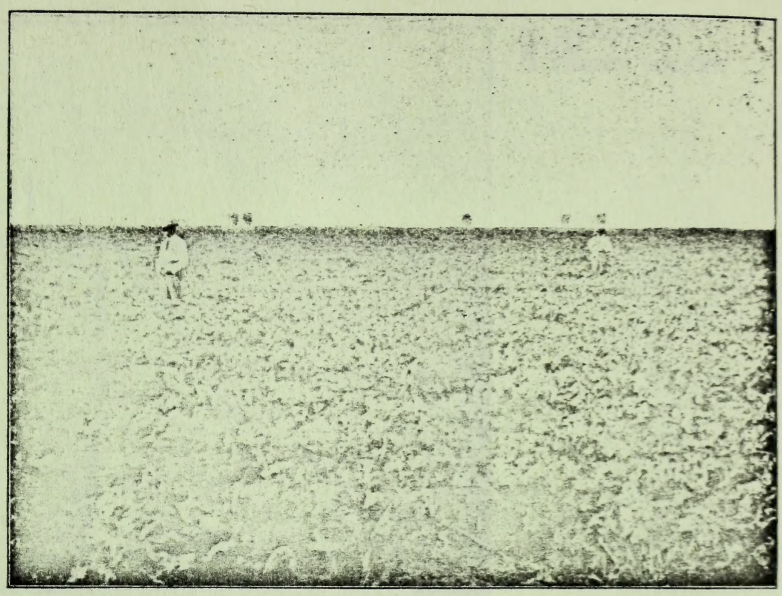
Finney county might be divided into four grand divisions. First; the Valley of the Arkansas, irrigated from the river; second the "Shallow Water" district, where every acre can be watered from pumps; third, the uplands, outside of irrigation, but capable of producing large crops of wheat and small grain as well as forage crops of various kinds; and lastly, the sand hill country which is proving suitable for the growing of wheat and small fruits as well as providing the best cattle grazing section of the country. The uplands and sand hills must depend upon the natural rainfall, which in most years is ample for small grains. In fact the wheat raisers nearly always get a crop. So it may be seen that Finney County offers a choice of land and the settler can take his choice of either irrigating his land of depending upon the sun and rain.

The best testimony I found to the advantages of a home in Finney county was the statement of those who have lived there, and who have had actual ex-



W. B. BAKER'S FARM RESIDENCE IN THE "SHALLOW WATER DISTRICT" OF FINNEY COUNTY

A FIELD OF SUGAR BEETS ONE OF THE GREATEST CROPS IN FINNEY COUNTY



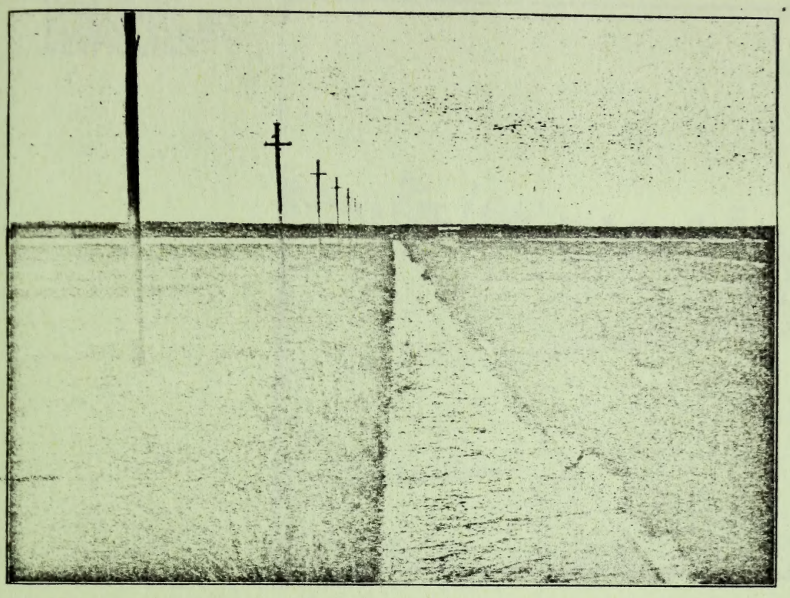
perience. It is a fact that the small tracts of ten, twenty or forty acres carefully cultivated, yield the best returns, although those who are more pretentious in their farming operations are equally properous; but the small tract thoroughly cultivated and set in orchard, small fruits and a few acres of sugar beets and some alfalfa, is what the man of small means should seek.

In the Arkansas Valley water may be obtained in inexhaustible quantities, at a shallow depth, but the Arkansas Valley has a rival in what is known as the "Shallow Water District," lying almost wholly within Teny Township, where water may be found in almost unlimited quantities at a depth of from three to fifteen feet. The district perhaps was at one time an old river bed, connecting the "White Woman" River with the Arkansas. This district is from three to six miles wide and many miles long, and contains many thousands of acres of rich soil that can be irrigated with pumps.

The first settlers in this district knowing the tendencies of alfalfa to strike its roots deep into the soil, soon recognized the advantages of this shallow water and planted alfalfa, which plant flourished, and this section is now noted for its abundant crops of alfalfa and the unusual quailty of its seed. The same soil that produces alfalfa will produce sugar beets, and now companies and private pumping plants are pumping the water from the soil and spreading it over the fertile acres of this section, making it rank, with tons of alfalfa, sugar beets, wheat and great orchards. In fact it is rapidly becoming the ideal farming section of western Kansas.

Irrigation of lands by which they are made to yield double and even treble what they would under ordinary conditions of farming in the rainbelt, possesses a fascination for those who practice it, and information is greedily sought by those who have heard of the wonderful results obtained through it. Those lacking knowledge of the methods of irrigation wonder why irrigated lands command better prices than similar lands in the East. But that is easily explained. The eastern farmer must depend upon the clouds for his moisture, while the irrigator simply opens the head gates of his ditch or reservoir and turns on the water that will keep his crops growing. He does not have to keep his eye on a brazen sky and worry about a lack of rain.

Irrigation is the great salvation for the arid regions; for water applied to the soil through irrigation, transforms the



AN IRRIGATION DITCH IN FINNEY COUNTY

barren wastes into blooming fields and gardens, quickens the life of flower, grain and fruit, and this makes agriculture sure by filling the granaries of the farmer to overflowing. It raises fine homes in the desert; clothes the valleys in the deepest green; stimulates trees to grow where the sage brush and cactus heretofore grew. and through its wonderful influence towns and cities arise and the whole face of nature is changed.

Irrigation has made great strides in the past few years, and Finney County ranks first in Kansas in the irrigation of its land, and the results have been beyond all comprehension.

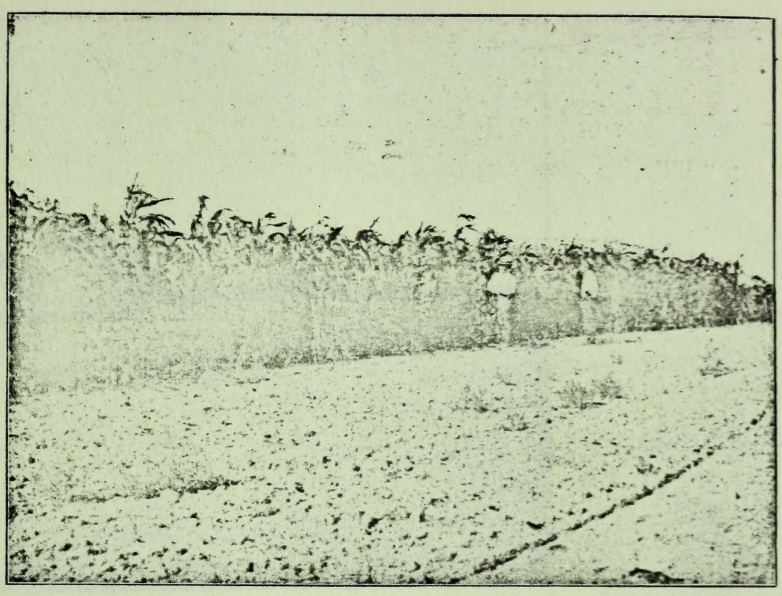
The most important industry of Western Kansas is that of growing sugar beets. Finney County is proud of being the first county to produce this product, which is now one of its main products. The first experiments in growing beets were made several years ago, and the beets were sent to the sugar factory at Rocky Ford, Colorado, where it was demonstrated that Finney County soil and climate were as well suited to the production of this crop as the most favored sugar beet districts of Colorado and California. These facts attracted the attention of the Colorado capitalists who were building sugar factories in favorable localities, and the result was that near Garden City, county seat of Finney County, they built one of the finest and best equipped sugar factories in the country. The immensity of this great factory building with its vast and complicated machinery, perfect water system and mammoth beet dumps, must be seen to be appreciated. Four to five hundred men work in this immense factory during the beet season, and a large force is kept employed throughout the entire year.

This Company, the United States Sugar & Land Company, has invested altogether the enormous sum of nearly $6.000 000 in the factory, lands, ditches and reservoirs.

It is indeed a grand view to see the vast beet fields in this county, especially just before harvest time. The view resembles a vast garden under the highest and best state of cultivation; and notwithstanding the cost of labor in producing a crop, the farmer will turn away from wheat and corn, and even alfalfa, because of the certainty of the crop and the large profits.

Profits from beets cannot be affected by a speculative market for the price is fixed before the seed is sown, and each grower knows just exactly what he will get for every ton he produces and that the size of his crop will depend

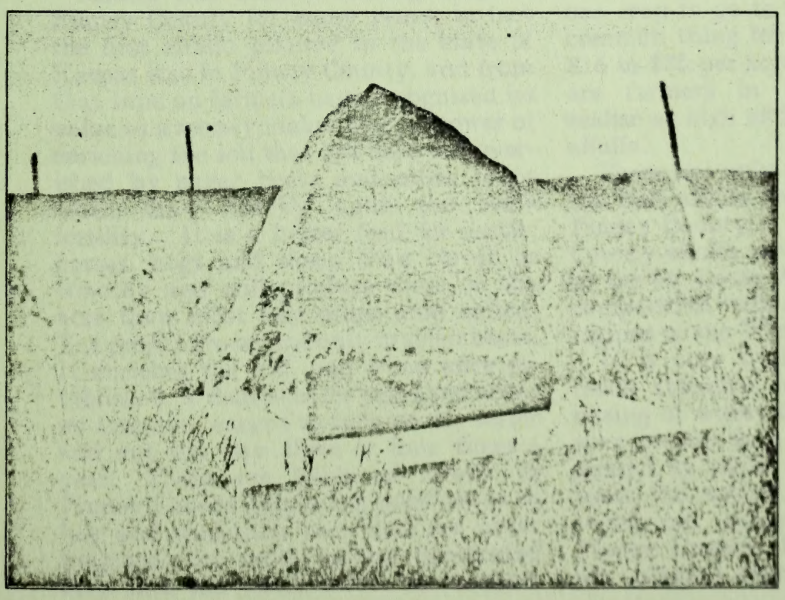
CORN ON THE GOVERNMENT DRY FARMING EXPERIMENT STATION



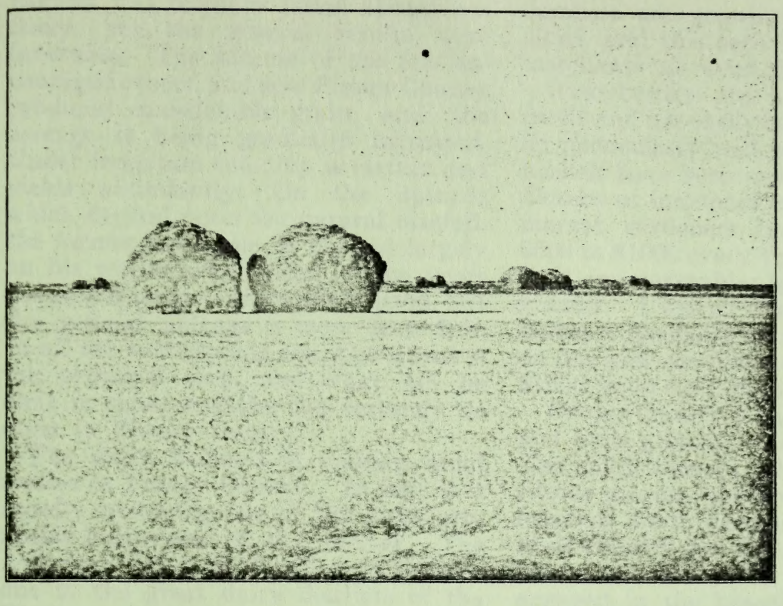
upon the care and attention he bestows upon it. There are at least 200,000 acres of fine beet land in the vicinity of Garden City, every acre of which can be irrigated, and Finney County possesses the long growing season, the soil and sunshine, and everything else essential to the production of the crop. The future magnitude of the industry may be fore seen. This year there is a larger acreage of beets than ever before.

The increased value of the land, and the amount of labor involved in the production of the crop, forces smaller holdings or farms as a rule into beet growing districts. The farms are cut into tracts from ten to fifty acres, and the result is that every acre is tilled in the most practical and scientific manner and every foot of ground is made to produce something.

Stock feeding is also an important in-



A SANTA FE TRAIL MARKER



ALFALFA FIELD
IN FINNEY COUNTY

dustry in connection with the beet industry. The beet tops and pulps make excellent stock feed and is claimed by experts to be the greatest fat producer of any food. The Sugar Company has just this year completed a big drying plant where this pulp is dried and shipped all over the United States for stock food. The tops are sold right in the field as high as $2.00 per ton.

Alfalfa has been a leading crop in Finney County for many years; in fact the first alfalfa planted in the state of Kansas was in Finney County, and from that time on farmers have recognized its value as a money maker and its power of enriching the soil that has been impoverished by sugar beets and other crops which draw heavily upon the soil's fertility. It is a better feed for cattle, horses, hogs and sheep than clover or timothy and will produce more to the acre than most any other crop raised. The profits are second only to sugar beets. It enriches the soil, and when once established it flourishes for years and needs no attention except to turn on the water and cut the hay three or four times a year. There are fields of alfalfa in Finney County producing good crops of hay and seed each year that are never irrigated, the roots having penetrated deep into the water below the surface. The soil worn out with other crops can be restored to vitality with alfalfa. The sugar beet growers recognize this, and after raising beets on a piece of ground for a few years they sow it to alfalfa and in a short time it is ready for beets again. From three to four crops of hay can be raised per year, producing from one to two tons per acre at each cutting, and which seldom brings less than $7 per ton. Many farmers allow one crop to go to seed, and it is no uncommon thing for them to realize from $15 to $35 per acre for the seed. There are farmers in Finney County who realize as high as $50 an acre from their alfalfa.

There are only a few localities where the best alfalfa seed can be raised, and Finney County is one of them. Finney County alfalfa seed took the gold medal at the St. Louis World's Fair, coming in competition with all the alfalfa growing regions of the West.

It is only within recent years that much attention has been given to the raising of wheat in Finney County, and even to-day it is crowded to the back ground by alfalfa and sugar beets. For years the notion prevailed that wheat could not successfully be raised in Finney County, but there were a few who planted every year, and while the

harvest was scant or failed almost entirely, yet the general results were favorable. The success of the few encouraged others, and now Finney County produces considerable grain, and the acreage is being gradually increased. Under irrigation the crop is certain and yields abundantly. On the uplands which depend upon the natural rainfall, the farmer has come to depend largely on his wheat every year. Some years the crop is large--others not so good, but the general acreage is more than fair. In all the surrounding counties wheat is the principal crop, and what can be done in those counties can certainly be done in Finney county.

The dairy business is making rapid strides in Finney County. In fact it is rapidly becoming one of the most profitable businesses of the farmer. The Arkansas Valley is destined to become one of the great dairy districts of the West.

The "Alfalfa Honey" of Finney county is noted and sought after in every eastern market. There is no such honey produced in the world as is produced in the Arkansas Valley. The bee and alfalfa both go together—both love the sunshine and neither thrive in damp rainy countries. The thousands of acres of alfalfa in this county, when in bloom, furnish the bees with an unlimited supply of raw material, and the rich white honey produced from this bloom is unsurpassed in flavor and unexcelled as a salable article.

Cantaloupes and watermelons are another great product of this county and both rank in the highest quality. The soil and climate are particularly well adapted to the growing of both and quantities are produced for home and local markets. In the last two years this industry has been developed on a larger scale and a company was organized which put out about 1000 acres. A reliable eastern concern contracted for all the cantaloupes and the growers did not have to worry about a market. In the course of a few years Finney County will be one of the largest produces of cantaloupes in the Arkansas Valley.

Seed growing is another great item of agriculture in the county. Watermelons, cantaloupes, squash and cucumbers are grown here for the seed alone, and this seed is shipped to seed merchants all over the United States.

Strawberries are a great source of profit and are easily cultivated. Onions do particularly well and as high as 800 bushels have been produced to the acre. Dozens of instances can be cited where market gardeners have realized from $500 to $1000 every year from the sale of fruit and vegetables from a few acres of ground. I was at one man's place who makes a speciality of raising celery, and on one and one-fifth acres he will realize $1000 upon the sale of celery this year.

Finney County is one of the best horse and mule growing counties in the West. The mild winters, abundance of nutritious grasses, the cheap feed and the freedom from disease, makes this the ideal country for the man who handles horses and mules for the market, or is engaged in the breeding of fine stock. The breed of horses has been greatly improved in the past few years, and the "mustang" has given way to the big draught horse and the high bred carriage horse or roadster. Finney county is in fair way to wrest some of the laurels from Missouri in the business of mule growing. One of the largest mule ranches in the West is located at Garden City, that of Wm. Coulter.

The climate of Finney County approaches the ideal. With an altitude of 2830 feet--neither too high nor too low, there is an unexcelled atmosphere, bracing and invigorating. Situated far enough south to avoid the sudden changes and severe winters of places farther north, this locality escapes the various congestions due to cold and exposure. The winters are mild and without sudden changes; the Springs and Falls are delightful; the Summers do not have the extreme depressive heat of the South, and each day is followed by a cool, refreshing night.

Two years ago a promoting company was formed which resulted in the Garden City, Gulf & Northern Railroad. This road is now in operation from Garden City to Scott City, through the beautiful "Shallow Water District," a section of country that will raise anything, and farmers are locating in this section rapidly. This road is now being

extended north from Scott City to Nebraska, and also extends south from Garden City a distance of 70 miles to Liberal, joining the main line of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific. Two passenger trains are now in operation daily on this road.

GARDEN CITY

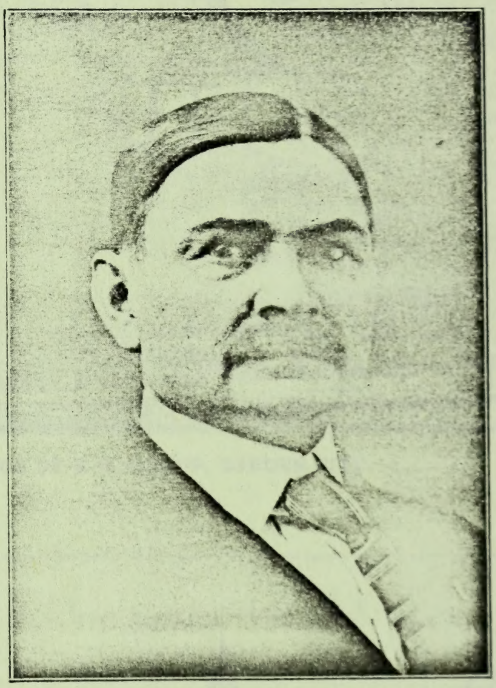
Garden City is the promising Garden spot of western Kansas. Progressive citizens have developed this little city of 4000 population until now it is the most noted town of its size in Kansas. It is the county seat of Finney County, located in the center of the irrigation district, which is developing remarkable results for the arid lands of this section of the state; the commercial center for the lower Arkansas Valley—a territory that is becoming richer each year as the land is developed; the market place for the immense beet industry, so noted for that district.

The town of Garden City is beautifully situated. The business section is so laid out that a large volume of trade can be conducted within a small space. As you visit the residence section you are greatly impressed with the beautiful, well kept, shaded streets. Here you will find many large modern homes, nearly all equipped with every modern convenience. These many artistic homes, well kept lawns and beautiful flower beds indicate at once to the stranger that the homes are the homes of their owners. Indeed it is a modern and model little city, with all that goes toward making an ideal place in which to live.

The religious life of this little city is evinced by beautiful churches, with large congregations and societies, nearly every denomination being represented. The religious advancement has done a great deal to make the citizens of Garden City a home-loving and home-worshipping people.

Garden City is well supplied with Fraternal Orders, and all are in a prosperous condition. These organizations are all enthusiastic for the advancement of Garden City.

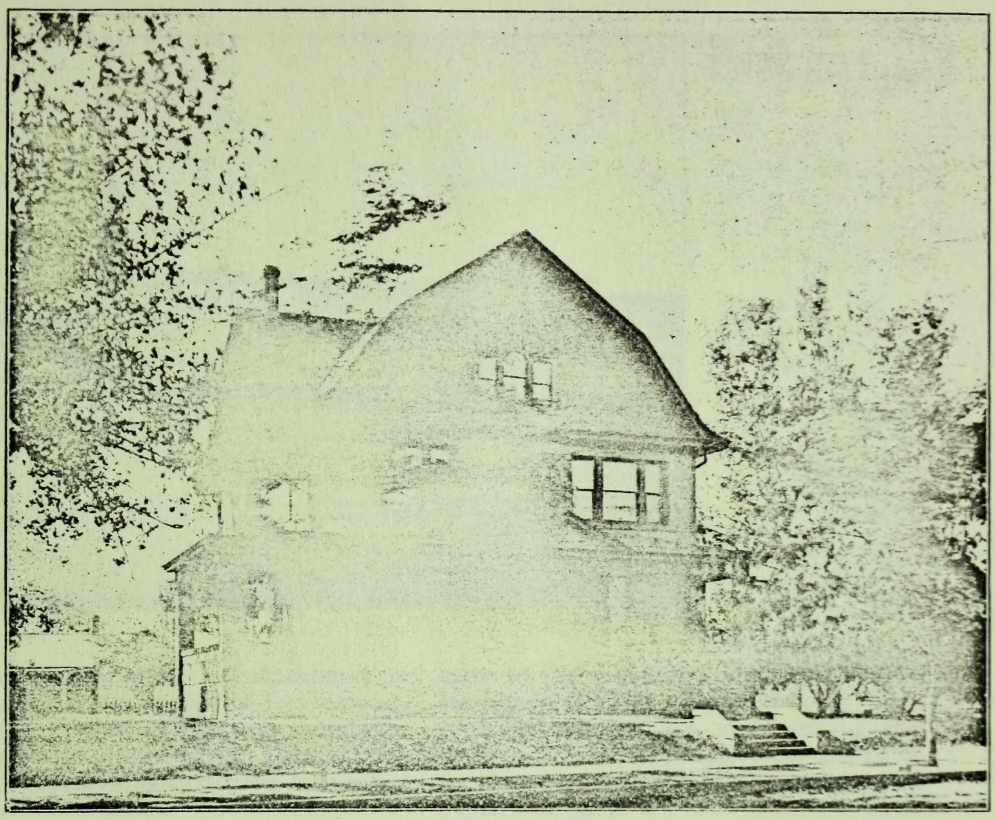
The main business street of Garden City is built upon either side with substantial brick and stone structures, most of which are modernly equipped. In the commercial center will be found represented nearly every class of business, with well kept stocks and conducted with modern methods. One noted characteristic of the Garden City merchants is their courteous manner which has won for them great praise,—not only with their local trade, but with the stranger who visits their thriving little city. A stranger in Garden City feels at all times that be is among friends and acquaintances.



J. F. WALTERS, Mayor of Garden City

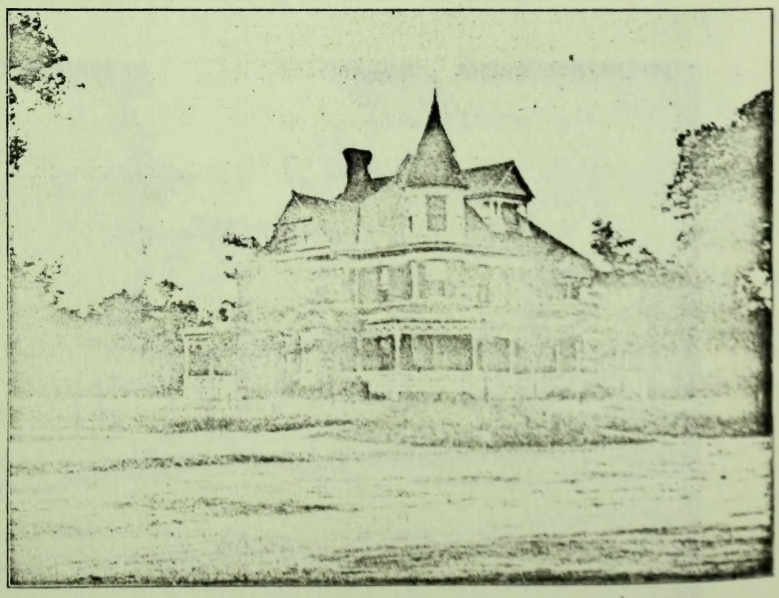
Garden City is a town that has advanced more in recent years than any other town in western Kansas, the reason of which is that it is centrally located in the great arid land districts which now by irrigation, is producing the finest and largest crops of nearly every product adapted to the temperate zone. Here is located the great sugar factory of the United States Sugar & Land Company.

Garden City is connected with neighboring towns and cities by the main line



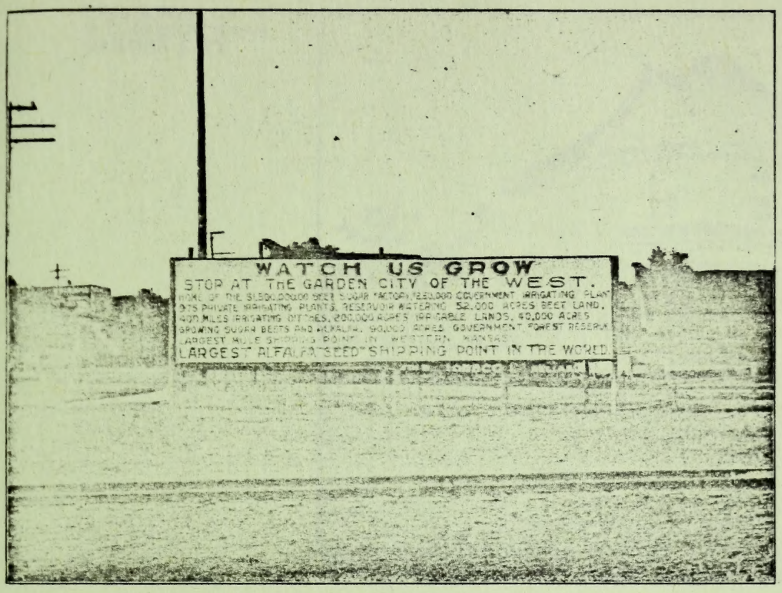
"CEDAR CLIFF," RESIDENCE OF E. G. FINNUP, GARDEN CITY

of the Santa Fe Railway and the New Garden City, Gulf & Northern Railway, the latter runs north from Garden City to Scott City, and has now under construction a line which will run south to Liberal, Kansas. This line will open up a vast amount of fine territory, of which Garden City will be the commercial center.



"WILDWOOD," ONE OF GARDEN CITY'S FINE HOMES

One great advantage to Garden City is that



ONE OF GARDEN CITY'S ADVERTISING SIGNS

its rapid commercial advancement is not due to boom methods, but instead, to a well conserved business campaign that has been planned from year to year by a progresisive, never-tiring Industrial Club.

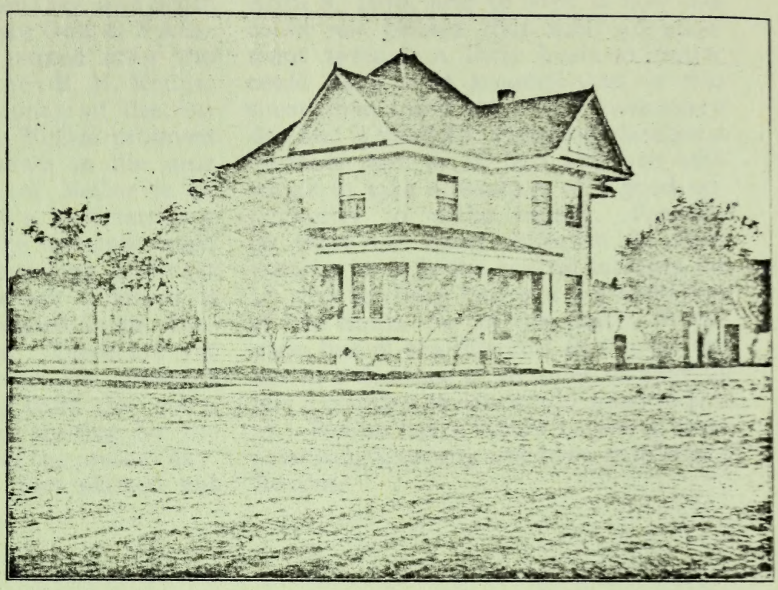
The Industrial Club of Garden City has a membership of over 200, and is composed of active, wide-awake business and professional men—very much alive to the splendid possibilities of this far-famed region. Many of the progressive farmers are members of the Club, and lend their active co-operation for the advancement and upbuilding of Finney County.

Under the direction of this organization is issued from time to time, general literature descriptive of the community, setting forth the advantages of Garden

RESIDENCE OF JUDGE WM. H. THOMPSON GARDEN CITY



RESIDENCE OF
S. C. ROSENCRANS
GARDEN CITY



City and Finney County. The Club has a handsomely appointed clubroom for the entertainment of its members and open to all visitors. It is a proven fact that the Industrial Club of Garden City is the most progressive Club in Kansas and that it spends more money in telling of the advantages of the country and town than any other club in Kansas. It is an organization of "live wires" and its work has been rewarded from time to time by new industries and settlers to that county.

All the modern conveniences which the progressive age demands, are found in Garden City. A splendid system of telephones, local and long distance, electric lights, fine water works system, mill elevators, ice factory, cement stone, and brick factories, opera houses, parks, library, churches of almost every denomination, and splendid schools; in fact everything that appeals to the sturdy home-building, home-loving American citizen.

Garden City is an inviting place for capital, and there are many lines of industry that might be established and prove paying investments to the man of strong arm and clear brain, with faith in himself and ambition in his soul.

HOLCOMB

The second town in Finney County is Holcomb. It is located about middle way between Garden City and Deerfield. This little town has an unquestionably promising future, owing to the fact that it is situated in the most fertile part of the Valley and will, without a doubt, be a thrifty and prosperous town within a short time. It has a good school, good business enterprises already established; and plans are being made to have a 50 barrel roller flour mill; also an alfalfa meal mill installed very soon. The United States Sugar & Land Company has also established a sugar beet receiving station there.

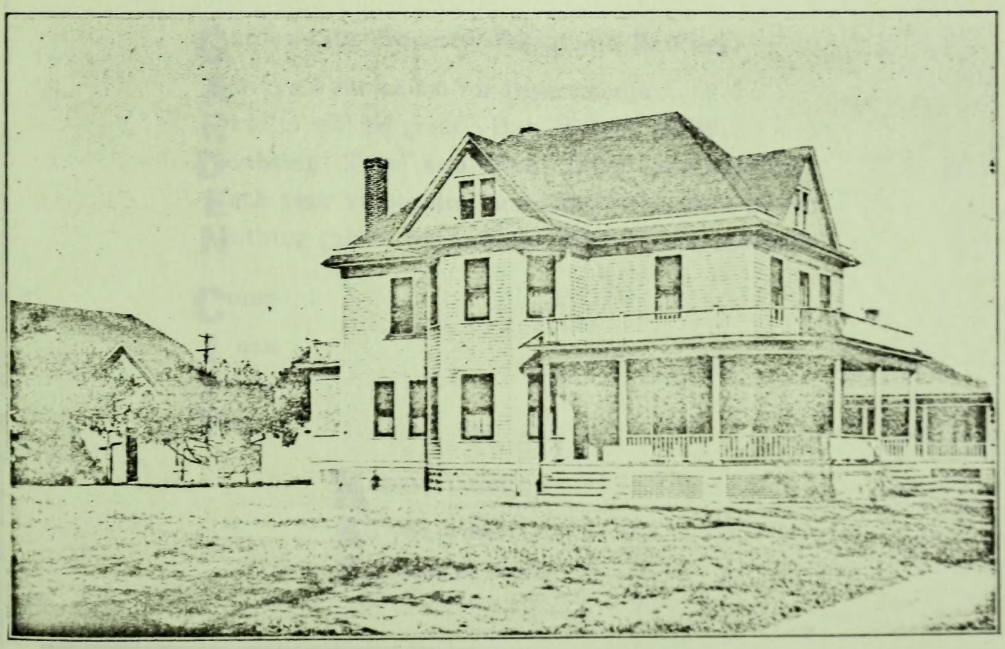
Holcomb has a beautiful town set, and the broad expanse of rich and beautiful country surrounding the place assures a substantial growth and lasting prosperity. It is a fact that when you find such thriving farming community, you will always find there cities composed of industrious people, flourishing business houses, schools and churches; and Holcomb enjoys all these advantages.

NEW TOWN IN FINNEY COUNTY

McCUE the promising town of the "Shallow Water District," is located

half way between Garden City, and Scott City, on the Garden City Gulf & Northern Railway, and is named after the president of this road, Mr. B. M. McCue, Being located in the center of the fine shallow water district, McCue promises to be a good sized town in the near future. The townsite of McCue is an ideal location and has a vast territory from which to draw the immense trade that heretofore has gone long distances to market. Nearly every business is represented already located in substantial, modern buildings. There are yet good openings however for different lines that will pay big from the start, as the market is there waiting for the different commodities of the present day.

This new townsite was platted out April 8, 1910, and to visit it now one could not believe that such advancement towards a little business center could have been accomplished in this short time; and it is growing more every day and is indeed a promising place for a business man or in fact any one who wants to take advantage of a good opportunity to make money. Farmers go there for many miles to do their trading, as it is the central location for all that territory between the main line of the Santa Fe on the south, to the main line of the Missouri Pacific on the north, a distance of 40 miles through as fine a country as one would want to live in. McCue has a future before it more promising than any new town in Western Kansas.



RESIDENCE OF CHAS. I. ZIRKLE, GARDEN CITY

"LUCKY CHAP"

Recently we hear so much about luck — they say "there's a fellow as lucky as you find them, etc."
But what nonsense! It isn't "luck" at all—its common sense.
Wadsworth the Real Estate man,
Always a "Tote fair and be Square" man,
Deserves your patronage--
Sense—good common sense, not "Luck" is his way,
Would he be successful without this principle?
Of course not. Hard work, good judgment, Square Deal—
Result—Success—That's Logic.
That's also "common sense."
His business success is good argument for MORE.

Garden City Property, Farms and Ranches.
Always a choice list for Investments.
Results will be great—But "DO IT NOW."
Doubting "Tom" and "Dad" Delay gain nothing.
Each year values are increasing "Transfers Show."
Nothing gained by waiting—it's "Fish or cut Bait."

Come
I can
Trade
You

Kansas Land
All you want
Sections or more.

R. B. WADSWORTH

"Keeps 'Em Moving" **Garden City, Kansas**

Twice Told Tales

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story new or old, that has humor in it

MECHANICAL APPLIED MECHANICS

A distinguished Kansas lawyer one Saturday night found himself out of beer. It was in the days when one had to "sign up" for and allege that it was for "medical, mechanical or scientific purposes." The druggist had the beer but insisted that the purchaser must sign up, and asked what disease he should put in the affidavit. Bill studied. He never had had anything but the mumps and the measles and he wasn't sure that was a specific for either. A bright thought struck him. "You have a right to sell for mechanical purposes," said he. "Yes," said the druggist. "Well, I want this for mechanical purposes." So the druggist filled out the affidavit "for mechanical purposes." Bill got the beer and was leaving when the druggist said, "By the way, what mechanical purpose do you use beer for?" Bill fixed the beer under his arm, looked the druggist firmly in the eye and said, "I want it to grease a buggy with."

◈

CORN FED

A Kansas butcher was driving a cow to his slaughter house when a stranger stopped him and said, "What are you going to do with that cow?" "I'm going to kill her," said the butcher. The stranger looked the cow over carefully. "Oh, I don't believe I'd do that; if you feed her up awhile, I think she'll live."

◈

WAIT A BIT

Guest: "Look here; how long am I going to have to wait for that half portion of duck I ordered?"

Waiter: "Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck." —Toledo Blade.

◈

The rumbling and groaning train had been toiling along from Memphis, Tennessee, toward Bald Knob, Arkansas, all through a hot afternoon. The stops had been frequent, but at last came one of unusual duration. After a tiresome interval, the conductor walked back through the mosquito-puncturated aisles until his glance met a sympathetic face. He bent over the kindly-looking passenger, and whispered:

"Stranger, have you a bit of string about you? the engine's broke."

◈

Mother: Oh, Effie! What has happened to your doll?

Effie: The doctor says it's nervous breakdown. He prescribed mucilage.—St. Louis Republic.

WHAT DID THE CLAIM AGENT DO?

Up in Minnesota Mr. Olsen had a cow killed by a railroad train. In due season the claim agent for the railroad called.

"We understand, of course, that the deceased was a very docile and valuable animal," said the claim agent in his most persuasive claim-agent-lemanly manner, "and we sympathize with you and your family in your loss. But, Mr. Olsen, you must remember this: Your cow had no business being on our tracks. Those tracks are our private property and when she invaded them she became a trespasser. Technically speaking, you, as her owner, became a trepasser also. But we have no desire to carry the issue into court and possibly give you trouble. Now then, what would you regard as a fair settlement between you and the railroad company?"

"Vell," said Mr. Olsen slowly, "Ay bane poor Swede farmer, but Ay shall give you two dollars."

—Everybody's Magazine.

◈

KEEPING IT QUIET

Small Caroline's home was unfortunately located in a very gossipy neighborhood, and, being an observant child, the had drawn her own conclusions. After an unusually naughty prank, her mother sent her upstairs to confess her sins in prayer.

"Did you tell God all about it?" she was asked on coming down again.

Caroline shook her head decidedly. "'Deed I didn't!" she declared. "Why it would have been all over Heaven in no time!"—Harper's.

◈

NO RISK

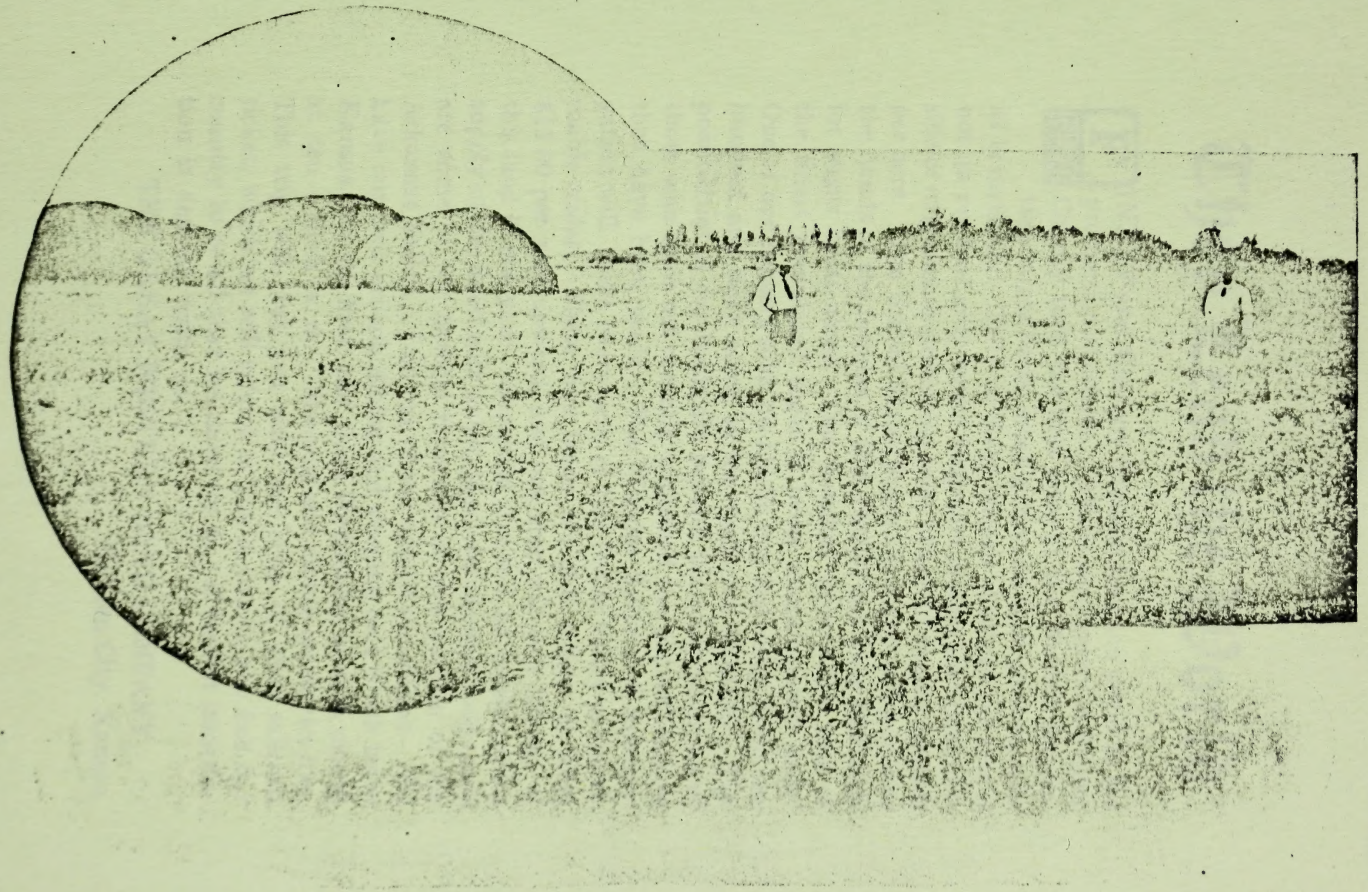
"Susannah," asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question in such cases, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband, for better or for worse—"

"Jes' as he is, pahson," she interrupted "jes' as he is. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's gwine to take 'im; an' ef he gets any wosser, w'y, Ah'll tend to 'im myself."—Youth's Companion.

◈

A man went into a store to buy a fountain pen. The young saleswoman gave him one to try, and he covered several sheets of paper with the words "Tempus Fugit."

The obliging vendeuse offered him another pen. "Perhaps," she said, "you'd like one of these stubs better, Mr. Fugit."—Everybody's.



AN ALFALFA FIELD IN FINNEY COUNTY

They Lead the World

FINNEY and Kearney Counties lead the world in the production of alfalfa. Alfalfa seed grown in Finney County took the first prize at the World's Exposition; sugar beets, small grain and fruit grow equally as luxuriantly. Fifty to Sixty bushels of wheat per acre is not an unusual crop where irrigation is used and land outside of irrigation is producing from fifteen to twenty bushels per acre. The United States Sugar Company will pay into the hands of the farmers of this district this year $400,000. for sugar beets alone. One hundred twenty-five tons of the finest granulated sugar is being manufactured daily. One of our farmers sold, his alfalfa hay last week, from one hundred and sixty acres, in the stack, for $8000.00. The possibilities of our lands are beyond the comprehension of those who have not recently witnessed the demonstrations that have been made. The Wiggins System of Sub-irrigation will make every acre of this fertile valley of inestimable value. These fine lands are still selling at from $15.00 per acre upward, and one crop will pay for any of this land in one year. Sunshine, fine soil, an inexhaustible supply of the finest soft water, ideal climate and good roads are some of the natural resources of this portion of the Arkansas Valley. Join one of our special excursions. We have our own private dining and sleeping cars which leave Kansas City the first and third Wednesday of each month at ten o'clock a. m., Sleeping and dining car service free. This trip will cost you only the price of your railroad ticket, which we will refund to you if you do not find our country to be all that we claim for it. If further information is desired, write us.

THE GREAT WESTERN LAND COMPANY,

Garden City, Kansas.

THE COMFORTER

He was very bashful and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold."

"You should not say that," was his word of consolation, "for God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."—Success.

◈

TIME WILL TELL

The father of four boys, discovering the eldest, aged thirteen, smoking a cigaret, called the four together for a lecture on the evils of narcotics.

"Now, Willie," he said, in conclusion, to his youngest, "are you going to use tobacco when you get to be a man?"

"I don't know," replied the six-year-old, soberly, "I'm trying hard to quit."—Success.

◈

TAKES TWO

The editor wrote: "Dear Madame: The verses entitled 'The Kiss' are very clever. Can you assure me that they are original?"

The authoress answered: "Sir: Not quite. 'The Kiss' was a collaboration."—Cleveland Leader.

◈

SERIATIM

Census Taker: "How many children have you?"

Citizen: "Three."

Census Taker: "Altogether?"

Citizen: "No; one at a time."—Life.

◈

AN INFORMAL AFFAIR

"Why, Auntie, have the magazines upset you?"

"Well, I've got through the advertisements, and I feel exactly as if I had been to a party where all the men came in their underclothes and the ladies wore only corsets."—Life.

HE KNEW

A certain jurist was an enthuiastic golfer. Once he had occasion to interrogate, in a criminal suit, a boy witness from Bala.

"Now, my lad," he said, "are you acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?"

The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered:

"Of course I am sir. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club?"—Success.

◈

TROUBLE

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble! Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—Detroit Free Press.

◈

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

Bill: "They tell me that y'r old friend Jimmy got'r job yesterday."

Dan: "Ain't it terrible, Bill, wot some people will do f'r money.?"—Sydney Bulletin.

◈

SELF-MADE

N. Read: "How you stutter! Did you ever go to a stammering school?"

J. Terry: "N-n-no, sir. I d-d-do this n-naturally."—Brooklyn Life.

◈

INCONSIDERATE

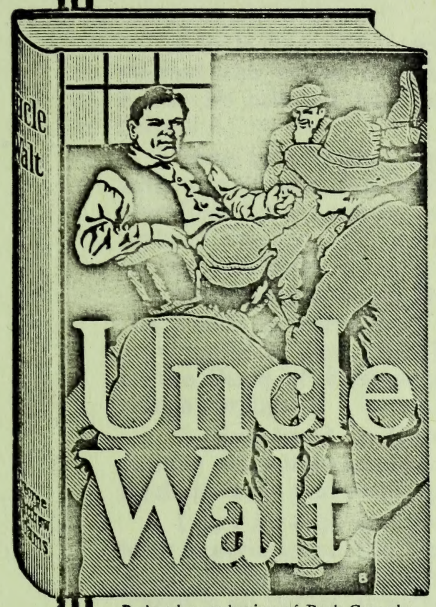
Lawyer: (to client): "It is an unheard-of thing for you to murder an old lady for the sake of forty cents! You didn't get enough even to pay your lawyer."—Soleil.

◈

She was "rushing the growler," and being a little ashamed of it, hid the can of beer under her apron. A policeman stopped her and said, "Phwat's the matter with ye me good woman; have ye a tumor?" "No," she said, "its a can, sir."



The Greatest Homeopathic Gloom Chaser of the Century



Reduced reproduction of Book Cover by Will Bradley, in 3 colors, 12mo. cloth

"Uncle Walt"

"The Poet Laureate of the American Democracy"
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE "Uncle Walt" book, for which a nation has been waiting for months and months, is ready. This is the first and only volume containing any of the original, inimitable Prose-Poems of Walt Mason in book form. Not for a hundred years has there arisen among us one whose "right-from-the-soil" lyre songs are so representative of the spirit of democracy — and each one done up in tin foil smile capsules, sugar-coated, and wholly according to the Pure Food Laws vouched for by one Wiley. In the next twelve-month the home without its "Uncle Walt" book will be a home in gloom indeed.

What Fra Elbertus Says:

"Walt shows you things in right proportion, corrects your perspective, and lends a right focus. His prose rhymes exercise your liver by making you laugh. Walt is full of wise saws, modern instances and prunes, and his wit burbles and gurgles like a Kansas creek where the bullheads gambol."

How to Earn Long Life and a Happy Hereafter

Ten million people a day read "Uncle Walt" as he sings his quaint prose rhymes in the press of the country. If you have never known him, know him now. See the nearest book seller without fail. Ask for the beautiful "Uncle Walt" book containing nearly 200 of Walt's most famous rhymes.

This book is a beautiful work, with cover in several colors by Will Bradley, frontispiece by the famous McCutcheon, and illustrated by William Stevens. The body is printed on high grade paper, deckle-edge and gilt top — 200 pages of humor, pathos, and side-widening what not. *Price, $1.25 net.*

If your book seller does not have "Uncle Walt," send check or money order to the address below, and it will be delivered to you, carriage prepaid, by the quickest transportation.

George Matthew Adams, Publisher
Peoples Gas Building **CHICAGO**

LANDS

A little over thirty years ago the Buffalo and Indian roamed the plains of Western Kansas and the great Santa Fe railroad had just gone through a few years before..

Some twenty years ago after the country was settled with a rush and boom, prices of real estate were demoralized by the people leaving to settle Oklahoma and by hard times and dry years and they became discouraged and lost hope.

Conditions of every kind have changed since and now the people in every part of Kansas are on a solid and growing basis and LANDS have made more men rich in the State of Kansas ten times over than all other things combined.

I have lived in Garden City since 1879 and for twenty years have made a business of buying and selling lands in large and small quantities.

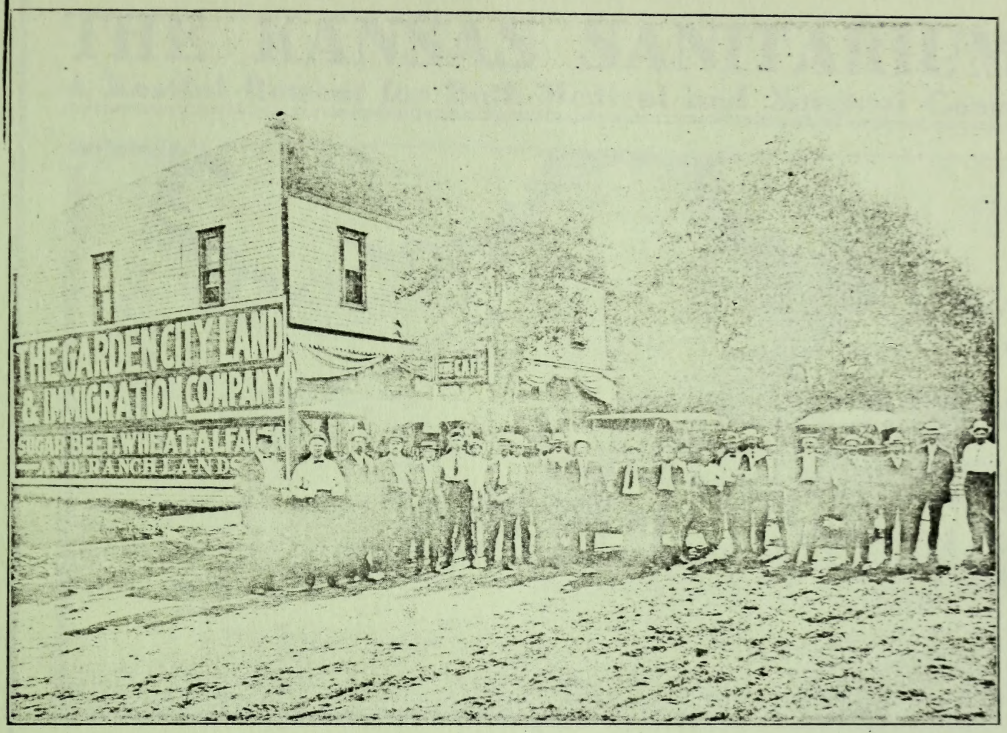
I buy for cash and give the buyer the benefit of my long experience in the land business and sell for a fair profit on reasonable terms and sell only my own lands. There is no better investment than desirable lands.

LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU WANT

I have lands in Ford, Finney, Kearny and Hamilton Counties, all on the great Santa Fe railroad which is the best in the West. I have a fine ranch just west of Garden City containing choice pasture, farming and alfalfa lands combined at a great bargain. Most of my lands were bought three and four years ago so that I can name you the very bottom prices both to buyers and agents. I also own some fine, irrigated lands near La Junta, Colorado, in Otero county.

GEO. W. FINNUP
GARDEN CITY, KANSAS

LANDS



HOME OF

The Garden City Land and Immigration Company

Garden City, Kansas

Alfalfa
Sugar Beets
and
Prosperity

Owners of 4,000 acres of the finest land in Kansas adjacent to The Garden City, Gulf and Northern Railroad, in "The Famous Shallow Water Empire," where Alfalfa is King.

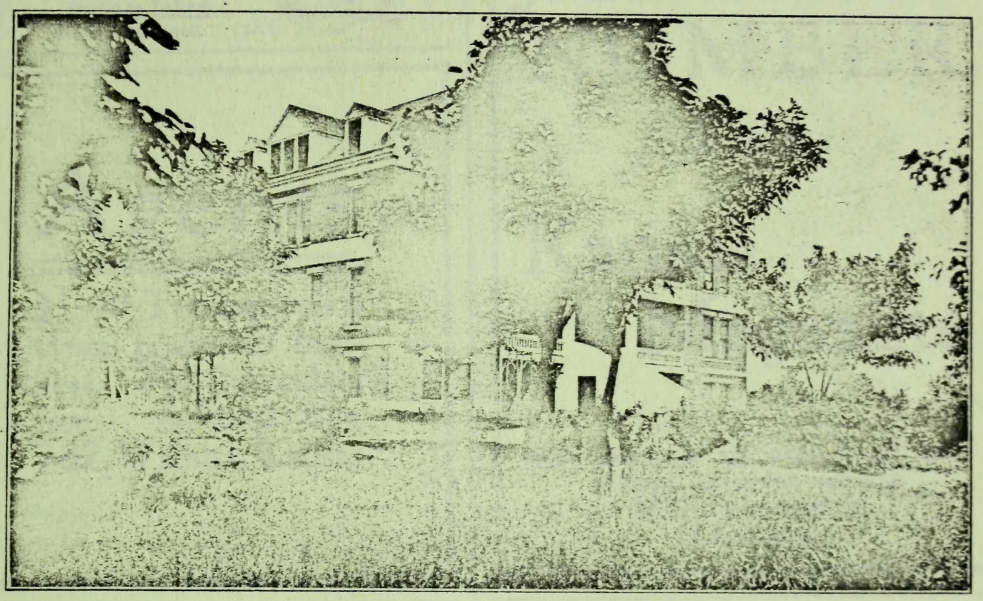
We will sell a limited number of choice farms in this "Shallow Water Belt," to farmers who will come here to assist us in developing this district.

Write us for information.

Wheat
Corn
Broom Corn
Feed Crops
and
Contentment

THE KANSAS SANITARIUM

A Restful Retreat for Both Medical and Surgical Cases



A Home of Health, Lighted by Electricity and Steam Heated

¶ Among the remedial agents employed are Hydratics in many forms Electric light Baths, Electricity, The X-Ray, Massage, Manuel Sweedish Movements, and a liberal and carefully regulated dietary. 25 trained male and female nurses administer the Hydrotheraputic measures under direction of medical superintendent and a special one furnished if desired. Are you seeking Health or Rest. If so, write for our booklet. It will tell you how and where to find it. Address **KANSAS SANITARIUM, Wichita, Kansas.**

We Have Scholarships for Sale

¶ In two of the best Business Colleges in the entire Middlewest. Young man, or young woman, if you want a thorough business education, write us at once. We can save you some money on your tuition, besides giving you the advantage of the best available institutions. Write to-day. :::: :::: :::: ::::

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE, Wichita, Kansas

BE A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
This school is equipped by the U. P. R. R. Earn from $40 to $200 per month. Salary received while learning. Position guaranteed.
Kansas Wesleyan
. Business College
Salina, Kansas

Agents

$1.00 Teaches you a clean, profitable business. Full particulars free. Address Box 787, Wichita, Kansas

THE

JANUARY NUMBER

OF THE

Kansas Magazine

will contain an article of immense interest to the Milling Industry of Kansas.

Engravings
OF THE
HIGHEST QUALITY
BY THE
HIGH ART ENGRAVERS
OF THE WEST
CAPPER ENGRAVING CO.
TOPEKA KANSAS WICHITA KANSAS
EC

Chas. D. Gorham

FOR

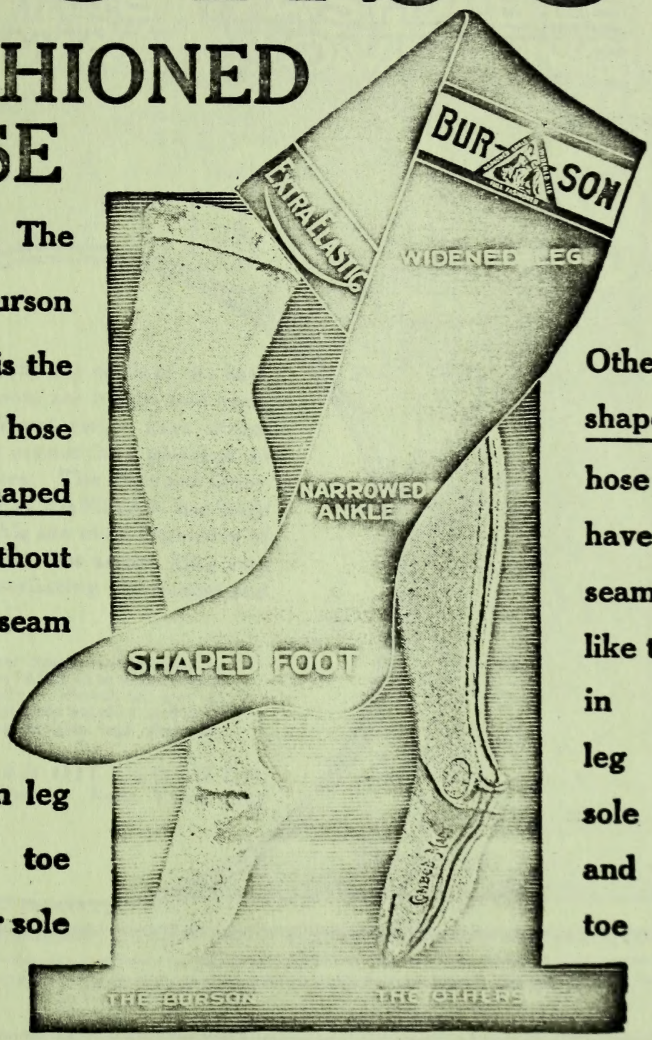
Real Estate in Finney County, Garden City, Kansas :: ::

OUR REPUTATION IS OUR SELLING POWER

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

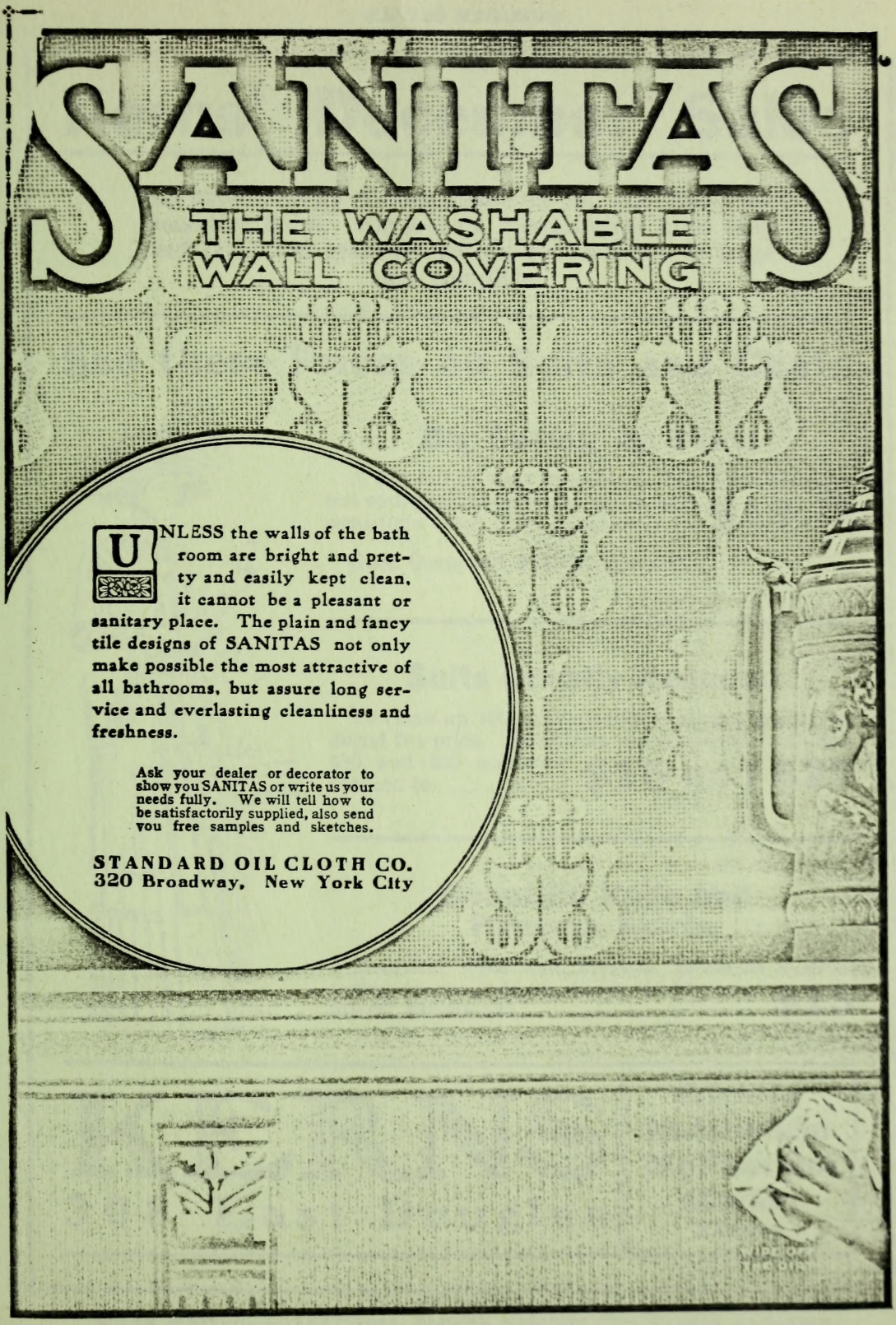
Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita


SANITAS
THE WASHABLE
WALL COVERING
UNLESS the walls of the bath room are bright and pretty and easily kept clean, it cannot be a pleasant or sanitary place. The plain and fancy tile designs of SANITAS not only make possible the most attractive of all bathrooms, but assure long service and everlasting cleanliness and freshness.
Ask your dealer or decorator to show you SANITAS or write us your needs fully. We will tell how to be satisfactorily supplied, also send you free samples and sketches.
STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.
320 Broadway, New York City

Kerns' December Sales

Big reductions have been made in all our lines for December Sales. Big lots of merchandise have also been bought at great reductions so our stock is large and complete.

See these Prices on Suits and Coats



Big Saving on Coats

A $25 full 54 inch Broadcloth coat, lined throughout with guaranteed Satin, made good semi-tight fitted style, on sale now at **$19.75**

Good Coats $10, $15, $25 and $35.

Suits Greatly Reduced

To clean up 100 suits quickly, we have greatly reduced the price. Suits that were originally $20, $25, $30 and $35 are now reduced to..... **$15 and $25**

Beautiful Voile and Panama Skirts

Beautiful Voile and Panama Skirts at a great saving to you. $5.98, $7.50, $8.75, $10.00, $13.50 and..... ..... **$15**

KERNS

308 East Douglas

Wichita
Hutchinson
McPherson
Marion
KANSAS



You Will Feed Your Family PRIMEL Every Day

When You Know How Pure, Healthful and Nourishing it is

IT has a pleasant tasty flavor that makes a hit with the youngsters and the grown folks. Made of the pure, natural grain and nothing else. Made in Kansas, of Kansas grain, for Kansas people and others.

Many cereal foods are made from hulls, useless as a food, without nourishment or flavor and expensive. Primel being made of the whole grain, retains all the life and strength-giving qualities which the human body must have to make up for the daily wear and waste in grown-ups and to fill out the growing boys and girls.

There is more muscle and brain in an ounce of Primel than any other cereal, therefore, it is the cheapest.

Sold in ten, fifteen and twenty-five cent packages at your grocer. If he will not supply you, we sell direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

New Girard Manufacturing Co.
Girard, Kansas

There is an 8-ounce Sample Package Waiting for You

Enough for a good taste all around, ("five dishes.") That is the best way for you to judge Primel, then you will know its goodness, its pleasing and appetizing taste and its wholesomeness. Send 10 cents, which is to cover the postage only, your name and address on the coupon and your grocer's name.

COUPON

For the enclosed 10 cents, please send me the trial package of Primel, "enough for five dishes."

Name .....

Address .....

Grocer's Name .....



POLAR BEAR FLOUR IS KING

The New Era Milling Co.

Arkansas City, Kansas

4780 6